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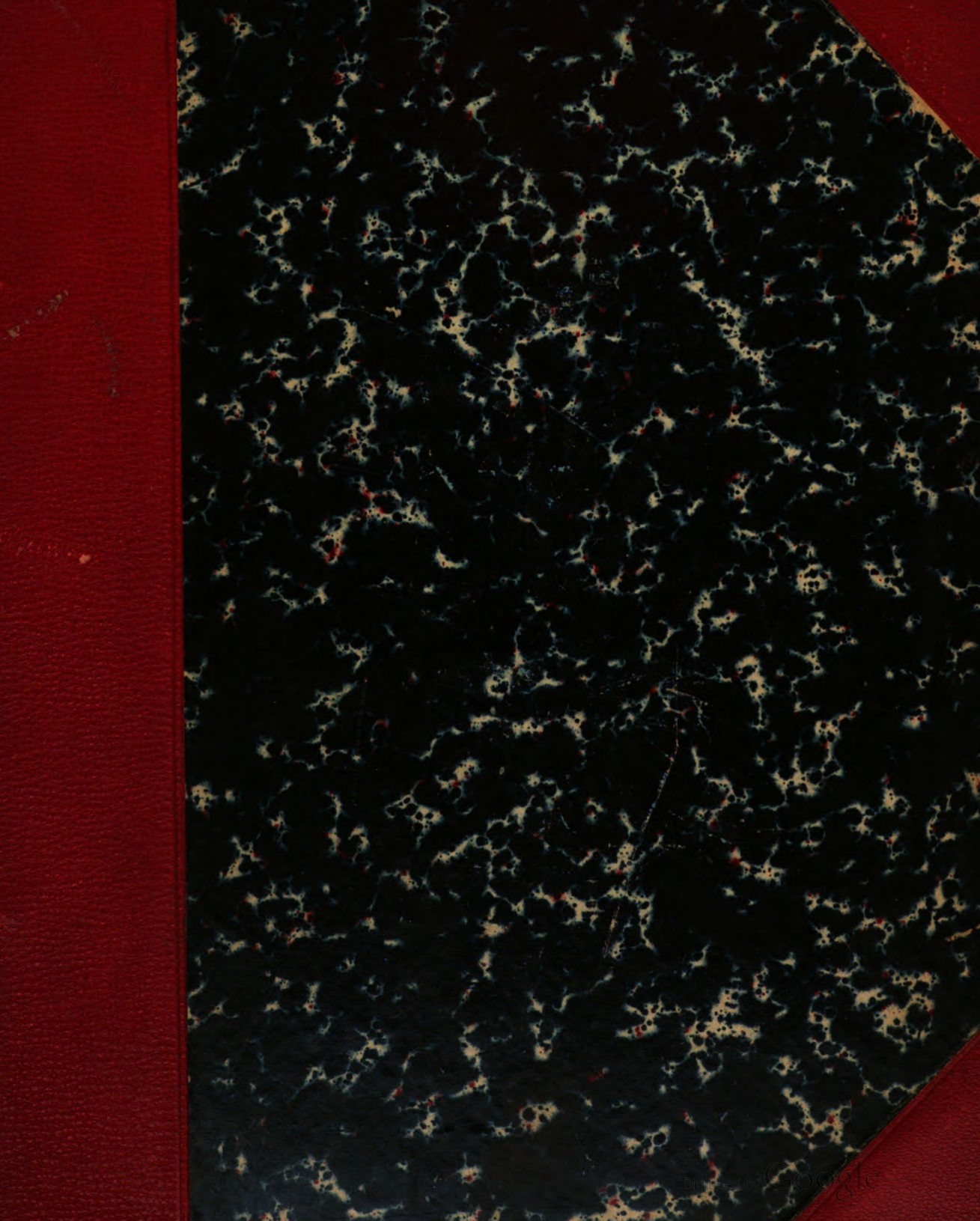
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MARCH to JULY, 1903.

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# THE HARVARD MONTHLY.

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VOL. XXXVI.

MARCH, 1903.

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## *THE PH.D. OCTOPUS.*

Some years ago we had at our Harvard Graduate School a very brilliant student of Philosophy, who, after leaving us and supporting himself by literary labor for three years, received an appointment to teach English Literature at a sister-institution of learning. The governors of this institution, however, had no sooner communicated the appointment than they made the awful discovery that they had enrolled upon their staff a person who was unprovided with the Ph.D. degree. The man in question had been satisfied to work at Philosophy for her own sweet (or bitter) sake, and had disdained to consider that an academic bauble should be his reward.

His appointment had thus been made under a misunderstanding. He was not the proper man; and there was nothing to do but to inform him of the fact. It was notified to him by his new President that his appointment must be revoked, or that a Harvard doctor's degree must forthwith be procured.

Although it was already the Spring of the year, our Subject, being a man of spirit, took up the challenge, turned his back upon literature (which in view of his approaching duties might have seemed his more urgent concern) and spent the weeks that were left him, in writing a metaphysical thesis and grinding his psychology, logic and history of philosophy up again, so as to pass our formidable ordeals.

When the thesis came to be read by our committee, we could not pass it. Brilliancy and originality by themselves won't save a thesis for the doctorate; it must also exhibit a heavy technical apparatus of learning; and this our can-

didate had neglected to bring to bear. So, telling him that he was temporarily rejected, we advised him to pad out the thesis properly, and return with it next year, at the same time informing his new President that this signified nothing as to his merits, that he was of ultra Ph.D. quality, and one of the strongest men with whom we had ever had to deal.

To our surprise we were given to understand in reply that the quality *per se* of the man signified nothing in this connection, and that three magical letters were the thing seriously required. The College had always gloried in a list of faculty members who bore the doctor's title, and to make a gap in the galaxy, and admit a common fox without a tail, would be a degradation impossible to be thought of. We wrote again, pointing out that a Ph.D. in philosophy would prove little anyhow as to one's ability to teach literature; we sent separate letters in which we outdid each other in eulogy of our candidate's powers, for indeed they were great; and at last, *mirabile dictu*, our eloquence prevailed. He was allowed to retain his appointment provisionally, on condition that one year later at the farthest his miserably naked name should be prolonged by the sacred appendage the lack of which had given so much trouble to all concerned.

Accordingly he came up here the following spring with an adequate thesis (known since in print as a most brilliant contribution to metaphysics), passed a first-rate examination, wiped out the stain, and brought his college into proper relations with the world again. Whether his teaching, during that first year, of English Literature was made any the better by the impending examination in a different subject, is a question which I will not try to solve.

I have related this incident at such length because it is so characteristic of American academic conditions at the present day. Graduate schools still are something of a novelty, and higher diplomas something of a rarity. The latter, therefore, carry a vague sense of preciousness and honor, and have a particularly "up-to-date" appearance, and it is no wonder if smaller institutions, unable to attract professors already eminent, and forced usually to recruit their faculties from the relatively young, should hope to compensate for the

obscurity of the names of their officers of instruction by the abundance of decorative titles by which those names are followed on the pages of the catalogues where they appear. The dazzled reader of the list, the parent or student, says to himself, "this must be a terribly distinguished crowd—their titles shine like the stars in the firmament, Ph.D.'s, S.D.'s, and Litt.D.'s, bespangle the page as if they were sprinkled over it from a pepper caster."

Human nature is once for all so childish that every reality becomes a sham somewhere, and in the minds of Presidents and Trustees the Ph.D. degree is in point of fact already looked upon as a mere advertising resource, a manner of throwing dust in the Public's eyes. "No instructor who is not a Doctor" has become a maxim in the smaller institutions which represent demand; and in each of the larger ones which represent supply, the same belief in decorated scholarship expresses itself in two antagonistic passions, one for multiplying as much as possible the annual output of doctors, the other for raising the standard of difficulty in passing, so that the Ph.D. of the special institution shall carry a higher blaze of distinction than it does elsewhere. Thus we at Harvard are proud of the number of candidates whom we reject, and of the inability of men who are not *distingués* in intellect to pass our tests.

America is thus as a nation rapidly drifting towards a state of things in which no man of science or letters will be accounted respectable unless some kind of badge or diploma is stamped upon him, and in which bare personality will be a mark of outcast estate. It seems to me high time to rouse ourselves to consciousness, and to cast a critical eye upon this decidedly grotesque tendency. Other nations suffer terribly from the Mandarin disease. Are we doomed to suffer like the rest?

Our higher degrees were instituted for the laudable purpose of stimulating scholarship, especially in the form of "original research." Experience has proved that great as the love of truth may be among men, it can be made still greater by adventitious rewards. The winning of a diploma certifying mastery and marking a barrier successfully passed, acts as a challenge to the ambitious; and if the diploma will help to gain bread-winning positions also, its power as a stimulus to work is tremendously increased. So far, we are



on innocent ground ; it is well for a country to have research in abundance, and our graduate schools do but apply a normal psychological spur. But the institutionizing on a large scale of any natural combination of need and motive always tends to run into technicality and to develop a tyrannical Machine with unforeseen powers of exclusion and corruption. Observation of the workings of our Harvard system for 20 years past has brought some of these drawbacks home to my consciousness, and I should like to call the attention of the readers of the MONTHLY to this disadvantageous aspect of the picture, and to make a couple of remedial suggestions, if I may.

In the first place, it would seem that to stimulate study, and to increase the *gelehrtes Publikum*, the class of highly educated men in our country, is the only positive good, and consequently the sole direct end at which our graduate schools, with their diploma-giving powers, should aim. If other results have developed they should be deemed secondary incidents, and if not desirable in themselves, they should be carefully guarded against.

To interfere with the free development of talent, to obstruct the natural play of supply and demand in the teaching profession, to foster academic snobbery by the *prestige* of certain privileged institutions, to transfer accredited value from essential manhood to an outward badge, to blight hopes and promote invidious sentiments, to divert the attention of aspiring youth from direct dealings with truth to the passing of examinations,—such consequences, if they exist, ought surely to be regarded as drawbacks to the system, and an enlightened public consciousness ought to be keenly alive to the importance of reducing their amount. Candidates themselves do seem to be keenly conscious of some of these evils, but outside of their ranks or in the general public no such consciousness, so far as I can see, exists ; or if it does exist, it fails to express itself aloud. Schools, Colleges, and Universities, appear enthusiastic over the entire system, just as it stands, and unanimously applaud all its developments.

I beg the reader to consider some of the secondary evils which I have enumerated. First of all, is not our growing tendency to appoint no instructors who are not also doctors an instance of pure sham ? Will any one pretend

for a moment that the doctor's degree is a guarantee that its possessor will be successful as a teacher? Notoriously his moral, social and personal characteristics may utterly disqualify him for success in the class-room; and of these characteristics his doctor's examination is unable to take any account whatever. Certain bare human beings will always be better candidates for a given place than all the doctor-applicants on hand; and to exclude the former by a rigid rule, and in the end to have to sift the latter by private inquiry into their personal peculiarities among those who know them, just as if they were not doctors at all, is to stultify one's own procedure. You may say that at least you guard against ignorance of the subject by considering only the candidates who are doctors; but how then about making doctors in one subject teach a different subject? This happened in the instance by which I introduced this article, and it happens daily and hourly in all our colleges. The truth is that the Doctor-Monopoly in teaching, which is becoming so rooted an American custom, can show no serious grounds whatsoever for itself in reason. As it actually prevails and grows in vogue among us, it is due to childish motives exclusively. In reality it is but a sham, a bauble, a dodge whereby to decorate the catalogues of schools and colleges.

Next, let us turn from the general promotion of a spirit of academic snobbery to the particular damage done to individuals by the system.

There are plenty of individuals so well endowed by nature that they pass with ease all the ordeals with which life confronts them. Such persons are born for professional success. Examinations have no terrors for them, and interfere in no way with their spiritual or worldly interests. There are others, not so gifted, who nevertheless rise to the challenge, get a stimulus from the difficulty, and become doctors, not without some baleful nervous wear and tear and retardation of their purely inner life, but on the whole successfully, and with advantage. These two classes form the natural Ph.D.'s, for whom the degree is legitimately instituted. To be sure, the degree is of no consequence one way or the other for the first sort of man, for in him the personal worth obviously outshines the title. To the second set of persons, however, the doctor-ideal may contribute a touch of energy and solidity of scholarship

which otherwise they might have lacked, and were our candidates all drawn from these classes, no oppression would result from the institution.

But there is a third class of persons who are genuinely, and in the most pathetic sense, the institution's victims. For this type of character the academic life may become, after a certain point, a virulent poison. Men without marked originality or native force, but fond of truth and especially of books and study, ambitious of reward and recognition, poor often, and needing a degree to get a teaching position, weak in the eyes of their examiners,—among these we find the veritable *chair à canon* of the wars of learning, the unfit in the academic struggle for existence. There are individuals of this sort for whom to pass one degree after another seems the limit of earthly aspiration. Your private advice does not discourage them. They will fail, and go away to recuperate, and then present themselves for another ordeal, and sometimes prolong the process into middle life. Or else, if they are less heroic morally they will accept the failure as a sentence of doom that they are not fit, and are broken-spirited men thereafter.

We of the University faculties are responsible for deliberately creating this new class of American social failures, and heavy is the responsibility. We advertise our "schools" and send out our degree-requirements, knowing well that aspirants of all sorts will be attracted, and at the same time we set a standard which intends to pass no man who has not native intellectual distinction. We know that there is no test, however absurd, by which, if a title or decoration, a public badge or mark, were to be won by it, some weakly suggestible or hautable persons would not feel challenged, and remain unhappy if they went without it. We dangle our three magic letters before the eyes of these predestined victims, and they swarm to us like moths to an electric light. They come at a time of life when failure can no longer be repaired easily and when the wounds it leaves are permanent; and we say deliberately that mere work faithfully performed, as they perform it, will not by itself save them, they must in addition put in evidence the one thing they have not got, namely this quality of intellectual distinction. Occasionally, out of sheer human pity, we ignore our high and mighty standard and pass them. Usually, how-

ever, the standard, and not the candidate, commands our fidelity. The result is caprice, majorities of one on the jury, and on the whole a confession that our pretensions about the degree cannot be lived up to consistently. Thus, partiality in the favored cases; in the unfavored, blood on our hands; and in both a bad conscience,—are the results of our administration.

The more widespread becomes the popular belief that our diplomas are indispensable hall-marks to show the sterling metal of their holders, the more widespread these corruptions will become. We ought to look to the future carefully, for it takes generations for a national custom, once rooted, to be grown away from. All the European countries are seeking to diminish the check upon individual spontaneity which state examinations with their tyrannous growth have brought in their train. We have had to institute state examinations too; and it will perhaps be fortunate if some day hereafter our descendants, comparing machine with machine, do not sigh with regret for old times and American freedom, and wish that the régime of the dear old bosses might be reinstalled, with plain human nature, the glad hand and the marble heart, liking and disliking, and man-to-man relations grown possible again. Meanwhile, whatever evolution our state-examinations are destined to undergo, our universities at least should never cease to regard themselves as the jealous custodians of personal and spiritual spontaneity. They are indeed its only organized and recognized custodians in America today. They ought to guard against contributing to the increase of officialism and snobbery and insincerity as against a pestilence; they ought to keep truth and disinterested labor always in the foreground, treat degrees as secondary incidents, and in season and out of season make it plain that what they live for is to help men's souls, and not to decorate their persons with diplomas.

There seem to be three obvious ways in which the increasing hold of the Ph.D. Octopus upon American life can be kept in check.

The first way lies with the Universities. They can lower their fantastic standards (which here at Harvard we are so proud of) and give the doctorate as a matter of course, just as they give the bachelor's degree, for a due

amount of time spent in patient labor in a special department of learning, whether the man be a brilliantly gifted individual or not. Surely native distinction needs no official stamp, and should disdain to ask for one. On the other hand, faithful labor, however commonplace, and years devoted to a subject, always deserve to be acknowledged and requited.

The second way lies with both the Universities and Colleges. Let them give up their unspeakably silly ambition to bespangle their lists of officers with these doctoral titles. Let them look more to substance and less to vanity and sham.

The third way lies with the individual student, and with his personal advisers in the Faculties. Every man of native power, who might take a higher degree, and refuses to do so, because examinations interfere with the free following out of his more immediate intellectual aims, deserves well of his country, and in a rightly organized community, would not be made to suffer for his independence. With many men the passing of these extraneous tests is a very grievous interference indeed. Private letters of recommendation from their instructors, which in any event are ultimately needful, ought, in these cases, completely to offset the lack of the bread-winning degree; and instructors ought to be ready to advise students against it upon occasion, and to pledge themselves to back them later personally, in the market-struggle which they have to face.

It is indeed odd to see this love of titles—and such titles—growing up in a country of which the recognition of individuality and bare manhood have so long been supposed to be the very soul. The independence of the State, in which most of our colleges stand, relieves us of those more odious forms of academic politics which continental European countries present. Anything like the elaborate University machine of France, with its throttling influences upon individuals is unknown here. The spectacle of the “Rath” distinction in its innumerable spheres and grades, with which all Germany is crawling today, is displeasing to American eyes; and displeasing also in some respects is the institution of knighthood in England, which, aping as it does an aristocratic title, enables one’s wife as well as one’s self so easily to dazzle the servants

at the house of one's friends. But are we Americans ourselves destined after all to hunger after similar vanities on an infinitely more contemptible scale? And is individuality with us also going to count for nothing unless stamped and licensed and authenticated by some title-giving machine? Let us pray that our ancient national genius may long preserve vitality enough to guard us from a future so unmanly and so unbeautiful!

*William James.*

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*THE DAY OF DEATH.*

Far struggling through primeval wilds  
The restless spirit, sinking, found  
The peace that ends this mortal round,  
Upon the fungus-eaten ground.

No man can stir his sweet repose.  
He takes his splendidly-won rest  
Sweeter by reason of the zest  
With which his soul—a heavenly guest—  
Rejoiced within its earthly mould of flesh.

May not dull carrion hold  
The thing that will become a rose?  
Does not the East glow from the West?

*C. C. Hackett.*

*SOME ASPECTS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.**I.*

Perhaps today one should apologize for writing on Matthew Arnold. Despite the startling nature of his gospel, he has passed with amazing rapidity from obscurity to comparative neglect. His general body of doctrine has gone over, unconsciously or not, into the stock of our commonplace notions. His phrases, once so new, bewildering and intangible, have become hackneyed counters which we use, unwittingly, without tribute to the author. His doctrine of culture has been popularized, nay vulgarized; it has been so successful that, within a generation, it has effaced itself. One almost wonders at a time when this was true: "Soon discovering himself to be at issue with the bulk of his countrymen, Arnold subsequently undertook the unpopular office of detector-general of the intellectual failings of his own nation." The intellectual failings in large measure still exist, for it would take a spirit far more puissant than Arnold to leaven the mass of British humanity; but scattered through the land are scores of men more truly human in a large sense for the gospel of culture. Rational amenity, a virtue Arnold may be said to have introduced in England, is nowadays so common that it hardly takes precedence of the more primitive virtues. But as a result we have most unfortunately almost forgotten the author of our enlightened condition; in the absorption of his doctrine, Arnold's importance, it seems very curiously, has waned.

The biographers and critics, on the whole, while paying lip service, so to speak, have been of little real aid in keeping alive the true image of the man. Mr. Saintsbury has sinews enough to perform herculean and praiseworthy tasks, but, erudite as he is in critical theory, he is obviously unfitted to write of a man like Arnold. I am afraid Arnold himself would have called him a "ferocious pedant." Mr. Paul, the gentleman who essayed to write the life in the *English Men of Letter Series*, is hardly more fortunate. It is indeed strange irony which has consigned a man, especially undesirous of bio-

graphical commemoration, to the hands of those attuned so little in harmony with him. Mr. Brownell's recent article, however, makes large amends for these violences. Those who are in danger of forgetting what we owe to Arnold should make a point of reading it; for it is no less just than comprehensive. One ought not in fact to go further without quoting its beginning:

"How different in a critical aspect from its condition when Arnold began to write is the England of our day—England and its literary dependency ourselves! And how largely the difference is due to the influence of Arnold's writings! Thirty years ago he was deemed a dandy and dilettante in literature. Today his paradoxes have become accepted commonplaces. Was there ever a time, one asks one's self, when Anglo-Saxon literary taste was truculent; when measure and restraint were viewed with contempt, and mere erudition with reverence; when rhetoric as such was admired; when rhodomontade and fustian were tolerated *nominis umbra*; when "curiosity" was discountenanced and disinterestedness despised; when poise, good temper, politeness were negligible; when "allowing one's consciousness to play freely" a meaningless rather than a trite phrase; when in a word, Arnold's various deductions from his cardinal tenet of the value of culture seemed unsubstantial and trivial?"

This is precisely the point, the influence of Arnold's writings has worked a revolution in the spirit of criticism; even Mr. Saintsbury, out of sympathy with his subject as he is, dare not be truculent. One may discuss Arnold's shortcomings, put one's finger upon his critical failures and criticise his theory of poetry and literature; but after all the main fact remains, the wonderful clarifying of the critical atmosphere he effected. He stands not so much for a set of individual judgments, of critical dicta, but for a way of looking at things, a state of mind. And what makes Arnold's way of looking at things so much better worth our study than his ultimate dicta, however valuable, is that he exemplified it in rare perfection. Temperamentally he was deficient, but he never made that blunder of strong minds of despising what he could not comprehend. Intellectually he tried always to be just; his judgments, however lacking from temperamental defects, stand on a rational basis. He



is surprisingly of a piece, because he keeps studiously to the main points and contents himself with bringing these main points lucidly and persuasively before the reader. He never throws dust in his reader's eyes by adventitious brilliancy of phrase and *obiter dicta*, and for this intelligent restraint his writings have been called thin and bare by the uncritical. His mind was seldom enriched with the details of what he read; only the salient things, what was attracted most strongly by the magnetism of his mind, clung fast. Thus he habitually as well as intentionally, presents few view points, but these, as was pointed out, with great steadiness and lucidity. In fact, it is this plair-perseverance, this rigid exclusion of the non-essential and the false, this resolute abiding by the ideal, which makes his criticism seem so much like special pleading, the thing he wished most to avoid. But in a large sense he is a special pleader, a pleader for the light, for the truth as he conceived it and as he rationally applied it to literature.

## II.

The nature and manner of Arnold's success in criticism suggests his close spiritual likeness to his father. They both accomplished their tasks, not by a set of doctrinaire ideas rigidly enforced, but by letting their ideas come out naturally through their character. They effected things by bringing to bear a subtle and persuasive spiritual influence. When Thomas Arnold was made Head Master of Rugby a friend predicted that "he would change the face of education through all the public schools of England." He did this, needless to say, not by making over in radical fashion the curriculum of Rugby, but by putting a new spirit into the old forms. This is precisely what Matthew Arnold accomplished in criticism; he did not work radical changes in our critical dicta, he merely put into the old critical forms a new spirit. And that he, like his father, was man to whom "the central truth of life, not as a dogma accepted from without, but as the satisfaction of a craving within, was the union of the divine and human in the person of Jesus Christ," the recently published *Note Books* once more abundantly testify. Again, of Thomas Arnold it was said that "many who shared his freedom of thought could

not understand his adherence to the old faith ; many who shared his reverent spirit were shocked with his liberal ideas." In this particular also, the mantle of father surely descended upon the son ; a deep and true Christian piety, a kind of rationalized feeling, far from restraining, even impelled, Matthew Arnold to turn his irony upon the stereotyped belief of English churchmen.

A similarity so natural between a father and son would hardly deserve note, if it were not the habit of many to regard Arnold merely as a gadfly exasperating the sides of sober England. This caricature survives, oddly enough, to a day when the real services of the man have become a part of our intellectual tissue. And yet there is ground for the caricature in a trait which, despite his intellectual and spiritual resemblances, differentiates Arnold from his father. The impression the two men make in the mass is distinctly different. The trait in question Arnold himself suggests in that charming Eton speech where, in following the history of the word *eutrapelia*, he unravels the meaning and changes of Greek civilization. To Pindar, *eutrapelia* signified *vain lightness* ; to Pericles and Thucydides, it signified a *happy and gracious flexibility*. The religious Theban poet viewed it with reprobation, the Athenians, in their ripe culture, thought it an excellent quality worthy of commemoration. If we substitute characters, we have the respective attitude of the Arnolds, father and son. It was just this quality of happy and gracious flexibility, possessed in rare measure by the son, undervalued by the father, which distinguished them. And the possession of this happy and gracious flexibility has led some people, not in themselves so finely gifted, to impute a kind of vain lightness to Matthew Arnold in his treatment of serious topics.

### III.

Mr. Dowden, in a list of critical mistakes he collected against Arnold, has quite unconsciously supplied us with a clue to working out the way Arnold took himself and the purposes he made himself subserve. Mr. Dowden quotes among other things this sentence on Carlyle, as an example of a warped and perverse judgment of a contemporary : "Carlyle I never much liked. He seemed to me to be 'carrying coals to Newcastle,' as our proverb

says; preaching earnestness to a nation which had plenty of it by nature." The first part, the only offensive one, is explained away in great measure by the fact that it is merely an expression of personal feeling in a family letter. And how admirable, though not indeed how comprehensive, is the rest of the criticism. Carlyle is forever to be accounted defective in that he preached a blind doctrine to a people having need of light. However, what is significant is that precisely this criticism should have been made by Arnold; his doing so helps explain what he conceived his mission to be.

Arnold, lacking indeed the genius, had certainly all the more worthy characteristics of Carlyle; he had, as we have seen, deep religious piety and, as anyone who has read the *Letters* must know, an unflinching devotion to work. But he had, besides, that charming and gracious flexibility we have mentioned, and above all a spirit of entire self abnegation. It is a pleasure to quote from Arnold's *Note Books* these favorite sentences, chosen to be the guide and consolation of his days. "They that deny themselves will be sure to find their strength increased, their affections raised, and their inward peace continually augmented." "The more graces a man has received, the more reason has he to fear, and the greater obligation to labor for God." Is it unfair to ask, would not Carlyle have been better for these sentences pinned to his heart? But there are other sentences from the *Note Books* containing the very essence of Carlyle. "Let me not falter nor slide away from the great end of knowing God. Let not joys, or honors, or vanities of the world enfeeble or darken my spirit." "Rest is a crime in one who has promised to labor all the days of his life." These sentences certainly indicate a *personal* adherence to the gospel of work, a *personal* adherence to a Christian piety of almost covenanting rigor.

It is then significant that Arnold should have reproached Carlyle for preaching those virtues which each most eminently possessed—for "carrying coals to Newcastle," as our proverb says. What most differentiates the two men in their effect on the community is that Carlyle merely expounded and impressed his own personality; that Arnold conformed his message with the intellectual and spiritual needs of his audience constantly in mind. Here is

the guide he set himself in this matter. "The aim is to understand myself and the age, to apprehend what is the prime need of each, and to administer according to our ability to that need. . . . While the present generation has its crying needs, we of the same generation are filling storehouses with provisions for future centuries. It is too true that our own class, the guild of the studious, does too little with the object of working upon the nation." No one can accuse Arnold of doing "too little with the object of working upon the nation"; he spent his life "with the object of working upon the nation." But what distinguishes him is the fact that he set himself to apprehend what was the prime need of his age; he did not make the mistake of "carrying coals to Newcastle." The prime need of his age he conceived to be lack of culture—of that culture whose aim should be "the setting ourselves to ascertain what perfection is and make it prevail." How great that need was is obvious from the very influence throughout the age of two such potent, but irrational, spirits as Ruskin and Carlyle. In counteracting them, Arnold did a great work, and, inferior though he may be from lack of genius, he is indeed an angel of light for his generation. The things for which he stands, if not himself, will out-live his two great contemporaries.

*H. L. Warner.*

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BALLADE.

I.

This is the beauty of the maid Disdain:  
A long, slim body and a pale, calm face,  
Grey eyes, that are love's color, but retain  
No light of love nor gleam of sprightly grace,  
A nose that, straight, yet tilts a little space  
Towards the clean sky, away from common men,  
A firm-set mouth, yet with some sweeter trace.  
This is the beauty of the maid Disdain.

## II.

This is the fashion of the maid Disdain :  
She liveth on the worship of men's eyes,  
(And loss of this were death, and death were pain)  
And takes the offerings that men devise,  
But treateth them that offer, on this wise,  
Passing before, she lifts her robes from stain,  
Or staying, stops her ears against their cries ;  
This is the fashion of the maid Disdain.

## III.

This is the pleasure of the maid Disdain :  
To sit alone while many men pass by,  
And scorn them all, and scan them all in vain  
For one she may not scorn but love ; to try  
To sate her heart upon their gifts ; to sigh  
And choke her sighs lest they betray her pain,  
And strive to hide her thirst from every eye ;  
This is the pleasure of the maid Disdain.

## ENVOI.

Ye who have loved and been received with scorn,  
Ere ye depart in anger, look again.  
Mayhap she is not cruel but forlorn ;  
It is ill dealing with the maid Disdain.

## THE INGRATE.

*A One-Act Play.**Persons.*

PETER WARBURTON, a Junior in Harvard College.

ARTHUR DE AKERS, a classmate.

WILBER SMITH, a Freshman.

JOHN DIX, a New York broker.

KATHRINE DIX, his daughter.

WARBURTON's mother.

*[The scene is a room (WARBURTON'S) in one of the older buildings in Harvard Yard. . . It is not very large, representing an oblong, low-studded room viewed from the north face. At the extreme right of the stage is the landing outside the door, with the stairs going down, directly away from the footlights. The top of the window on the landing below shows over the stairs.]*

*The room inside shows, on its east wall, a window; on its south wall, a window at the left, then a large, old-fashioned fireplace, in which a coal fire is burning, and to the right of the fireplace a built-in settle or couch which extends out into the room. Behind the couch is a door opening into a closet. At the front of the west wall is the door that opens on the landing. On the outside of this door is the number 18 painted in black. On the farther side of the landing is a closed door, on which is painted 17. These doors, the mantel, the high wainscoting in the room, the settle, all the woodwork in fact, is painted cream-color, almost white.*

*In the centre of the room is a simple heavy table, about which are grouped two straight-backed chairs, near the fire, and two heavy, comfortable Morris chairs, which face the footlights. On the east wall, back of the*

window, is a good sized bookcase. Behind it is WARBURTON'S desk with an arm-chair, which faces forward. All the furniture is simple but in excellent taste. The pictures are few and inexpensive, but good. Medals indicating membership in clubs, editorships of college papers, etc., are strung on colored ribbons across some of the pictures. Over the mantel hang some framed "shingles," certificates of club membership. Over the door to the landing, on the inside, is a strip of black cloth, on which is the name "P. Warburton" in white letters. A few photographs, menu cards, and mugs, are on the mantel. The table is littered with papers, gloves, books, pipes, which have all been pushed away from the end next the fireplace, leaving space to write. There is a student-lamp on the table. The two windows, one of which is opened slightly from the bottom, are sunk back into the wall, leaving a small cushioned window-seat in front of each. On these seats and on the couch or settle, there are sofa pillows of various designs.

*The time is the present; it is an afternoon in April.*

*As the curtain rises a bell is ringing outside to show that it is half-past three in the afternoon, time for one lecture period to end and another to begin.*

WILBER SMITH, with a note book and some papers under his arm, is standing on the landing knocking at WARBURTON'S door. WILBER SMITH is a Freshman, callow, characterless in feature, with, in dress and manner, a suggestion of loudness which he does not seem to have strength enough to support. Receiving no answer to his knock he at last goes into the room. There is no one inside. Seating himself at the end of the table nearest the fireplace, he is running through his papers when WARBURTON appears, coming up the stairs two steps at a time. WARBURTON opens the door, which SMITH has closed behind him on entering the room, and enters, again closing the door. He throws his hat and note-book onto the couch. WARBURTON is large and moderately good-looking. More noticeable than regularity of features is a certain cleanness in the modelling of his face, and in his physique. He is unobtrusively dressed in clothes which might have come from some good maker of ready-made clothes.]

WAR. Sorry to keep you waiting.

SMITH. Oh, that's all right. I've just been here a minute. [WARBURTON gets a pencil from his desk and pulls up the other straight-backed chair beside SMITH.] I haven't had time to write the long theme, but I've got a daily here I'd like to have you look over.

WAR. [running through SMITH's papers, making notes here and there on them.] You must remember not to split your infinitives. Not "to rather obscure the worth of the man himself," as you have it, but what?

SMITH. "Rather to obscure," of course. I always forget about that.

WAR. But you mustn't. The idea of the theme is good enough, but these places I have marked here—they are nothing but little mistakes in putting your sentences together. You haven't any business to go wrong on those points now.

SMITH. No, I suppose not. [He takes his papers from Warburton.]

WAR. [rising and preparing to fill a pipe which he takes from the table.] You've got to think, you know.

SMITH. I really have done better, though, since I have been working with you. [Goes to the door.] Now I am going over to my room to write that long theme. Will you be in later in the afternoon? I'll have it done in a couple of hours.

WAR. [lighting his pipe.] Surely.

[De Akers has come leisurely up the stairs; he knocks on the door. De Akers is a slenderly built, slightly cynical person, whose appearance suggests, above all else, high breeding. His clothes are unmistakably of English cut.]

Come in! [DE AKERS enters.] Hello, Arthur. [A moment's pause.] Do you know Mr. Smith, Mr. de Akers? [SMITH and DE AKERS shake hands distantly. SMITH starts to go out.]

SMITH. I'll be in later, then.

WAR. Yes. But I say, don't come too soon. I'm expecting a man out here to see me this afternoon.

[SMITH goes out.]

WAR. [seating himself in one of the arm-chairs, smoking.] Have a cigarette? [He motions toward the table.]



DE AKERS [*talking always with the slightest suggestion of affectation.*] No, thank you. Are you really expecting some one, Peter? I came up to get you to walk in town with me, at four.

WAR. Too bad. I'd like to, but there's a man coming over from New York today who said he would come out and see me the first thing. I am going to try to get him to stay over night with me.

DE AKERS. Really? Oh, you always have too much stuff to do. Been tutoring that boy, I suppose.

WAR. Yes, in English. He is a Freshman named Smith. Thinks he's a sport and that the proper thing is to appear too lazy to work.

DE AKERS. Well, if you won't come in town, I suppose I'll have to go alone, or get someone else. [*Rising.*] Who's coming to see you, Peter?

WAR. An uncle of the boy I tutored last summer. John Dix, his name is; he's a corker.

DE AKERS. John Dix? On Wall street, isn't he? Dix and Clendenning? I know him. You're no man to entertain him. He'll expect you to take him over to the club and get tight with him.

WAR. Why, that's absurd, Arthur. We all take a drink now and then. Mr. Dix is no more a drunk than I am.

DE AKERS [*laughing*]. No, I know he's not. I am very fond of him. By the way [*hesitating*], do you know the daughter? [*Walks back toward the fireplace. WARBURTON, whose face is from him, seems embarrassed.*]

WAR. [*shortly*]. Yes. Why?

DE AKERS [*leaning on the mantel, speaking slowly, and with rather a cunning smile.*] Like her?

WAR. I think she's damn attractive; yes.

DE AKERS. Know her well?

WAR. [*unconscious that he is being catechised, and now free from embarrassment.*] Why, yes; she and I were thrown together a good deal in the summer. You see I disliked the kid, and didn't know any people in the place to speak of, so when I wasn't working with him I used to go around with her

quite a little. More than she wanted, I guess. She's damn companionable, I think.

DE AKERS. Companionable? Oh, no, Peter. She's a nice enough girl, and fairly pretty, but not companionable.

WAR. [*biting his lip.*] Damn companionable, I think.

DE AKERS. See here, Peter, I guess I know Kathrine Dix pretty well,—

WAR. So do I.

DE AKERS. And I realize her good points [WARBURTON *turns on him suddenly*. DE AKERS, *who has been smiling, stiffens his face into seriousness*] but she's a cold little thing; awfully cold.

WAR. [*with restraint.*] Never seemed so to me.

DE AKERS. Well, if you like that kind. But no icebergs for me. And she ought not to be an iceberg. If she were big and statuesque, you know— But she's small and pretty; why shouldn't she be human and sympathetic—

WAR. [*with an outburst.*] Sympathetic? Good God, I don't know what you want, Arthur. *You're* the iceberg. No one would ever be sympathetic to you anyway, because you would never give them a chance. Oh well [*dismissing the question as though regretful of having grown so heated over a subject as unworthy as DE AKERS*], you probably never saw the girl really under anything but ballroom conditions.

DE AKERS. I have known her all my life.

WAR. Then if you have there's no excuse for misjudging her. Sympathetic? I wish you could have seen her with the children at the place at Bar Harbor there last summer. [*Reminiscently, evidently forgetting DE AKERS.*] Why, one day, I remember, when we had driven [*Turns unexpectedly on DE AKERS and finds him laughing*—You're laughing at me.

DE AKERS [*laughing.*] Well, yes, I was just trying to draw you out a little about the girl. You rose to the bait finely, Peter.

WAR. What did you want to draw me out for?

DE AKERS [*ignoring the question.*] I wonder how we never have found that we both know the Dixes, Peter?

WAR. Why should we find out? I'm not all the time talking about

women I know, am I? There's too much respect for "Town Topics" in that club of ours, Arthur, and too much talk that tries to be like "Town Topics."

DE AKERS [*rising*]. Well, if you expect Mr. Dix in a little while I guess I won't go in town. I'll come in again and take him over to the Beetle with you and give him a drink. Even if there is too much "Town Topics" business about it, you can always get a drink at the Beetle when you want it. [*Goes toward door.*] I've got to go down to my room now.

WAR. I say, why were you drawing me out about Kathrine Dix, Arthur?

DE AKERS. Well, I'll tell you. I don't know how she likes it, but I sort of favor the thing myself. You see our folks have an idea—and I guess, by the way they have acted, they've had it a good while—an idea they'll marry us to each other. I took a little advantage of you to get an unprejudiced opinion of her. What do you think, Peter? 'Think she'd make me a good wife? You know, in "Town Topics" circles I believe I am supposed to be quite a catch in New York. Think it over.

[*He goes out.*]

[WARBURTON *stands in the middle of the room leaning against the front of the table. He seems somewhat shocked and dismayed by what DE AKERS has told him.*]

WAR. [*not emotionally, but thoughtfully, as though realizing at last the situation in its fulness*]. Good God! [*after deliberation*] Ugh!

[DE AKERS *appears coming back up the stairs with MR. DIX. MR. DIX is a rather rotund figure of a man; forty-five or thereabouts, carefully dressed. Though his face is that of a man of the world, it is neither hard nor dissipated. It shows, perhaps, some effects of high living, but is still so sympathetic, boyish, friendly and good humored as to be wholly attractive.*]

DE AKERS [*pointing*]. There's the door, Mr. Dix. Peter's expecting you. I'll come back in a little while and Peter and I will take you over to our club if you like. Good bye.

[DE AKERS *goes back down the stairs as Mr. Dix knocks.*]

WAR. Come in! [*He walks over to the door as MR. DIX enters. They shake hands heartily.*]

DIX. Glad to see you, son. Why you're looking heavier, it seems to me [*still shaking WARBURTON'S hand*].

WAR. [*laughing*]. Don't believe I weigh a pound more than I did at Christmas. It seems to me you aren't so heavy as you were, though, are you? [*Both laugh.*]

DIX. We know how to flatter each other, eh? Always tell a slim man he's stouter, and a stout one he's slimmer. Say, son, I've got Kitty down stairs in the carriage. Can I bring her up?

WAR. [*pleased*]. Of course. I'll run down stairs.

[*He goes out.*]

DIX [*calling out the window*]. Kitty! Warburton's just gone down for you, Kitty. [*He pauses, then laughs and waves his hand as WARBURTON and KATHRINE greet each other below.*] Cabby! [*calling to the cabman.*] You stay around, cabby, will you, like a good fellow. We'll be going in to Boston again in a half hour or so.

[*WARBURTON and KATHRINE appear, coming up the stairs, talking. She is a small, exquisite creature, gowned in perfect taste. Her prettiness might be beauty but for a certain faint suggestion of the doll, or, better, of the Dresden shepherdess, which makes her lack distinction. Incapable of any deep feeling, is one's first judgment of her character from her appearance. On nearer view, the observer does not feel at all sure of the truth of this judgment.*]

WAR. [*as they reach the landing*]. Funny we didn't find out that we both knew Arthur de Akers. [*He watches her closely.*]

KATHRINE [*surprised*]. Oh, Arthur de Akers! Do you know him?

WAR. Why, yes, he's one of my best—[*As they enter the room, MR. DIX, who has been looking around, at pictures, ornaments, etc., interrupts.*]

DIX. Don't you think this room's a darling, Kitty? Look at that old fireplace,—though how the devil you keep warm with it in winter I don't see. I say, son, you've got a lot of medals here of things I didn't know you be-

longed to. Look at 'em, Kitty. I don't know a great deal about Harvard, but I know it's something to be in the Hasty Pudding, and the Dickey, and some of these others. How do you find time for such things, Warburton? Aren't you tutoring, and so on, still? Excuse me if I sound inquisitive.

WAR. I don't know just how I do get around to so many things. [*He stands in front of the fire. MR. DIX takes one of the comfortable arm-chairs. KATHRINE sits in one of the straight-backed chairs at WARBURTON'S right. WARBURTON pushes a cigarette box across the table to MR. DIX, who nods brightly, takes a cigarette and lights it, first getting KATHRINE'S consent in pantomime.*] This spring I'm rather loafing, really. Not rowing, you know.

KATHRINE. Aren't you? Why not?

WAR. Well, I say loafing. That isn't quite true. I've not been rowing because I absolutely haven't had the time. I am going to try to get out next week, after the class races. Still, it will be too late then for me to stand any show for the—

DE AKERS [*calling under the window*]. Oh, Peter!

WAR. [*at the window*]. Hello, Arthur. [*A pause during which DE AKERS says something from below.*] No, we're not coming out. Miss Dix is here too, you know. Come up.

KATHRINE. Was it—?

WAR. Yes.

KATHRINE [*stamping her foot*]. Oh, dear!

DIX [*looking sharply at her*]. Why, what's the matter? It's Arthur coming, isn't it, Warburton?

[*DE AKERS has come rapidly up the stairs: he knocks.*]

WAR. Come in!

[*DE AKERS enters and crosses to MISS DIX rather effusively.*]

DE AKERS. Hello Kathrine. Your father didn't say you were with him.

KATHRINE. Didn't he? I was in the carriage when he came up. I saw you.

DE AKERS [*somewhat chilled*]. Oh, you did?

DIX [*still watching KATHRINE*]. If you saw Arthur, Kitty, it seems to me you might have called from the cab to him.

[MISS DIX *goes to her father and puts her hands on his shoulders.*]

KATHRINE. Now since when has dear old father taken to lecturing his spoiled only daughter, just because she won't shout across Harvard Yard at Arthur de Akers, when she sees him in New York every Sunday, anyway—[DE AKERS *makes a gesture of protest.*] Well, almost every week, Arthur.

DIX [*melting at once*]. There, there; I guess you are right; your old father doesn't want you to make a fuss right under Peter Warburton's windows, eh, son? [*turns to WARBURTON.*] Bully room you've got. I say, is this a no-license town?

DE AKERS. It certainly is. And that reminds me: have you ever seen the glass flowers, Mr. Dix?

DIX. The glass flowers? No, what are they?

KATHRINE. Oh, I have read about them. They're perfectly wonderful, aren't they? Lets make Peter take us out to see them, father. [DE AKERS and MR. DIX *have been exchanging winks.*]

DIX. No, no, my dear. They are—where did you say they were, Arthur?

DE AKERS. In the Museum.

DIX. Yes, daughter, you see they are in the Museum, and you can't very well drive to the Museum, and you've only got those light shoes on, and I couldn't think of letting you walk way over there in the mud. [*Meditatively.*] I'd like awfully well to see them myself, though.

DE AKERS. I don't see why you shouldn't.

DIX. Without Kathrine?

DE AKERS. Of course. Why not?

DIX [*wishing to appear not too anxious to go*]. How long will it take?

DE AKERS. Only about fifteen minutes: we can come right back. Kathrine will have another chance to see them. But you are here so seldom, Mr. Dix, you ought not to miss those flowers. [*After a pause, with enthusiasm.*] Those glass flowers are great.

DIX [*smacking his lips*]. I'll bet they are. [*Rises and takes up his hat.*] Kitty, we'll leave you here a few minutes with Peter, if you don't mind. Be back presently.

DE AKERS and MR. DIX *go out together. They pause on the landing, laughing silently, and go down the stairs, whispering.* Warburton and KATHRINE, *left in the room together, seem a little embarrassed. KATHRINE sits in the arm-chair to the left of the table. Warburton looks into the fire a moment, then turns.*

WAR. I hope you're not disappointed at missing the glass flowers, Kathrine.

KATHRINE. Oh, no, indeed. Really, I'd much rather be here with you. [*Sees the implication and laughs with the slightest touch of confusion.*] I mean—it is nice to see you again, you know.

WAR. Well, I know I'm awfully glad to see you, Kathrine. That man—what was his name? The chap who was in your house when I went to see you at Christmas—confound him! he had so much to say about that cotillion or whatever it was that I really didn't see you at all.

KATHRINE. Isn't he awful, that man? But he's no worse than the rest, Peter. New York society is full of men of his type. Ugh!

WAR. You don't like being out, then?

KATHRINE. Yes, it's good fun in a way, but the people, the men especially—oh well, you simply can't respect them for a moment.

WAR. I'd like to see a little of it though.

KATHRINE. You remember we talked that all over in the summer? [*Warburton nods.*] Well, really, Peter, I'm more certain of it now than I was then. You wouldn't like it. When you get out of college, if you are in New York I can get father to fix it so that you may see some of it, if you want to.

WAR. I don't suppose that I care to see anything of it, only it makes you seem so far off, you know.

KATHRINE. Oh dear, I wish you wouldn't. We're starting right in again on that topic we struck in the boat that day, do you remember?

WAR. I should say I did.

KATHRINE. As I said then—and father talked to me about it, too—it doesn't make any difference to us whether you are in that crowd or not, or whether you have any—well, how you are fixed, you know. Father is awfully fond of you, and we are always going to be friends. There! now I have made just such a speech as I did before. But it's so, anyway.

WAR. Thank you, Kathrine. [*He comes forward on the right hand side of the table; they shake hands, KATHRINE standing a moment to do so. WARBURTON walks past her, toward the window on the left. As she sinks back into her chair he turns suddenly and half raises his arms as though wishing to clasp her; then he lets them fall with a hopeless gesture. KATHRINE does not see. WARBURTON turns back to the left.*]

WAR. [*looking out the window.*] I suppose I think too much about that business. [*He comes slowly back, with his hands in his pockets and his head down. He sits in the right hand easy chair, facing KATHRINE.*] I have a lot of friends, and all that, but I'm mightily lonely sometimes.

KATHRINE [*with mock sympathy, pointing at the medals*]. Poor boy!

WAR. [*contemptuously*]. Oh, those things? They aren't worth *that* to me. [*Snaps his fingers.*] I suppose I should feel terribly out of it without them, though. [*Looks down at the floor thoughtfully, with his elbows on his knees.*]

KATHRINE [*smiling slightly*]. No doubt.

[*There is rather a long pause, during which KATHRINE looks around the room. Her eyes come back to WARBURTON to find his fixed on her steadily and eagerly. Both look away, embarrassed.*]

WAR. There are not many men who are hard up and have no social position and so on, who are *possible*. Do you know what I mean?

KATHRINE. Yes.

WAR. I have figured out all sorts of problems for that sort of man. You don't mind my telling you?

KATHRINE. No.

WAR. Suppose, for instance—I have known fellows like this—suppose



there's a very decent fellow, well appearing, dresses all right, good taste, and so on, a gentleman, you know—well, suppose this man has been thrown pretty much on his own resources and has sort of outgrown his family. Understand, he needn't be a wholly selfish or ungrateful man; he loves his family, and realizes what a debt he owes them, and knows what kind, honest, generous people they are. But suppose he has been away from them a good deal in school and college; suppose he has met all kinds of good fellows—and those fellows' families, too—on a footing of absolute equality. You don't mind all this "suppose" business, do you?

KATHRINE. Of course not.

WAR. Well, if, as I say, he has been thrown to a great extent on his own resources, he hasn't anything in common with his family. Really he can love his mother and father dearly, and still see how vulgar they are. You don't think so?

KATHRINE. I don't know. How *should* I know?

WAR. [*thoughtfully*]. It is a tough problem, isn't it?

KATHRINE. Very.

WAR. Well, there is one further complication. This man knows plenty of other men in college who like him, men with money, and family, and pull: through them or any way you like, [WARBURTON *looks away from KATHRINE*] he meets a girl, with family and money, who attracts him, don't you know?—the girl that just suits him. It's a perfectly possible case. Suppose he falls terribly in love with her. If he is the kind of fellow we are talking about, the girl might even care for him, don't you think so? [WARBURTON *looks at KATHRINE, but her face is turned from him.*]

KATHRINE [*almost inaudibly*]. If he is that kind.

WAR. Well, don't you see, the poor devil is in an awfully tough place. If he doesn't say anything, the girl marries some other man, perhaps some one her family want her to marry. [KATHRINE *looks up quickly*. WARBURTON *hastens to add*] Some splendid fellow, you understand, who may be worthy of her, besides being placed where he has a right to ask her. But the poor fellow without any money, what is he to do? What can he offer the girl? No

money but what he can make, a home he is almost ashamed to take her to, no position whatever, nothing. Why [*bitterly*], he might as well love a princess of the blood royal! [*Stops himself sharply, rises and walks back and forth biting his lip.*]

KATHRINE [*in a low voice*]. Oh no, I don't think so. [WARBURTON looks at her quickly, and is about to speak, but she checks him with a gesture.] Not if the girl is worth anything.

WAR. [*interrupting*]. Worth *anything*? Why, she's worth everything, everything in the world.

KATHRINE. Hush, please. I say if the girl is worth anything and is sure the man cares for her and that she cares for him, she will give him a chance to speak, and she will wait for him, too, just as long as they have to wait.

WAR. [*interrupting*]. Oh, Kathrine—

KATHRINE. Please let me finish. The girl's trouble is—well, she knows that she must not lead a splendid man like that on unless—[*Pauses awkwardly.*]

WAR. Won't you go on?

KATHRINE. It would be awful to give him encouragement and have him begin to wait for her, unless—

WAR. Kathrine, unless—?

KATHRINE. Unless—[*She stops lamely, looking at the floor. Then she looks up slowly, in confusion, and laughs.*] I should think you might see, Peter.

WAR. [*starting forward*]. Oh, Kathrine—

[MRS. WARBURTON, who has been seen coming up the stairs, knocks sharply. WARBURTON shakes his fist at the door and says,]

Damn you, whoever you are. [*He walks over and throws the door open.*]  
MRS. WARBURTON enters the room. She is a woman of about forty, short and inclined toward stoutness. Her face is round and rather pleasant, but unmistakably bourgeois. Her clothes offend, not vehemently, but by a quiet, ugly absence of taste. When alone with her son, she is at her ease. At all other

*times, her attitude shows a strained, fluttered endeavor to appear unconcerned and bright. Her son treats her with every sign of deference and affection.]*

WAR. Mother! [MRS. WARBURTON stands in the door. WARBURTON stands between the door and the table, greatly surprised at his mother's appearance. KATHRINE, who has risen from her chair, stands beside it looking from WARBURTON to his mother in amazement.]

MRS. W. Why, my son, what does this mean?

WAR. What, mother?

MRS. W. This woman in your room, my son.

WAR. Oh, of course [turns to KATHRINE]. Mother, this is Miss Dix.

MRS. W. [advancing threateningly]. Miss Nothing! No young woman should be in your room, Peter.

WAR. [staying his mother's advance]. But, my dear mother, I have just introduced Miss Dix to you. She is Miss Kathrine Dix. Don't you remember that I tutored a little boy named Dix at Bar Harbor last summer? Miss Dix is his cousin. Her father is with her, and has only gone out a moment. I *must* have mentioned her name to you.

MRS. W. [in completely changed manner]. Oh, Miss Dix. Yes, I do remember, my son. My dear Miss Dix, excuse me. I—oh, really, if I had thought for a jiffy that it was Miss Dix—oh, I'm so sorry, Miss Dix. Excuse me. Why didn't you tell me, Peter?

WAR. Indeed I tried to, mother.

MRS. W. No, you didn't.

WAR. [glancing at KATHRINE, who has been watching mother and son with an expression almost of incredulity]. Very well, mother. Will you sit down? [MRS. WARBURTON throws back her cloak and sits in the right hand easy chair. KATHRINE sits in the other. WARBURTON goes to the fireplace.]

MRS. W. Yes, but I'm just going to stay a jiffy. [Effusively, to KATHRINE.] I do hope you'll excuse my blunder, Miss Dix. But you see, my son Peter is such a good boy; I never saw him with a girl that I wouldn't be proud to have come in my house. And I'm more particular than most women, too. Well, him being so good, you can't tell what a shock it was to come in and see

you a-standing there. So many bad women get up nowadays to look perfectly respectable. Oh, my heart came up into my throat and I says to myself: "My son Peter has gone bad just like the rest of them." [WARBURTON *tries vainly to interrupt.*] No, my son, why shouldn't I explain the rumpus to Miss Dix? How do you suppose it appeared to her, my making all that fuss? Now wasn't you perfectly dumbfounded, Miss Dix?

KATHRINE. Oh, not at all, really. I can understand your feelings very well.

MRS. W. No, you can't, my dear Miss Dix, not till you've been a mother.

WAR. [*beneath his breath*]. Mother!

MRS. W. What's the matter, Peter? Did I say anything wrong to Miss Dix? If I did I hope you'll excuse me, Miss Dix. [*She subsides in abashment and perplexity.* WARBURTON *looks from KATHRINE to his mother, starts to speak, and checks himself. There is an awkward pause.*]

KATHRINE [*clearing her throat*]. It's almost time for father and Arthur to be back, isn't it, Peter? [MRS. WARBURTON *beams at the use of "Peter."*]

MRS. W. I guess you two know each other pretty well, don't you? I shouldn't wonder—

WAR. [*sharply*]. Mother!

MRS. W. Why, I don't see what's the matter with you, Peter. You're perfectly deadly today.

WAR. [*looking at the clock on the mantel*]. Yes, Miss Dix, it is time for them. [*He goes hopefully to the window.*]

MRS. W. Miss Dix, you know I've always wanted to thank you and your father and brother—

WAR. Miss Dix has no brother, mother.

MRS. W. Well, Peter, whoever it was you was teaching. His family and Miss Dix did give you a good time last summer, I guess. I wanted to thank you for introducing Peter to such nice people, Miss Dix. You see, Peter's father's dead and I and my friends [*sighing*] really can't give Peter the society he ought to have, after getting his college education, and being so friendly with boys of the best families, you know. Of course if Mr. Warburton had

left Peter and I fixed different, I would have been able to put him where he belongs. But our limited means have compelled us to keep somewhat to ourselves. If it hadn't have been that way, I—

WAR. [*interrupting quietly*]. Yes, mother. How did you happen to come in this afternoon? I had no idea you were in town.

MRS. W. I needed some silk to put a new front breadth into that black Taffeta skirt of mine, and try the best I could, I simply could not match it in Lowell. [*To KATHRINE.*] Lowell's absolutely deadly. And Mrs. Blake had some things to do in the city, so we came up together. We're going back on the quarter-past-five train, and it's most time for me to be going. [*She glances apprehensively at the clock. WARBURTON takes out his watch.*]

WAR. [*grudgingly*]. No, you have plenty of time yet, I guess.

MRS. W. [*settling herself in her chair*]. Yes, dear, time for a nice long talk with Miss Dix. Don't you think, Miss Dix, that this room of Peter's is perfectly deadly. The ceiling's so low, and this ramshackle old building—

KATHRINE. I confess I quite like these old yard rooms. Who did you say used to live here, Peter?

WAR. Oh, several famous men have lived here. James Russell Lowell for one. When I first got the room there was a long parchment roll with signatures on it of occupants as far back as 1810, I think. I used to keep it in the closet [*points to door behind couch*], but someone broke in there one summer when I was away and stole it, along with some old clothes and stuff. [*DE AKERS and MR. DIX have come up the stairs together. They knock.*] Come in!

[*DE AKERS and MR. DIX enter the room.*]

DIX. Hello, son, those—[*sees MRS. WARBURTON.*]

WAR. Mother, this is Mr. Dix, and Mr. De Akers.

DIX. Very happy. This son of yours is a great fellow, Mrs. Warburton. Bar Harbor would have been rather slow for us last summer if he had not been there, eh, Kitty?

KATHRINE. Yes.

MRS. W. [*simpering*]. Oh, Mr. Dix, it was you that was good to Peter,

I'm sure. He had just the loveliest summer. You and your lovely daughter—I think Peter would have found his situation perfectly deadly without you. He tells me he hated that boy so.

WAR. [*laughing*]. Why, mother, that's Mr. Dix's nephew.

MRS. W. [*horrificed*]. Really, is it? I ought to have known. Pardon me, Mr. Dix, pardon me.

DIX. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Warburton; I appreciate Walter's failings, I guess. In fact, your son and I have talked 'em over, eh, son?

WAR. Oh, far be it from me to speak ill of him. [*He and Mr. Dix laugh.*] He passed his examinations all right.

DE AKERS [*who has been observing Mrs. Warburton with cynical amusement*]. What do you think of Peter's room, Mrs. Warburton?

MRS. W. [*not knowing exactly what opinion to hazard*]. Why, Miss Dix thinks it's pretty, but I—well [*committing herself with a burst*] I think it's perfectly deadly.

DE AKERS [*smiling*]. Yes?

MRS. W. Such a ramshackle old building. If Peter [*with a sigh*] was fixed different,—

WAR. [*taking the conversation quietly out of her hands*]. But he's not, mother. So let's not cry over it. And if he were, I'm not at all sure he would not rather live in this old place than on Mt. Auburn street.

DE AKERS [*smoothly*]. But your mother doesn't seem to appreciate your reverence for traditions, Peter. I think that living here in these old buildings for the romance of the thing is nothing short of Quixotism. Don't you agree with me, Mrs. Warburton?

MRS. W. [*puzzled*]. Yes. [*Hesitates.*] Nothing short of it.

DIX. Are you in Boston for long, Mrs. Warburton?

[*DE AKERS and KATHRINE are at the back of the table by the fireplace, while the others are grouped around the front of the table. DE AKERS whispers laughingly to KATHRINE, but she does not smile, or answer.*]

MRS. W. No. No, indeed. I just dropped in on Peter for a jiffy; it's

almost time for me to be getting back to meet Mrs. Blake. I came up from Lowell to get some silk for a dress of mine. It's so hard to get things in Lowell. We live in Lowell, Mr. Dix. It's a deadly place. [*Starting to enumerate Lowell's shortcomings.*] In the first place, there aren't any—

WAR. Perhaps Mr. Dix has been there, mother.

DIX [*absently*]. Lowell? Oh, yes, I've been there. What I wanted to ask, Mrs. Warburton, was if we could have Peter tomorrow evening. If you're not going to be in town, we can, [*turning to WARBURTON*] can't we, son? Come in town with Kitty and me tomorrow night?

WAR. Very gladly.

MRS. W. Oh, aren't you the lucky boy, Peter, to have friends like Mr. Dix here?

DIX. Nonsense, Mrs. Warburton. Kathrine and I wouldn't think we had been in Boston if we hadn't spent an evening with Peter. Would we, Kitty? [*KATHRINE looks up from talking with DE AKERS by the fireplace. She meets WARBURTON's eyes a moment.*]

KATHRINE. Indeed no, father.

DIX. That's one reason for our hustling right out here, son. Wanted to make sure of you. Well, meet us at the Touraine at half-past six, will you?

WAR. Of course. It is good of you, Mr. Dix.

DIX. Pooh! [*Then in a loud whisper to WARBURTON.*] Wonderful flowers you grow in glasses over there, son. [*Aloud.*] Come along, Kitty. That aunt of yours will have something to say to us for coming here before going to Brookline. [*He takes MRS. WARBURTON's hand.*] Good bye, Mrs. Warburton.

MRS. W. Good bye, Mr. Dix, good bye. Many, many thanks to you for the way you treat Peter. As I said to your daughter—

WAR. [*interrupting*]. Pardon me, mother. Shall I call your carriage for you, Mr. Dix?

DE AKERS. I'll do that, Peter. I'm going down now.

[*DE AKERS and MR. DIX start toward the door.*]

DIX. See you tomorrow night, son. [*He stops to shake hands with*

WARBURTON, *putting his left hand on WARBURTON'S shoulder, and looking at him affectionately. As DE AKERS and MR. DIX go out, KATHRINE is taking leave of MRS. WARBURTON.*]

MRS. W. Hope I'll see you again, Miss Dix.

KATHRINE. I hope so.

[*She takes MRS. WARBURTON'S hand, but MRS. WARBURTON makes a move as though to kiss her. KATHRINE draws back impulsively, then half looks at PETER, and submits to MRS. WARBURTON'S embrace.*]

MRS. W. Good bye, dear Miss Dix.

KATHRINE. Good bye.

WAR. If you'll excuse me, mother, I'll take Miss Dix down to her carriage.

[*MRS. WARBURTON walks over to the window at the left as KATHRINE and WARBURTON go out onto the landing, WARBURTON closing the door behind them. He takes KATHRINE in his arms. MRS. WARBURTON, evidently hearing a sound on the landing, tiptoes across the stage, and, unseen by WARBURTON and KATHRINE, opens the door slightly and watches them. In a moment she closes it. KATHRINE, hearing something below, frees herself from WARBURTON.*]

KATHRINE. Coming, father. [*She starts down the stairs. WARBURTON holds her hand, and bends over it, releasing it just as MR. DIX appears, coming up from below.*]

WAR. [*in a whisper*]. Darling! [*Aloud.*] Good bye, Kathrine. See you tomorrow night. Awfully glad you came to see me.

[*MR. DIX and KATHRINE disappear down the stairs. WARBURTON goes back into the room. His mother watches him as he runs across and looks out the window.*]

MRS. W. [*calling him, in a playful tone.*] Peter!

WAR. Yes, mother.

MRS. W. Oh, aren't you the rascal, Peter? I saw what happened out on the landing there.



WAR. [*more shocked at her tone than at the discovery*]. Mother! Don't, please!

MRS. W. Think you'll pave the way to marrying a little money, do you, my boy? Well, when you get such a nice girl with it, I don't know as I blame you.

WAR. Mother!

MRS. W. There, there! I thought I would fool you a jiffy. Of course you're in love with *her*, not her money. I understand, Peter, my boy. That's all right. My son is too fine a boy to marry any woman for her money, but if the girl he falls in love with happens to be fixed so as she'll make it pretty pleasant for him, eh? [*Peter is evidently much harrowed by this attitude of his mother's. He tries to conceal his feelings and at last goes to the mantel, where he stands, with his head on his arm. His mother is seated in an easy chair at the front end of the table.*] Oh, yes, you are going to marry her for love, my boy, but it makes rather a nice future for you and your mother, don't it, now? How would you like to see in the News: "Peter Warburton of this city has married Miss Kathrine Dix, a rich young New York society lady. Mrs. J. Warburton has gone to live in New York with her son and his wife." [*WARBURTON raises a hand in protest, but his mother is now talking more to herself than to him, and does not see his gesture.*] Oh, what will Mrs. Blake say? Won't she and Cousin Katie just be jealous? When are you going to marry her, Peter? When you get out of college? [*WARBURTON makes no answer, but stands with his head in his bent elbow. MRS. WARBURTON waits a moment, then, turning in her chair, says:*] When are you going to marry her, Peter? [*WARBURTON faces about and stands looking at his mother, very erect.*]

WAR. [*quietly, but conclusively*]. I shan't marry her, mother.

MRS. W. Ain't going to marry her? Well, I never. What do you mean then, by kissing her out on the landing there, just now? My goodness, I didn't think a girl like Miss Dix would let a man hug her like that [*WARBURTON winces*] if he wasn't going to marry her. Didn't you ask her to marry you?

WAR. [*wearily*]. Oh, yes, in a way. I think she's willing to marry me, if that's what you mean.

MRS. W. It's all right, then. Of course you'll get married. Well, well, you'll have the sort of friends you ought to have, then, Peter. And so will I. I can be as fine as any of them, with good clothes, and glasses on a stick [*holding imaginary lorgnette*]. You won't have to be ashamed of your mother, my son. [*Coaxingly*.] You are going to marry her, ain't you, Peter? [WARBURTON, *still leaning on the mantel, shakes his head*.] Well, I vow I can't see why.

WAR. Can't see why, mother? Can't you see how impossible it is for me to consider for an instant marrying Kathrine Dix, if I or you look at it as nothing but a vulgar chance to get ahead socially?

MRS. W. Why, Peter—

WAR. Do you suppose I would ever take a cent of her money anyway? Of course I'd never dream of marrying her or anyone else till I could support a wife. I could never be a parasite! [*speaking more or less to himself*.] And she knows I couldn't. What will she think?

MRS. W. Yes, what will she think?

WAR. [*in perplexity*.] She'll think—I can't help what she'll think. She'll know. I'll make her understand. It is really best for her. She'll see that. [*hesitating*.] But I must think of her, spare her—[*Pauses in deep thought, and at last stamps his foot in determination*.] Oh, it is far kinder to her to release her now, at once.

MRS. W. You do have some ideas that are too much for me, Peter. I can't for the life of me see why—

WAR. Can't see why, mother? Then I'll tell you! No, I won't either. No, I mustn't. [*A pause*.] Mother, I wish you could see how low it would be for you and me to foist ourselves on Miss Dix and her father just to get ahead—socially, financially, any way you like.

MRS. W. But Peter—

WAR. I tell you it's out of the question. I couldn't ever marry her with you thinking that.

MRS. W. Then I won't think that, Peter; really, I won't.

WAR. [*eagerly*]. Won't you? [*shaking his head.*] Ah, but you would, mother, I know you would. [*He comes forward and sits on the arm of her chair, with his arm around her.*] Mother, do you love me?

MRS. W. Yes, my son.

WAR. Mother, you've been a good mother to me, and we love each other, don't we?

MRS. W. Yes, my son.

WAR. [*with an effort.*] Then we'll let Kathrine go. Why should we bother about trying to be better than we are, anyway? Can't you and I be just as happy in Lowell as we could be in New York? We should be out of place among her friends, really. [*He kisses his mother, rises, and turns away. When his face is out of her sight, the expression changes to one of pain.*] No, no! I'll never see her again. [*He goes to his desk, sits, gets a sheet of note paper from a drawer, when his mother interrupts him in a tone that commands attention.*]

MRS. W. Peter!

WAR. Yes, mother.

MRS. W. Are you going to write Miss Dix?

WAR. Yes, mother.

MRS. W. What are you going to say?

WAR. I am going to tell her not to expect me tomorrow night, nor [*hesitating*] any other night. [*Looks down at his paper, and lifts his pen again.*]

MRS. W. Peter!

WAR. Yes, mother.

MRS. W. Peter Warburton, when your father was bound you should go to that school, I told him he was wrong,—wrong to take you away from home, and wrong to start in educating you above what was around you. It's eight years since you left home. I said you shouldn't go. Your father knew he didn't have much longer to live. Says he: "Let Peter go. Mr. Lincoln's money will take him through school. He can earn his own way in college."

I says: "Yes, go to college and get too good for his mother." I'm afraid your father, for all the trouble he got into, was too good for me. So I didn't want you to go. But your father says: "Let him go. He'll grow up with a chance to go somewhere where there's more show than you and I've got here. He'll go where he's got the show, and he'll take you with him." "How do you know he will?" I says. "Gratitude," says yours father; "gratitude 'll make him; gratitude to you for being his mother, and for bringing him up," your father says. Gratitude? You don't know what it is. Gratitude! [*She turns toward the door.*]

WAR. [*rising from his desk*]. Wait, mother!

MRS. W. What should I wait for? You've got your chance now, and you aren't going to take it.

WAR. Don't you know I love you, mother?

MRS. W. I'll know you do if you marry this girl and take me out of a place I'm too good for.

WAR. [*walking back and forth, biting his lips*]. Oh, I can't.

MRS. W. [*with her hand on the door-knob*]. I knew more about it than your father, I guess. He said when the chance came you'd take it out of gratitude to me. Gratitude! Do you know what's the worst thing that can come to a woman with a son, Peter?

WAR. What?

MRS. W. The worst thing that can happen to her is to find that her son's an ingrate.

WAR. But, mother, we must think of the girl. Have we a right to impose on her?

MRS. W. She is willing to marry you, isn't she? Do you suppose her father would stop her marrying who she wants?

WAR. No, I know he won't, but don't you see—

MRS. W. Will you marry that girl? [WARBURTON *shakes his head.*]  
Out of gratitude to me?

WAR. Oh, don't you see I can't?

MRS. W. My son ungrateful to his mother. You ingrate!

[*She goes out, closing the door behind her. Warburton runs over to the door as though to call her back; he stands a moment in hesitation, then walks to his desk. Mrs. Warburton has waited on the landing to see if he would call her. Since he does not, she goes disappointedly down the stairs.*

Warburton takes a small kodak photograph from one of the drawers of his desk, goes to the fire with it, looks behind him furtively, then kisses it. He stands looking at it for a moment, reluctant, then drops it sharply onto the coals, turning his back as it begins to burn. He sits down at his desk, buries his head in his arms a moment, and, with an effort, begins on the letter again. Smith comes up the stairs and knocks.]

WAR. Come in! [SMITH enters.] Oh, it's you. Sit down a moment while I finish this note, will you, please?

SMITH. Certainly. [*He sits in one of the stiff backed chairs, and, drawing it to the table, looks over some freshly written papers he has brought with him. Warburton writes a moment more, reads what he has written, looks at it frowning, and seals it.*]

WAR. [*rising*]. All ready. Have you written the long theme?

SMITH. Yes, I've got it here. It's not much good, though. [WARBURTON sits at the table, beside Smith.]

WAR. Let's see it. [*He begins to go through SMITH's work rather wearily.*]

*EVERYMAN.*

The cultivated few saw *Everyman* in much state, some of them in evening clothes, all of them in great seriousness of purpose. Everybody was much impressed; the atmosphere was even so solemn as to be depressing; I should have been glad to whisper a few pleasantries about the Botticelli angel and her rakish halo; but I felt in fancy the eyes of the indignant multitude within disturbing range centred on my impious head and refrained. Yet with all the intensity of interest I felt somehow that there was a lack of spontaneity in it all. We knew we ought to be serious. We knew it was literature of an old and very interesting sort. We knew that it had a moral significance, and an abundance of magazine articles and friends had warned us to appreciate to the full scope of our powers. We went largely for that reason I think, and I am not sure but also for that reason we were so deeply impressed. And I heard a good deal of prattle afterward about the deep moral force involved, which seemed to me at least unwarranted.

A test of this possible insincerity was offered later. The South End was invited to see *Everyman*, free, the college settlements being active in the movement. It was an almost ideal field for the experiment. The people are largely of the tenements, and people on whom the stage has no little influence, people that accept its figures as real. They had, moreover, little idea of the historical or literary interest of a Morality Play. They came simply to see a play, with minds open and no thought of the latest dramatic criticism in their heads. If there were still moral weight in that harsh verse it seemed to me that it ought to show in such an audience. So with several hundred of the curious I scrambled up the stairs of a dilapidated theatre and, not having begun to scramble soon enough, leaned against the wall for two hours.

They were respectful enough, excepting always the youths too interested in the girl two rows forward, and even the strain of a preliminary fifteen minutes of anthem by a church choir did not seem to break down their patience. For a time I think I was the only person that yawned. The Messen-

ger's odd figure diverted them a bit when he appeared ; but Adonai, following, was, it must be confessed, too loquacious and, to be a little blasphemous, he bored them. Then came Dethe in all his glory and a painted skull. It was more than a titter that greeted him. Finally Everyman appeared, a graceful and not a little flattering embodiment of us all. Interest was reawakened, for a time the stage was the centre of attention, and I began to be hopeful. But the wearying succession of deserters, affable Felaship in his appreciation of the joys of dinner or murder and his reluctance to kill himself, the tittering relatives, shrill-voiced Goodes, and the very weak song of a somewhat insipid good-Dedes—well, it was a little tedious. I could scarcely blame the youths for their interest in other matters. The slow pantomime of repentance, the agony of kissing the four Preraphaelite personifications, and the voluble farewell, all dragged still more, and when the Doctor had finally reiterated his warning we were many of us in a mood most anxious to be gone. I scarcely noticed any awed hush over the disappearing multitude.

It seems a little unkind to say that they were bored, but it seems undeniable. They fully appreciated Miss Mathison's ability, but the play was tedious. "It was too long drawn-out," I heard them say—"but wasn't she pretty?" Yet the failure of the play to interest is not, I think, a thing to marvel at or a thing to deplore.

The Morality Play has, in fact, outlived its usefulness. Together with the Mysteries and the Miracle Plays it was a great factor in the mediæval church. When the printing press was scarcely a dream and the hand-printed manuscript that cost years of toil and a sacrifice of eyes was a princely treasure, there seemed few means except the spectacular of telling the Bible stories to the multitude and urging them to quit their evil ways. I fancy sermons were no more popular then than now. The stage was the most obvious and most effective instrument. Naturally, too, as the plays were for the people they were of them as well ; the drama of Palestine was put into a Yorkshire hamlet, its lines into the mouths of York peasants. At first sight this would seem to be a degradation ; but that great story is not one of Palestine alone, rather one of the people everywhere, be it in Devon or Lombardy ; and though the

Joseph be a cheesemonger the people felt his story's power and there is in it, neglecting the crudities and horse play, a dramatic sweep and power that can still move.

This sort of literary value in *Everyman* I do not question in the least. The idea of presenting such a play, the care with which it was staged, the complete harmony of costumes and voices and surroundings, and above all the excellent acting, especially Miss Mathison's—these it would scarcely be possible to over-appreciate. And let not anyone who heard and was deeply impressed feel accused of hypocrisy. There was a wonderful rough-hewn vigor in those quaint lines; one could not miss that. I merely hold that this quality does not justify claiming for it great moral power. Those who do so either fail to distinguish the literary and moral effects, or are a trifle too anxious not to miss what there may be of the latter.

In the transition from the Miracle to the Morality, from the biblical story to the didactic play, an unfortunate change was introduced that killed, for us, the moral effect, indeed the very interest, of the early drama. It was the deadly change from concrete to abstract, from people to allegories. The "Vice" of the earlier plays, practically the clown, and immensely popular with the audience, came in turn to supplant the Devil (on the stage), as being a more particular sort of evil and a more interesting one. But as the Devil, the concrete, went out, Vice, the abstract, came in. And other allegories followed, coming possibly from France, where they were popular, or from the religious pageants. They took possession of the stage, at all events, and started a retrogression from the individuality and dramatic qualities of the Miracles that has destroyed in the later Moralities even literary interest.

Thus in one of the Moralities, *The Castell of Perseverance*, we are shown the growth, in an hour or two, of Genus Humanum from his cradle to the judgment seat, pulled aside now by the good, now by the bad angel, chanted about in turn by the World, the Flesh, and Covetousness, each on a separate platform, and finally after the pleadings of Peace and Mercy forgiven and received into heaven—a most remarkably dull life, as there told. In *Everyman*, however, the abstract lapses a little, the characters are not so much



mere empty masks, and it is easy to fancy the effect of the Messenger's warning, Adonai's dread chant and gaunt Dethe's reply, upon the active imaginations and blunt intellects that we like to attribute to the fifteenth century.

Today, however, we fancy that such foibles as vivid imagination or pure emotion are carefully uprooted from our blasé natures; and, truth to tell, they are pretty thoroughly subdued and suppressed—who doesn't smile to see a tear falling for the woes of dear, trite only Uncle Tom? And though there are still many for whom the stage is a real teacher of life and the players real villains and princesses, yet the Morality Play is not the instrument to appeal to them. Our nineteenth century imaginations can not warm "Honest Recreation" into the conception of a healthy human being; and the pranks of a Vice may even bore us. When those deadening allegories are introduced the dramatic flavor is lost, and every semblance of persuasive appeal. We care not to hear the speech of Five-Wyttes—but we might be inspired by the brave deeds of a man who possessed five wits and a heart. Let us see the man, not the quality—Hamlet, not dreaminess. The power of the stage is not gone out from the land; but the mood of the fifteenth century is not that of the nineteenth, and the abstract morality of the fifteenth can have for us but little moral weight.

*Laird Bell.*

## Editorial.

In the increase of special buildings and the multiplication of conveniences throughout the university, the College Library has been singularly neglected. When one considers that the ideal requirements of a university on the great side of the humanities are but two, men and books, it seems strange that the facilities for housing and using our splendid collection are so inadequate. The College Library should accomplish three definite things: it should afford the utmost convenience and inspiration to workers; it should concentrate within its walls the intellectual life of the university; and of this intellectual life it should stand externally an appropriate symbol. Everyone must know how far our present library is from performing these functions. It is neither convenient nor inspiring; it is so far from concentrating our intellectual life as to allow it to disintegrate year by year among a series of special libraries; and in its exterior it symbolizes only that which the university least wishes to symbolize.

In the *Graduates' Magazine* for December, 1899, Mr. W. C. Lane, the University Librarian, in setting forth the history and needs of the library, accounted in some measure for this marked deficiency. He pointed out that the cause of the library's shortcomings lay largely in the conditions under which it was built and enlarged. Almost the entire expense, both of the original building and of the subsequent enlargements, the college has borne out of its unrestricted, interest-bearing funds. As a result, more money has never been put into the library than the bare necessities demanded, and the limit of these bare necessities has constantly risen. Even in 1899 the enlargements of 1895 had proved inadequate. Last year the necessities had become so pressing that a committee was appointed to study the needs of the library; the conclusions of this committee Mr. Lane summarizes in his annual report, just published.

The congestion of the library in its present quarters has been relieved for some years past by splitting it more and more into a number of special collec-

tions; and to prevent further congestion it had been proposed to separate the "live" from the "dead" books and to store the latter in a compact but inaccessible form. The committee disapproved of both these measures of relief. It thought very decidedly that the collection should be preserved intact under one roof, and that the so-called "dead" books should retain their position in the classified stacks, because of their indispensable services in research. To attain these ends, the committee was of the opinion that a new or remodelled library building was necessary. Unhampered by specified limitations to expense, it went ahead to propose a general plan of what was most desired in a library. The specific recommendations were as follows—(1) two or more large reference rooms, with provision for 500 readers and shelving for 25,000 volumes, to take the place of the present reference room in Gore Hall and the special libraries in Harvard; (2) a series of small private rooms, with working libraries, for professors and students in advanced courses; (3) a book stack large enough to hold the accumulations for fifteen or twenty years; (4) suitable rooms for books on fine arts and archæology, for manuscripts, maps and other special collections; (5) and convenient and ample administrative rooms. The cost of such a building the committee estimated at \$750,000. This estimate, needless to say, would allow for an exterior architecturally appropriate to the library of Harvard College. "I put beauty first," writes Mr. Lane in discussing the matter, "not that I would sacrifice convenient arrangement to outside show, but because I believe that the Library does not take the place it ought in the life of the University and of the individual student unless it is something more than a mere storehouse or tool-shop. I believe that it should have a quiet dignity, a fineness of proportion and beauty of detail both within and without, which in skilled hands are not incompatible with practical serviceableness."

If the new library, whenever it shall be built by the munificence of some benefactor, carries out these ideas, it will meet admirably the ideal requirements. It will be an aid and inspiration to the worker; it will bind together the scattered forces of our intellectual life; and it will fittingly symbolize the intellectual and spiritual things for which Harvard College stands.

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The publication of the *Annual Reports of the President and the Treasurer of Harvard College* should be an event of great interest to intelligent undergraduates. The *Annual Reports* are not merely a set of documents compiled by the heads of the various departments for the private eye of the Board of Overseers, but a statement to the undergraduates, put in the most authoritative way, of what has taken place in the university during the year, and of the questions which are occupying the minds of the governing body. That the College takes this view of the matter it proves by the expense of giving every interested undergraduate a copy of the somewhat bulky document. There are numerous topics in the *Reports* for 1901-02, especially in that of President Eliot, worth discussion; but perhaps the most vital and least hackneyed is the general consideration of the present efficiency of instruction in the large elementary courses. Several things combining have served to make this a rather pressing question. In the first place, under the New Method of admission, as Dean Briggs points out, Harvard College asks more of men entering, and, secondly, by the new requirements for a degree, it asks more of men being graduated. Men coming to Harvard nowadays must pass harder tests than heretofore, and tests less helpful to them when they get here; and, under the regulations put in force last spring, men must have passed two-thirds of their courses, instead of only one-half, with a grade above D in order to get their degree. At the same time the three years' course is held forth alluringly and is even advocated for some men and some purposes by President Eliot. Thus, while men are urged to accomplish in three years what their fathers did in four, the actual work to this end has been very materially increased. Surely the College should not at the same time task and encourage the student so much without offering some help in this matter. And the College has felt the justice of this. "In discussing the new plan," writes Dean Briggs, "the Faculty raised the question whether it could fairly demand better grades without better teaching. This question led to discussion of the lecture system in large elective courses, and led further to the appointment of a committee which should consider ways of making col-

lege instruction more efficient." President Eliot devotes a part of his report to a discussion of the problem this committee has before it, in considering the methods of elementary college instruction. The elementary language courses seem restricted by their very nature to the old system of class-room recitations, and they may therefore be entirely disregarded in this consideration. For the others, the question narrows to three distinct alternatives; they must be conducted either on the lecture system of advanced courses, with no responsibility except at examination time, or on the class room system, with daily reading and discussion, or on a system which combines in some proportion the features of these two. One thing seems certain, that for Freshmen, unused to the manner of lecture courses, we have gone far enough toward remodelling our elementary courses on our advanced ones. The more weekly, perhaps daily, responsibility a Freshman has, the easier is his work and the greater benefit he gets from it. That daily duty, the English A theme, is an excellent check on the unsteady habits of Freshman year. We do not wish, however, to criticise lecture courses like History I or Government I; as far as their mechanism is concerned, they seem admirably worked out. It will be interesting to learn what the committee proposes in this matter: for it is hard to see how the driven undergraduate can be helped much by a nicer adjustment of the machinery of instruction. If the assistants had the inspiring qualities of heads of departments, or if, in large courses, they were twice as numerous, the undergraduate would be very materially helped. As it is, the best way out of the difficulty, for the man who finds that he can not hold the pace, that he can not do in three years more than his predecessors did in four, lies merely in giving up the short cut. To such a man four years of undergraduate life will do no harm.

### Book Notices.

"**RALEGH IN GUIANA, ROSAMOND, AND A CHRISTMAS MASQUE.**" By Barrett Wendell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

While Mr. Wendell is in the English Cambridge, upholding there the dignity of Harvard scholarship and of American letters, it is pleasant for us at home to see this new book of his, both as a reminder of a man we miss, and as a token that our New England is still producing a literature worthy of the stock from which it comes. Readers of *Scribner's Magazine* will remember *Rosamond*, which appeared in its pages some dozen years ago. They will probably be more familiar with *Raleigh in Guiana*, which followed in 1897; and those who were fortunate enough to see the play acted at Sanders Theatre know that, besides its literary merit, it shows on the stage that property of acting well which is the best test of a good drama. *A Christmas Masque* is here printed for the first time, and, taken in connection with the two others and with Mr. Wendell's charmingly felicitous prose introduction, suggests several comments on the nature, form, and substance of the author's new work.

"Essays in dramatic verse," Mr. Wendell calls these pieces, "made in a manner common to all the Elizabethan playwrights." With *Rosamond* this "manner" was that of translation from a ballad narrative: with *Raleigh* that of adaptation from narrative history; with the *Masque* that of collaboration. In each instance the result demonstrates the advantage, little regarded by latter-day dramatists, of caring less for originality than for beauty and vitality of form. Mr. Wendell, however, modestly gives himself far too little credit for his own skill and discretion in adapting and recreating the material which he took at second hand. In *Rosamond*, notably, he claims only to have "swiftly translated the narrative" (from the ballad of *Fair Rosamond* in Percy's *Reliques*) "into versified dialogue, with whatever alterations and additions chanced to occur" to him. Mr. Wendell's version is a good deal less

like the original than one would expect after such an explanation; and the alterations and additions prove to be the largest and most valuable part. The story is by no means translated out of recognition, after the manner of Bottom; but it is transformed in phrase and substance from the purely objective character of the ballad to the healthy combination of objective speech and action with subjective meaning which marks the Elizabethan drama. A single example of the nature of the change must suffice. Here is a stanza from the pithy old ballad:—

"Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,"  
 Faire Rosamonde did crye;  
 And lett mee not with polson stronge  
 Enforced bee to dye."

And here is the form which it takes in Mr. Wendell's scene:—

"Lady, forgive me. I am very frail,  
 And young, and sinful. Now at last I know  
 That thou hast right to be as stern as God  
 In judging me. Yet I have dared to hope  
 That God, for Christ's sweet sake, and for the saints'  
 That pray for us in Heaven, might perchance  
 Forgive the sin I sinned against his law,  
 Knowing the love that bound me. Elinor,  
 Thou knowest that love. Be merciful. Forgive.  
 I am afraid to die."

This is one of the least altered passages in the poem; yet it illustrates admirably, both in the singular and unassuming beauty of the verse and in the judicious amplification of the substance, the way in which Mr. Wendell has taken the downright fact of the ballad and inspired it with imaginative life and significance. Of the dramatic aptness of plot, of the simple profundity and truth of characterization in all the plays, it is impossible to speak in detail. It must be enough to say that in his adoption of the fashion of Elizabethan writers, who drew freely from the sources nearest at hand, who merely translated "into terms of speech and action the material which they found in narrative form," lavishing their creative energy on phrase and individualization of character, Mr. Wendell has demonstrated both his own literary power

and the efficacy of Elizabethan methods of composition.

The form in which these plays are cast is that which the early Elizabethan playwright, Christopher Marlowe, first made the idiomatic vehicle of English drama,—blank verse. To most of us, Mr. Wendell is known as master of a singularly effective and individual prose style. It is evident that he is also master of a metrical style of great beauty and distinction. The passage just quoted from *Rosamond* is proof of this. So are two such exquisite verses as these from *A Christmas Masque*:—

In those infinities of quivering light  
That swim before the purposes of God.

So also are the opening lines of the Second Part of *Raleigh in Guiana*. Mr. Wendell not only writes a verse technically sound and strong and flexible, but he writes an Elizabethan verse, with that mingling of ease, simplicity and dignity which one seldom or never finds in modern imitators. He does not err, like others who have made the attempt, by mixing nineteenth century expressions and modes of thought with fragments and reminiscences of old plays and calling the polyglot Elizabethan. He does not take the standard similes and phrases of Shakespearian drama and crack their wind beyond all remedy by running them through every line of his verse. He speaks as to the manner born; he writes Elizabethan English like an Elizabethan. Moreover, his prose speeches are admirably pat. His Jester in the *Masque* is full as life-like as Richard Hovey's Dagonet, by far the best character of the kind since Touchstone; and the Boatswain in *Raleigh* takes a fit place beside his prototypes in the "by-ways of Elizabethan comedy." The Boatswain's "When knew ye a company of men left by themselves but that straight they fell to talking bawdy" is not only a piece of absolute human verity but in its rhythm and temper reveals the genuine Elizabethan quality.

Finally, for the substance of Mr. Wendell's plays one must speak a word. If, as he himself says, "*Rosamond* and the *Christmas Masque* must be their own excuse for being," *Raleigh in Guiana* surely has a value beyond that of a work of fine art. And this value depends on the meaning of its story. The



history that has been made in our western hemisphere since *Raleigh* was written convinces those of us who, with Mr. Wendell, "believe the future to loom least dark in regions dominated by our own ancestral ideals" that the play expresses a great fact in human civilization. Its tragedy carries balm for its own sting. It seems to imply that, despite Raleigh's failure, "the manly law of England shall prevail" in the new world which Spain gave to the old. The just, honest, clean administration of former Spanish provinces by Americans, many of them Harvard men, is evidence that it has so prevailed. *Raleigh in Guiana* itself is evidence; for the production of such a work in another continent three hundred years after Elizabeth's death shows that we have been true not only to our literary but to our racial past. *Rosamond* and *A Christmas Masque* have permanent artistic value as expressions of human passion and human emotion; *Raleigh in Guiana* has even higher artistic value, and it has enduring worth as an expression of the development of our English race. Mr. Wendell's experience with his characters, who here took on independent life, indicates that the play has an innate vitality beyond that of its literary excellence. That it should have been he who gave such a play to American letters we are proud as Harvard men, as New Englanders, as members of the English-speaking family.

R. M. G.

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### Books Received.

- "CAPTAIN CRAIG." By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company (to be reviewed next month).
- "THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD." By J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons (to be reviewed next month).
- "ROGER WOLCOTT." By William Lawrence. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company (to be reviewed next month).
- "LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY INGERSOLL BOWDITCH." By Vincent Y. Bowditch. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE FLIGHT OF HELEN.

A FRAGMENT.

*Polydeuces.*                      Such sudden leaving  
Was beyond mortals.

*Helen.*                              Haply 'twas a god.

*Polydeuces.* Ha! up the slope thy god came puffing, heaving,  
His wheels sank to the axle in the sod.

*Helen.* O'ertake him, then, but summon him not back  
In hope to save me. Bid him spread all sail  
And steer for far Atlantis and the vale  
Where parted spirits meet. Whirlwind and wrack,  
Shipwreck and opening gulfs shall nought avail  
To bar his voyage. All's a favoring gale  
To such a magic port. I fly before  
Upon the wings of Erebus, that bore  
All hapless women hence.

*Polydeuces.* What words are these,  
Fair sister?

*Helen.* Spirits of the Stygian flood  
Float through my brain. My heart is dark with blood.  
Listen. This house, these hills, these scented trees,  
My husband, full of empty boasts and saws,  
Castor, whose scorn and silent glances freeze  
My very soul, our gods, our antique laws,  
Yes, and thyself, whom all these baubles please,

I loathe, I loathe you all, I hate your ways,  
Your voice, your thoughts, your censure, your applause.  
Helen no longer will amuse your eyes—  
For the last time behold her. Mark her well,  
Peruse the painted counterfeit you prize,  
Study the form. The soul, which you despise,  
Escapes to curse you from the depths of hell.  
Among the dead perchance are kindlier souls  
That knew my longing. At my grief amazed  
The shades will gather from the mists in shoals  
To gaze upon me, not as you have gazed.  
Their tears will drop into my parchèd heart,  
I shall be pitied, who was only praised.

*(Draws a dagger.)*

*Polydeuces (seizing it).* Yield, Helen. 'Tis no weapon for thy hand.  
When the inward god speaks riddles, man's tongue, freed,  
Pours forth rash words he cannot understand.  
But soon the spirit shifts its oracle  
And passing from us leaves us poor indeed  
If by some crime defiled. Endure the spell  
Of passionate tears. Then fold thy hands resigned,  
For madness mastered brings the sweeter mind.  
No, Helen, never shall the impious edge  
Of rusty human chisel, clumsy tool  
Of folly, mar this bosom, beautiful  
And stainless work of God. Thy privilege  
Is not to wither but unscarred, unflecked,  
To turn to marble at the perfect hour  
And hallow earth for ever, once so decked.

*Helen.* Ay, this I leave you, I bequeath you this,  
Embalm thy treasure, earth, for worms devour,  
But give me back what this has robbed me of,  
A free unfettered soul, freedom to love,  
To hate, to die. In hell's unplumbed abyss  
I shall have room for breathing; yea, in death  
I whom life stifled first shall relish breath.

*Polydeuces.* Go in. The midnight dews have crazed thy brain,  
Cover thy head, and sleep. I must renew

My search.

*Helen.* Dear brother, be my refuge. Thee  
I always loved.

*Polydeuces.* Forgive. I must pursue  
The stranger.

(*Exit.*)

*Helen.* Then make haste, for night,  
Mother of dreams, has swifter coursers far  
Than Castor's, worthy of thy rival flight.  
Run. Tell me whither sank that shooting star,  
Bring me its ashes. I will mould that clay  
Into some god to worship, when I pray  
For all that cannot be.

(*Enter Paris.*)

*Paris.* Hush, nothing fear.  
Couldst thou believe me gone?  
Hid in the leafage of the shelving shore  
With outspread sail and oar  
My men, my trusty ship, await thee near,  
Afar my house, my throne.  
Be mine, sweet Queen. Why stays thy body here,  
Thy wingèd spirit flown?

*Helen.* I dream, for I am blest.  
Wrap me, fair night, in thine enchanted shroud.  
Tread lightly, feet. Tongue, speak no word aloud,  
Lest I wake too soon.  
Who to far isles and perfect joys addressed.  
Follow a godlike guest  
Down the white vistas of this tardy moon.  
No vow that erst I vowed  
Makes my glad pulses shake,  
But firm of foot and proud  
I walk in freedom and embrace a boon  
To mortals not allowed,  
And of thy bounty, sweet illusion, take  
The good none know who wake.  
Lead, stranger, lead thy slave  
Bought of her tyrants by one word of cheer



Over the dancing wave  
Whither thou wilt. Though woman I am brave  
For who hath suffered much need little fear.

*Paris.* Hasten, enraptured Queen,  
With blades suspended in the breathless air  
Above the waters' sheen,

My comrades wait and bid our loves beware.  
Driven by Phœbus to their windy lair

The stars do westward creep.

While yet thy guardians sleep

We will unloose our cables to the stream

And float as in a dream

Into the bosom of the rounded deep,

And to love's realms repair.

*Helen.* Till I awake again,  
Sparta, farewell. Farewell, till from this charm  
Aroused to ancient pain

I feel thy cruel cincture bind my brain.

Mock not thy princes with a rash alarm

As were I fled indeed.

'Tis but my spirit that a moment freed  
Visits its native seats.

A goddess, child to Zeus,

The mortal bonds of time may bind and loose.

O ye mad armies, folly-wafted fleets,

Pursue me not. Your queen

Dwells not in Troy, but tastes immortal sweets

Throned 'mid Olympus' beams.

Your clangor ruffles not her high retreats

Nor all your savage screams.

Not till ye cease from war

The ten years' rage and blinding madness o'er,

Will she revisit these Achæan hills

And with the balm of beauty heal once more

Your thought-begotten ills.

*George Santayana.*

*FRANK NORRIS.*

The life of Frank Norris is of interest, not only as exemplifying the kind of career which many of our literary men are following, but also as helping to explain some aspects of the works of this very remarkable American novelist. Frank Norris was born in 1870 in Chicago; at the age of fourteen he went to California; at seventeen, in order to study art, he journeyed to Paris. In 1890 he returned, spent four years at the University of California, and one year at Harvard, where he graduated in 1895. The remaining seven years of his short life were crowded with varied activity: at first he was a journalist in San Francisco; after the Jameson raid, he went to the Transvaal, but, for a too energetic expression of his political sympathies, he was driven out by the Boers; thereafter he was a war correspondent in Cuba; at the end of the Spanish-American war he settled down to the less exciting but quite as arduous occupation of a "reader" for a publishing house in New York City; at the age of thirty-two he suddenly died. It is convincing testimony to his power and industry that in such a busy career he wrote two or three novels of so praiseworthy a kind that his early death has been justly lamented as a great loss to American literature,—a loss similar to that of Harold Frederic and Stephen Crane. And in any judgment of the work of Frank Norris it ought to be remembered that he was no leisurely student of humanity, but an overworked member of one of the busiest professions, that of the journalist.

Frank Norris was, however, something more than a journalist: he was a man who, without vanity, had an earnest faith in his own mission. His purposes as a novelist may best be understood from a passage in his critical essays (for which, as well as for biographical details, I am indebted to the "Estimate of Frank Norris," by his associate, Mr. Arthur Goodrich), wherein he writes as follows:—

**"To make money is not the province of a novelist. If he be the right sort, he has other responsibilities, heavy ones. He, of all men, cannot think**

only of himself and for himself. And when the last page is written, and the ink crusts on the pen-point, and the hungry presses go clashing after another writer, the new man and the new fashions of the hour, he will think of the grim long grind of the years of his life that he has put behind him and of his work that he has built up, volume by volume, sincere work, telling the truth as he saw it, independent of fashion and the gallery gods, holding to these with gripped hands and shut teeth,—he will think of all this then, and he will be able to say, ‘I never truckled, I never took off the hat to Fashion and held it out for pennies. By God, I told them the truth. They liked it or they didn’t like it. What had that to do with me? I told them the truth; I knew it for the truth then, and I know it for the truth now.’ And that is his reward—the best that a man may know; the only one really worth the striving for.”

“Sincere work,” take it all in all, that of Norris certainly was,—to be ranked on that account above such catch-penny compounds of bad history and lame English as “Richard Carvel,” and such mixtures of provincialism and vulgarity as “David Harum.” Its purpose was to depict contemporary American life with absolute fidelity, never to shrink from the ugly, but never deliberately to avoid the beautiful, always to be true to the facts and honest in drawing their meaning from them.

To what extent this high purpose was carried out, may be seen in “McTeague.” A draft of that novel was submitted by Norris to his instructor in English Composition at Harvard, who is said to have told the young man that it was “too grim and horrible to make a piece of literature,”—a specimen of the criticism which had been directed against “McTeague” from that day to this. The academic criticism, by the way, seems not to have angered the author: “McTeague” is dedicated to a distinguished Harvard professor. The book was finished when Norris was hard at his journalistic work in San Francisco, and it displays everywhere the keen observation of the trained reporter whose daily occupation brought him an intimate knowledge of the life of the Californian metropolis. Those who have lived among similar surroundings recognize the fidelity of the descriptions; those who have not, may gain from “McTeague” a true impression of Western city life. Here is not the San Francisco which one generally meets in literature and which is mainly a picturesque hell of drinking saloons, Chinese “opium joints,” and gambling

dens. Nor is here the San Francisco of which Bret Harte once wrote,—

“Serene, indifferent to fate  
Thou sittest at the Western gate,”—

lines which moved Mr. Kipling to retort in “From Sea to Sea” that “there is neither serenity nor indifference to be found in these parts.” There is neither serenity nor indifference in “McTeague.” Its scene is laid in and about those stuffy “dental parlors, exhaling a mingled odour of bedding, creosote and ether,” which are the home of McTeague, on a street lined with small shops, noisy from morning until night, populated by tradesmen, “shop girls, drug clerks, and car-conductors.”

The successful description of so unpleasant an environment would merely be good journalism were that the best of “McTeague.” What makes this book, in spite of youthful crudities, distinctly a work of literature is the characterization of the “young giant, carrying his huge stock of blond hair six feet three inches from the ground, moving his immense limbs, heavy with ropes of muscle, slowly, ponderously,”—the dentist McTeague. A big, ugly brute, dull-witted, good-natured enough unless his terrible animal passions be roused, this man is of unpromising stuff for the “hero” of a novel. The “heroine” seems at first sight more attractive; but her prettiness quickly fades, and her meanness grows under adversity into an overpowering greed which eventually leads to murderous tragedy wherein McTeague slays his wife in revolting fashion. The other characters,—the vulgar, “smart,” loquacious Marcus Schouler, the discarded suitor of Trina; and the amusing Sieppe family,—to mention only the most important,—are equally real and equally lacking in personal attractiveness. How was it possible for any writer to make such people interesting? Norris achieved that seeming impossibility by drawing his characters with all the sympathy which a faithful adherence to the truth would allow, by showing in McTeague and the rest not only those qualities which were base and brutal, but also those which were universally human.

“McTeague” is, to be sure, not a dainty book, not a book from which to draw a sense of love or happiness or gentle humor. There are pages which

even its admirers could wish omitted, such, for instance, as those containing the much-condemned scene at the theatre. Other passages, not needlessly gross, must fall on the sensitive reader like a blow,—such passages as this, where McTeague is clumsily trying to express his passion for Trina :

“‘ Say, Miss Trina,’ said McTeague, ‘ what’s the good of waiting any longer? Why can’t us two get married?’”

Trina still shook her head, saying ‘ No ’ instinctively, in spite of herself.

‘ Why not?’ persisted McTeague. ‘ Don’t you like me well enough?’

‘ Yes.’

‘ Then why not?’

‘ Because.’

‘ Ah, come on,’ he said, but Trina still shook her head.

‘ Ah, come on,’ urged McTeague. He could think of nothing else to say, repeating the same phrase over and over again to all her refusals.

‘ Ah, come on! Ah, come on!’

‘ Suddenly he took her in his enormous arms, crushing down her struggle with his immense strength. Then Trina gave up, all in an instant, turning her head to his. They kissed each other, grossly, full on the mouth.”

These inarticulate “Ah, come on’s,” those gross kisses “full on the mouth,” are painfully disagreeable to those who read exclusively the sentimental and romantic. The only, the triumphant justification of such work is its unflinching truth to life. Those who would banish it from our literature, those who would deem a nice fastidiousness the touchstone of literary taste, are enemies of the art they profess to honor; for only so long as the novel deals with all the phases of life,—from the most noble to the most ignoble,—will it retain that universality of interest without which fiction is impotent for good or evil. The man who wrote the passage quoted above knew very well with what disgust most readers would receive that kind of writing, and how readily they would go to other novelists to read idyllic scenes, where lovers possess a ready flow of graceful language, and never, never “kiss grossly, full on the mouth.” But Norris had the courage to write what he saw and felt to be true; and if, in his anxiety not to cast a false haze of beauty on what is really hideous, he sometimes failed to see the beauty which may dwell beneath a semblance of ugliness, the worst which can be said is that he had the defects of his virtues.

Before leaving "McTeague," a word or two ought to be said of its style. Two influences seem to have affected it,—one derived from Norris' personal admiration for the powerful and imposing, the other from his journalistic training. The former led him to the use of large, resounding phrases, often well suited to the magnitude of the subjects which he treated; the latter led to that verbosity which may be tolerated only in newspaper writing. Not only in "McTeague," but also in "The Octopus" and "The Pit" there is a superfluity of adjectives and a needless repetition of phrases and sentences which makes one regret that Norris did not reduce the length of his manuscripts by a vigorous use of the blue pencil. Rhetorical blunders and even occasional grammatical errors are to be found,—confirming the impression that all this work, though noble in design, was executed in too much haste.

In "McTeague" Norris had dealt powerfully with the ruin of an individual; in "The Octopus" he wrote the tragedy of a community. The story is based on actual events: in the San Joaquin valley of California trouble had arisen between the railroad company and the great wheat-growers; corporate greed had goaded the farmers to acts of violence; the destruction of homes and the death of their owners was the ultimate result. Here, then, was an opportunity for the man who intimately knew the actors and the scene, who sympathized with the victims, and who had imaginative insight into the deeper meaning of the conflict. As a result of this fortunate combination of the man and the subject, Frank Norris produced his greatest work,—one of the most noteworthy novels of contemporary literature.

The background of "The Octopus" is painted with that large brush and those striking colors which its author loved and used best. Scenes so widely different as the meeting of the farmers at the ranch of Magnus Derrick, the dance in Annixter's barn, the "hold-up" of the train by the desperado Dyke, the nightly visits of Vanamee to the old mission garden, and the bloody battle between the ranchers and the railroad men,—scenes of rough gayety, or of mystic loveliness, or of terror and death,—are equally well done. Their cumulative effect is such that one seems to breathe the atmosphere of modern

California, that one comes to feel not only its crude, energetic power, but also its beauty and the lingering romance of its older days. More clearly than in "McTeague," Norris here showed that he was quite as able and willing to depict the beautiful as the repulsive.

Figures moving on so gigantic a stage might easily, in the hands of a less powerful writer, have come to look like pigmies; but the characters of "The Octopus" are worthy of great environment. These men are the fit owners of their vast domains,—men of huge stature, stirred by great passions, planning big enterprises. To enumerate them is here impossible; the "list of principal characters," which Norris prefixed to his novel, and which mentions only those who have an active part in the story, names more than twenty,—enough, that is to say, to furnish characters for three or four ordinary novels. If a story which, like Hauptmann's "Die Weber," is really that of a community rather than that of an individual, may be said to have a hero, Annixter is the man. In many ways he resembles the type which seems especially to have interested Norris; McTeague, and Bennett in "A Man's Woman" (a novel of inferior quality), and Cyrus Jadwin in "The Pit," are all masterful men, dominant either in brute strength or in will-power. Annixter is the best drawn of them all. And Annixter's love for Hilma Tree introduces a heroine who is as true to life as Trina and incomparably more lovely. Together they seem embodiments of the best Western manhood and womanhood.

In this tragic history, Norris saw a deep meaning, which cannot be more clearly stated than in his own words:—

"Men — motes in the sunshine — perished, were shot down in the very moon of life; hearts were broken; little children started in life lamentably handicapped; young girls were brought to a life of shame; old women died in the heart of life for lack of food. In that little isolated group of human insects, misery, death, and anguish spun like a wheel of fire. *But the wheat remained.* Untouched, unassailable, undefiled, that mighty world force, that nourisher of nations, wrapped in Nirvanic calm, indifferent to the human swarm, gigantic, resistless, moved onward in its appointed grooves. Through the welter of blood at the irrigation ditch, through the sham charity and shallow philanthropy of famine relief committees, the great harvest of Los Muertos rolled like a flood from the Sierras to the Himalayas to feed thousands of starving scarecrows on the barren plains of India."

To follow the course of this beneficent "nourisher of nations" from its growth in California, through its distribution in the wheat-pit of Chicago, to its consumption in a village of Western Europe,—to write what he called "The Epic of the Wheat,"—was the novelist's plan. "The Octopus" and "The Pit" were written; "The Wolf," the last volume of the series, had not yet been begun, death preventing the complete execution of the great design.

Although the powerful expression of a large idea, "The Octopus," like all the work of Norris, has serious faults. One wonders what could have made Mr. Howells write: "What I feel, and wish others to feel, in regard to it is the strong security of its most conscientious and instructed art." "Security of art" is precisely what Norris had not yet attained. He looked upon the world with searching, unprejudiced eyes; he saw some of the great principles which sway individuals and society; he wrote of these with the enthusiasm of a young man. But he failed to select his materials so carefully, to blend them so surely, as the "secure artist." In "McTeague" he came nearest to artistic harmony: although he treated the episode of old Grannis and Miss Baker a little too romantically, from the technical point of view, this is his best book. In "The Octopus" he showed, in two ways, more lack of "secure art." On the one hand there is a failure instinctively to feel that the realistic method rigorously excludes the melodramatic: such a scene as the death of Behrmann, who is smothered by the wheat which he unrighteously gained, is quite out of place. Poetic justice ought not to be appealed to by the realist. On the other hand, the mystic story of Vanamee, so beautiful in itself (again excepting crudities of detail), is not skilfully interwoven with the web of the plot; it impresses one as superfluous, which really it is not. The trouble is that Norris, feeling in Californian life the older spirit of romantic dreaminess side by side with the modern spirit of activity, failed to bring them to bear upon each other,—made them, in other words, two instead of one. Your "secure artist" rarely errs in such matters.

Furthermore, one feels in reading Norris that though he honestly purposed to write only what he felt to be true, he was sometimes led to write what he knew not of. "A Man's Woman" is a lamentable failure because it



was written with only one eye on the real world and the other on a rather foolish theory. Likewise "The Pit," his last and by no means his best work, is good only so far as it deals with Cyrus Jadwin and the wheat corner; whenever it passes to the characterization of women like Laura Dearborn, or to Chicago society in general, it becomes extremely unconvincing. The story of Laura, moreover, like the story of Vanamee, has slight connection with the main plot; there is insufficient motivation, and almost no influence of one set of characters upon the other. In short, the author of "The Pit" imagined more than he observed.

When one remembers that the artistic ability of Norris was at its best in "McTeague," the work which he planned and partly wrote in college, before entering his busy life in the world, one cannot help feeling that many of the faults of his later works were due to hasty execution. The novelist must have time for reflection as well as opportunity for observation: a journalistic career gives the latter but destroys the former. Had Norris lived another thirty-two years, had success given him a chance to leave his hack-work, he would probably have attained that security of artistic method which was his principal deficiency. Even without it, his honesty of purpose, his true observation of Western city and country life, and his forceful expression of large ideas, make such works as "McTeague" and "The Octopus" noteworthy examples of the best contemporary American fiction.

*Ernest Bernbaum.*

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*THE OLD SONG.*

A simple tune and old, and yet it seems  
To hold a host of memories and dreams,  
And conjures from the past the unforgotten prayers  
Of youth, the soft and fragrant airs  
Of quaint old gardens, overgrown with tares.

Her slender fingers on the spinet play,  
The moonlight melody has died away  
And childish fancies tremble through the brain,  
Alive with old time joys and old time pain—  
The golden days we shall not live again.

*Richard Washburn Child.*

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*THE VOICE OF PEACE.*

There is a northern land whose well-tilled fields are silent witnesses to industry and peace. So quiet is the country side, in the mild haze of early autumn, that the wayfarer never dreams of a time when war and devastation raged in the land; when flames shot up into the night from grainfields ripe for a gentler harvesting, and when poor, huddling men saw their all vanish before their eyes, well content if only life was left to them. Of this no stranger dreams, for the spirit of the older times has not come down to him. But when the peasant-folk sit at evening before the softly glowing coals which set men's fancies roving, their thoughts wander back through the centuries and rest fondly on the legend of a war-king in the other days.

Night was coming on as the royal army, returning victorious and plunder-laden from a long foray, filed in at the gates of the town. The arms were battered and stained from their grim service, and the colors drooped

limply against the shafts of the lances. To the rear, pack animals toiled along, and, yet beyond, the dust raised by the hoofs of captured cattle stretched away until it blended into the evening darkness. But though victory had been complete and the booty great, there was no acclaim to greet the returning warriors. Old men and women stood along the way and brightened at sight of a well-known face, or paled when the ranks were thin, but all in silence. The fighting men themselves sat their horses impassive and motionless, and at their head the king, more silent still, rode with bowed head and eyes that did not see the crowd assembled there. His thoughts were of a sunnier land than this, and of a girl, young and fair-haired and gentle, whom he had brought away with him, from the people and the ways she had known, to be his queen here in the country where rude might held sway. He wondered if he had grieved her with his roughness and with the thankless measure of sympathy that he had showed, unmindful of all that she had left, for him. Had she known, as he knew now, that in the touch of her hand lay the strength of the arm that righted wrongs at home, and that the clear call that rang through distant camps in the hour of doubt, turning confusion into victory, was but the echo of her voice? Had she seen, hidden and smothered beneath his outer passionateness, the love that not even he had understood, in time? All the remorse that violent natures feel came to him now, but tardily, for within the castle walls his fair young queen lay dead.

So through the streets the sorrowing procession made its way, and came at last to the castle doors. The king's attendants stood awaiting him, but when they saw the look upon his face they fell back, wondering. Unaided he dropped from his horse and made his way among them all like one who walks in sleep. The intended words of those within stopped, unsaid, upon their lips. Even the vainglorious trophies that once spoke aloud of victory, seemed hushed into mourning as he passed along the corridors, silently, alone, and entered the room where his dead queen lay.

For that night none cared to disturb him. In the morning, old men, who had grown white in the service of the royal house, went softly to the place. The king still knelt beside the bier, but at the sight of his face, upturned to

meet them, they drew back in dread, and each sought with his eyes his neighbor's face.

"He is gone mad!" they muttered.

Many days the king lay stricken, wasting in body, dazed in mind; and strange tales came from those who kept watch by his side. For in his ravings he cried out ceaselessly with formless words they could not understand, and always it was as if he spoke with one who was not there. Often he started up, reaching out wildly into empty air, beckoning, and gazing with eyes that seemed to look beyond what was of this world; then, when once more no comfort came to answer his appeal, sinking back on his couch despairingly. Through the night his cries went echoing down the stone corridors, and the dwellers in the castle shivered in their sleep, though it was midsummer. Then the watchers would shake their heads and wonder who next would sit upon the throne. But there came a night when the king had grown more calm, and the attendants nodded drowsily in their places until there fell on their ears the sound of the king's voice, as they had known it of old. Still he spoke to the unseen, but now they caught the meaning of his words.

"I will come to you," he was saying. "Lead, for the way is dark, and I am a little child again."

And with a smile on his face he fell asleep. The morning sun awakened him, and he called to one of his attendants by name.

"I shall soon be well," he said.

The people had been summoned to the council hall to hear the words of the king. Health had come back to him, but still he bore the marks of sorrow in his face, and his frame seemed aged beyond its years. His subjects wondered at the change they saw. They had in all times been proud of him for his deeds in war. They had been loyal followers of his arms. But now, as they heard his words, they knew that the years would disclose to them traits till then unseen, and, though not yet understanding, they felt for him affection they had never known before.

"My children," he began, "I have been tarrying in another world, and wisdom has been given me to know the way of right living. Your queen whom now you cannot see, still guides me as she tried to guide me long ago, while my eyes were blinded and I did not know. We have wandered from the way. We have lived by the pillage of our neighbors. We have filled our homes with sorrow where should have been happiness. But light has come to me. We must put by the sword. We must begin again, and live our lives in usefulness. Our men must give their strength to till the soil. Our women's hands must ply the spindle and the loom. We must quench the flames that sweep the country-side, and kindle in their stead the hearth-fire of the home. So shall our children live as friends together, heirs to the blessed heritage of peace."

Thus the king spoke, and the people, marvelling, went their ways. But as the years passed by a change came over the land. For now springs were green again and autumns golden, and the ground lay submissive to the toiling hands of men whose fathers had lived only to vex the earth. Grain-ricks grew fat, and the bins of winnowed grain were full. The hand of the prosperous went out to his brother in need, and joy and happiness were abroad where once was lamentation. The king himself, weighed down with the years that had seen three generations of subjects pass by, still lived, friend to the humblest in his realm, and his own hands aided in the work that found inspiration in his words. Many a home had known the comfort of his presence in time of sorrow, for he came and went unheralded among his people, ministering. Many a man passed in at the open castle door to seek the king's good counsel. So he was honored as the greatest, but loved as the kindest of them all.

Then came one day bad news—strange news to their ears, soon grown unwonted to the din of war. For their neighbors, remembering the wrongs of a past now dim and fired with greed at the welfare of their former foes, advanced into the country sacking and slaying and laying waste. The men were called again to the council hall and again the king addressed them.

"It may not be," he said, "that I shall die without once more having seen

days of strife and bloodshed. We have lived in peace, but the time calls for sterner doings now. Once I should have been first among you, but wars are not for an old man such as I. My place is here, with my people. But do you fashion for yourselves arms, and in a good cause go out and fight!"

The struggle was fierce, and many fell, for long disuse had made the sword strange to the king's men, and they learned their lessons in disaster. But they fought on resolutely, with the strength that comes to men who strive for home and country, and feel that their cause is right, and in the end to them was given the victory.

A woman sat spinning at her window, while her little child played in the street outside; and as he looked up at her, smiling, she thought of the father, away at the war; wondering with sad wistfulness what tidings the days might bring for her and for his child, so care-free, playing there. The clatter of a horse's hoofs came to her ear as a rider sent on by the returning army dashed up the street, shouting the news of the victory. Impulsively she sprang toward the door, to snatch her child from harm; but more quickly still moved past the window the tottering form of an old man. The mother reached the doorway. Her child, bewildered though unharmed, stood gazing at the rider who strove to draw rein as his horse plunged on up the narrow street. But before her, on the rough stones where he had been struck down, his clothes torn and his long white beard covered with the dust of the road, lay the king.

Once more the sun set as the royal army filed into the town. Faces were more worn and gaps in the ranks told their tale more pitilessly than before. But though the mourners were many, each man who came back wore on his face the light that shows when a good work is done. And those along the lines who found of a sudden, from what was not there, that they were widows or orphans now, still joined with the rest to raise the shout of thanksgiving for what had been given them. So the procession moved on until a turn brought it to where a woman sat in the road, with the white head of an old man upon her knee. A sudden hush fell over all at the sight they saw; but

their last cheers had roused the dying king from the swoon in which he lay.

"Who shouts?" he asked; and then, as the answer came, "I have lived long enough," he said. "You have done well, my children."

The oldest of the warriors and counsellors gathered in a ring around, leaning on their spears in silence; and, even as they looked, the king's face changed, and the old, far-away look came again into his eyes, but the eyes were softer now. His lips moved, at first silently, then framing slow, half-whispered words.

"Hush!" they said. "He speaks with the queen."

"I come, my queen," he murmured. "I have lagged behind, for the way was long, and the path you trod was not easy for my stumbling feet. But now—"

He faltered and stopped. Then his eyes brightened and his voice for a moment was clear.

"I see you now! I am coming,—at last. I am—almost—home!"

The radiance faded from his face and a tremor stirred his frame, as the shivering poplar-leaves stir in the last faint breeze before the night comes on. Then one from the circle about him spoke:

"No man will see another like him, in war or in peace, though he live till the end of the world."

But the woman whose child he had saved only bowed her head, and a tear fell and lay shining on the dead king's cheek.

*James A. Field.*

*A POET'S SCIENCE.*

The freer fancy of earth's wild young days,—  
When all the wonder of a glowing world  
Was but the flaming scroll of God unfurled,—  
Before a dew-drop stood in mild amaze. . .

Too fair, too beautiful the things men saw  
To live their loveliness so unalloyed,  
Feeling the unseen Soul behind the void,  
They scorned a nature that was but a law.

Behind all things a fancy-flowering steep,  
Peopled with life-encumbered deities,—  
The throbbing pulse of all realities,—  
Who held the very whirlwinds in their keep.

And fancy's early rapture-laden strain  
Was but an echo of the Gods' own song,  
Sung on the minstrel harps so loud and long,  
That the glad earth swung to God's refrain.

Now poets with remembering sorrow turn  
To see Olympus desolate with day,  
Cold Wotan's spear shattered in Siegfried's way,  
And wan Walhalla's fallen pillars burn.

Yet far above Walhalla's smouldering fire,  
Mysterious forces leap from star to star,  
And governed by their own incessant war,  
They make the trembling Universe their lyre.

*O. J. Campbell, Jr.*



## VAIL.

A whole summer's day once Hartley and I spent together at a ruined Indian Pueblo, where the silence hung thick as pall on a casket, and where the free sunshine sent little waves of heat trembling across the dusky plain. Beyond the sage-brush line rose the first hint of foothills. Long-tailed *wajallotties* puffed out their throats at us from the unblinking sunshine, breathing in the choking air with little gasps, and flashing away to rocky crevices if we spoke or moved. We lay in the shade of a crumbling dobe wall that was covered with curious, long-ago Indian painting which had faded out, in the air and light, like faint memories of the past.

"It's curious like," began Hartley, turning from the old Indian wall again to gaze out on the wavering plain, "it's curious like, them notions about drawin' and art. Now them Injuns never knowed the same about drawin' life an' death things such as the old Italian fellers knowed, but they just drew what they thought would please their own selves or their gods. White folks draws a whole lot different, accordin' to their lights. There was onct a painter feller frum th' East come out here, and he certain had most odd notions. But for all that he was a clever chap, tall an' dark an' handsome. You could see he'd grow'd up with educated folks, it jist stuck out all over him. I allowed right off he'd had a fallin' out over some girl, and I was right too as you'll see after bit.

"This painter feller goin' by the name o' Vail he come up on the Springer stage one day with his traps an' all, an' he asked me if there waren't no place he could go to an' be alone to do a little drawin' an' such like. I thought right off it was funny him a'goin' off there by hisself, but I fixed up an outfit o' chuck an' some horses to ride, an' bein' as I had to look after the cattle an' horses up there I just took him along to the best shack in the hill pastures. You remember them pastures, big an' wide with only two trails up, an' all shut in by hills. Goin' up we camped the only night out by the

old Tellico spring. I was more'n ever impressed by his fine way o' speakin' and actin', only he was sadder'n any feller I ever before see. Sometimes though he'd forget a minute an' be gay as a lark, but not for long. That night at the spring he rolled up in his blanket and I heard him sayin' things in his sleep, about some girl, but I couldn't catch 'er name. I was a good bit worried over leavin' him alone up there, but he was bound to do it. I left a lot o' chuck for him to eat an' plenty to do with, comin' back the same day, but not till after he'd unpacked his trunks an' hung all sorts o' pictures on the walls, several of 'em painted by him, an' biggest of all was one of the finest lookin' girls you ever see. Jove, she was a regular star, with long hair on 'er shoulders, but she had a little bit o' proud look about 'er, or so it just seemed. This picture Vail set up on an easel he called it, bein' goin' to do more work on it he said.

"Well, two or three weeks later I made my regular four weeks visit to the hills, an' I come on Vail workin' at his picture, but he covered it up before I got there an' seemed sort of confused like. He had been plumb alone all that while, workin' lots an' just lettin' the shack go to the uce, not takin' care of things. He was a little bit flighty in his talk when first I got there, but when I left he was all right, only lookin' a bit disordered like, for his beard was all mussed up an' he looked untidy. He asked me offhand if there was any mail, an' was a bit cut up on findin' none come. Then he asked me to send up all the horse journals I could spare, he havin' seen some down there when he come. He remarked casual like he was goin' to do some animal paintin'. I sent the papers he wanted by one of the men, for I was busy next month. The man I sent reported Vail acted funny as hell, but I thought it was only his painter ideas. After about a couple of months I took my trip again to the hills, but Vail was away somewhere. I noticed the walls of his shack was all covered with horse pictures cut from papers.

"Things was scandalous bad mussed up in the shack. I wondered what the duce held him, when here he come leadin' a tame she burro by the mane. He was talkin' to her as if she was a person. They are mighty tame you know. When he saw me he looked crafty out of his eyes, but they weren't

human eyes no more, they was just soft an' easy. They followed you an' made you feel creepy all over, like you was lookin' somewheres you oughtn't. His clothes was a sight, an' his beard an' hair was all bleached out at the edges.

" 'Hartley,' he says, comin' over an' rubbin' his face on my sleeve, 'Hartley, I ain't a doin' wrong, I tried to forget 'er as she said, I mean the girl over East an'—'

" 'Come Vail,' I says, my words a little trembly, for I was powerful shook up, 'tell me about it. Let's go back to Bell's.'

" 'Speak soft,' he says, 'don't let *her* hear,' noddin' at the sleepy burro, 'she's a real Honyhuhum, while I'm only a Yahoo, but she don't know. I could have caught an Indian pony easy, but they're like these spirited girls over East. I know, that's the kind that told me I'd forget, but I can't an' that's why I'm here an', an', come meet my, no I ain't, it's "old unhappy far off," say this is all wrong. Come on Hartley,' an' he led me into the shack. By Jove he had things goin' round in my head by then I tell you, an' if I'd heard that burro speak I'd a not much wondered. I tried my level best to get him away, but he wouldn't budge. I wouldn't a' spent a night up there for worlds, so I just come back to Bell's with the nearest kind of D. T.'s without drinkin' a drop.

"When I got to Bell's there was a letter to Vail, an' then for the first time I knowed he'd left no address. So I opened the letter an' sent a message right off by telegraph. It takes three days to hear you know, but here came a telegram right back sayin' some one was comin'. Then I sent a feller up to stay near Vail, but in two days he was back, plumb scared an' callin' on the saints to help him. Then along come from Springer on that very stage the person who'd sent the answer. It was a girl. She was a regular star. I knowed her as the same whose picture was in Vail's shack. She was a regular queen, but why in the duce she come I couldn't see at all. Her eyes was level an' gray an' she looked square out at me when she shook hands. She was awful worried over what I'd said, an' was for startin' up that day. So I got up a good rig an' set off. There was no women folks there, so we

just had to go alone. One of the men went a horseback to help out. We camped at Tellico Springs as usual. The girl who said 'er name was Miss Gray kept askin' about Vail an' findin' where he'd slept that night she just asked me in the kindest way on earth to put her blankets there. Lord, but I did feel sorry for her, she just pitched round all night.

Next morning I sent the man with us on ahead to get Vail straightened up a bit. Besides I was mighty doubtful about lettin' Miss Gray see him at all, but Lord Heill you simply couldn't stop her. She'd always had 'er own way an' she wouldn't take no. Well, about ten o'clock we drew up on the meadows, Miss Gray with 'er hands clenched an' starin' over the plain. I tried to get 'er to speak, but no use. She was calm though when we got to the shack. The man I sent on had slicked up a bit, but both he an' Vail were gone. I apologized a little, an' begun to curse myself for lettin' a woman come up there, but she wouldn't be stopped. I felt like a dog, but told Miss Gray the man an' Vail would be back soon. I knowed they would too. Then I noticed the covered easel, an' said, 'Here's some bit of paintin' Vail's been doin', an' raised up the cover to the canvas, an' then come the biggest shock of my whole life. Oġ course I hadn't seen the picture, merely thinkin' it was something or nothing. But Miss Gray kind of caught my arm to support herself an' we looked at his paintin'. It showed a most natural like head of a burro, an' beside it his own face, Vail's, with the long hair an' beard all matted, an' God knows how he had done it, but the eyes were those animal eyes all dreamy and creepy, makin' you feel you was lookin' where you'd oughtn't.

"'Hartley,' says Miss Gray real slow, as I dropped the curtain, 'did you know?'

"'No,' I says, 'I swear I didn't, I,' but then she just sat down on a box a minute, then began to straighten up the room, mechanical like, just as though she was home an' had done it a thousand times. Just then we both looked up an' there was the man an' Vail, who was raggeder'n ever, an' stooped at the shoulders. He began tryin' to make a funny noise on seein' me, but eased up an' laughed foolish at Miss Gray. She said never a word

but just clung to my arm. I don't just rightly remember what happened right then, but it warden't long till Vail was cryin' weakly an' tryin' to show us his new horse pictures under the curtain.

"We took Vail by force half way down the cañon, but he was ravin' so about leavin' his burro we took him back. He was crafty an' watched us all close. Seeings he was took so Miss Gray wouldn't hear to havin' him moved. She sent my man to the head of the cañon for the old mission priest, an' then at the old shack beside the pictures the old priest married 'em, Vail sayin' over the words after 'er, 'I promise,' never once losin' sight of the old burro standin' sleepy at the door. Then she told me 'er plans, an' I had to agree, for she was a masterful woman. I left all the provisions we had, an' regular every week sent up plenty of stuff to make 'em comfortable. Besides, I left a man there to sort of help.

"What happened there they two an' God only knows. She told me part of it when they stopped at Bell's on their way East. Every day she'd teach him something new, a'leadin' his intellecks so to speak frum where he was right sure of 'em up to where they quit work. One place she said he stuck at was when she'd turned him down one time after a ball over East. That hurt 'er most powerful too, for she'd cared a lot all the time, an' it seemed that his intellecks just shut off that night when he went out in the dark from the lights o' the room. Every morning she'd begin when he was fresh in his mind, an' he'd be patient awhile, but then he'd get crafty an' wouldn't answer a word. So she'd wait then till next day. Finally at the end o' summer, when they'd been there about three months together, why he just waked up an' was the same old Vail he was before. By Jove he was a happy man when they went through here on their way back East. I guess though she was happy too. Every year when it comes time to open the hill pastures they send me some remembrancer, but they say Vail ain't paintin' no more."

*L. M. Crosbie.*

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THE SPHINX.*Ghosts of Egyptian Slaves.*

Over the stones,  
Over the stones,  
The blood dripped slowly on our way ;  
Heaps of bones,  
Heaps of bones,  
Bleached in the sun of the glowing day,  
While the whips cracked over our shoulders bare,  
    While we sweat and toiled and groaned and died,  
Dull like oxen, in dumb despair,  
    To build the Pharaoh's pride.  
And the daughters of Egypt came to see,  
    Tall, lithe maidens, narrow-eyed,  
With cold, thin lips that laughed alone,  
Laughed silently to hear us groan,  
    To see our task-masters deride  
    And lash us cruelly.  
And wailingly we called on death,  
On the god we made, to give us rest,  
To give us the long, dull, painless sleep ;  
Who sometimes heard, and took the breath  
    Of our groanings from our breast,  
And we died, with none to weep.

*Ghost of Pharaoh.*

O for a moment of silentness :  
The curse of the god is on my head,  
To have died, and not be dead.

For the stones of the towering pyramids press  
On my limbs, as they pressed my slaves of old,  
And I know the awful dread  
That the tortured victims know, who wait  
The stroke delayed, and hate, hate, hate,  
And fear with a fear untold.

*The Sphinx.*

Aeons ago men made me, from the rock,  
They made me, and they feared me, being fools,—  
They had no cause, I care not what they do.  
I see them push their tiny caravans  
Over the desert, till the desert storm,  
Screaming and reeling, stumbling over them,  
Brings them to nothing—but I care not, I.  
I see them hate and kill each other here,  
And fall and rot together in the sun;  
I care not for them, I am Silentness—  
They are too little and too vile to scorn.

*C. T. Ryder.*

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*A WORD AND A TENDENCY.*

Every community has to a certain extent its peculiar vocabulary. And in every place there is, apart from the simple terms common to all places, a particular set of words to express liking or the reverse. Poor, tattered, over-worked words they are, for the average man rarely tries to convey more than his bare approval or dislike, and to do it he will apply whatever adjective was last in his ear. Whereby it happens that wherever one is one will find one or two words strained to express all possible forms of goodness and a no larger number every kind of demerit.

These expressions, in most cases if not in all, are ones which at their coining have very distinct and specific implications. They mean particular phases of goodness, or badness, but by their very aptness they catch the popular fancy and become degraded into mere general terms.

A word, which for the most part is used only in its restricted sense, will often thus have its meaning made general in some particular community. When this happens, it means that the word in its original sense had something about it which appealed peculiarly to the people of that particular place. It damned or praised on specific grounds. Now, to appeal to a body of people strongly enough to cause them to make of it a general term, those specific grounds, that particular aspect of things which the word registers, must be one which the people tend to use as the basis of their general distinctions between good and bad. When we use an adjective, which originally had a specific application, to convey a general idea, we show only too plainly a tendency to divide the good from the bad, on the basis of the possession or lack of the particular quality to which the word refers. Whatever kind of thought is peculiar to a community, it will surely find its expression in their over-used adjectives.

Here in college, our generations are so short and our fashions in everything so transient, that it is very seldom that the over-use of any word persists long enough to attain very serious proportions. Moreover, no word will ever be over-used unless it appeals strongly to nearly every person in the circle in question. And, we are too heterogeneous a body for that to happen except in rare instances.

In the case of one word it has happened—the word “cheap.” One can go nowhere in college without hearing it. Whenever a man wishes to indicate that something displeases him, he says it is cheap. No matter what the thing is,—a play, a picture, a book, an idea, an act, another man’s manner, or his personality as a whole, all are called cheap, whenever they meet with our disapproval.

Just what is the specific meaning of “cheap,” is hard to determine. The Century Dictionary gives,—“anything which it costs little effort to attain.” But this is not very illuminating. When we say a man is “cheap,” we mean



(if we mean anything more than that we dislike him) that he falls a little short of being a good example of the type he pretends to,—for instance, “cheap sport.” And in general I think one may define cheap as anything which is without distinction in the sphere to which it claims to belong.

Thus the discrimination which “cheap” makes is not one based upon very broad or solid grounds. The big, normal, fundamental bases of criticism, like sincerity and strength, are not included in it. It makes its point on appearances rather than on the true spirit of things and damns, however completely, on superficial grounds. A man may be good, honest, and strong, and still fall a little short of his pretensions. A bit of literature may have truth of substance and finish in form, and still offend the subtle principles of good taste. In either case the word “cheap” may be aptly applied. But the matter of fundamental merit will not be called into question.

The original meaning of the word being as it is, our incessant use of it would seem to indicate a not very creditable tendency. It would not have appealed to us so strongly as to cause us to make of it a general term of disapproval unless we were considerably inclined to make our discriminations along the lines it points out. That is to say unless we were inclined to make much of appearances and of superfine distinctions of taste.

Any word over-used, becomes in time an offense. But this one is peculiarly so as an insistent outward sign of a tendency, the existence of which, though we recognize it, we would rather not have continually borne in upon us. Furthermore, our sense of fairness recoils a little from the over facility with which the word “cheap” accomplishes its end. When a man damns with any other adjective, he must support his argument with a little evidence, or his words go unheeded. But let him call something “cheap,” and he has already made his point. For cheapness is so subtle a quality that no concrete evidence is proof of it. Therefore none is required.

A little suggestion of superiority—the implication that the man who uses the word “cheap” is above the errors of less acute intellects helps along with the other reasons to make it perhaps the least pleasing word in our Cambridge vocabulary. But still it is an accurate index to a tendency which we

undoubtedly have, and until that tendency toward the criticism of appearances has spent itself, and the reaction set in, the word "cheap" will hardly pass out of use.

*Victor Brandon.*

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VILLANELLE.

The Devil's whirlwind howls and moans,  
The fiend sits 'neath the leafless tree.

The leafless tree loud creaks and groans  
Beneath its heavy burdens three,  
The Devil's whirlwind howls and moans.

Its burdens fleshless corpses be,  
The hungry birds have picked their bones,  
The fiend sits 'neath the leafless tree.

He calls them down with mocking tones,  
As on the tempest dance the three.  
The Devil's whirlwind howls and moans.

The first a thief of low degree,  
His quaking soul the Devil owns.  
The fiend sits 'neath the leafless tree.

Beside him dance a murderer's bones,  
And scorched in Hell that soul shall be.  
The Devil's whirlwind howls and moans.

The third from battle once did flee,  
He feared the shafts and whizzing stones.  
The fiend sits 'neath the leafless tree.

His soul beneath the gibbet groans  
And fears whate'er its fate may be.  
The Devil's whirlwind howls and moans.

But barred from Hell that soul shall be,  
Nor Heaven shall rest the coward's bones.  
The fiend sits 'neath the leafless tree.

Forever 'neath the tree it groans  
Nor Hell nor Heaven it e'er shall see.  
The Devil's whirlwind howls and moans;  
The fiend sits 'neath the leafless tree.

*H. A. Bellows.*

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*THE SACRIFICE OF TELMAH.*

At a council of the braves of the tribe of the Illini, Telmah was speaking. The smouldering campfire gleamed on the bronze faces of the circle of chieftains with a glow that flickered and sank as rose and fell the wavering hopes of the warriors. Till Telmah rose no one had spoken of the dread and fear that sat like lead at the heart of each redman, changing him to a calm and despairing hero.

"For many summers," began Telmah, fighter of the Iriquoix, facing the assembled chiefs, "even as far in the past as our singers of sagas can tell us, we have paid our debt to the beast that shadows our life, What if our forefathers were starving and agreed to the tribute in return for the blessed maize seeds, are we to suffer forever, sending twenty of our bravest and fairest warriors to the dread death every fourth seed time? Among them, oh chiefs, as you know, is Cassava, the queen of our tribe. Rather let me go alone. If I win, we are free forever, if I fail our forfeit of death is doubled, but the omens are fair and I will not fail."

As Telmah ended his plea and his offer, the silence of the assembled braves showed he was successful, and the corner of the deer skin tent let fall by the chief's daughter Cassava swayed idly in the breath of the prairie as she sought her own tent with the picture of the young warrior in her mind and his high words in her ears.

When the camp fire had died down, leaving the snow-white ash on the slumbering coals, the whole tribe was sleeping save Telmah, who lay watching the stars in the clear sky, and Cassava, the pride of the village. Telmah was dreaming of the future that might have been his. Just then a shooting star flashed across the sky, leaving a trail that glowed, then sank from sight. It was an omen, but for good or bad he could not remember. Then the stars in the east paled slightly and he rose and passed the tents of the Chief on his way to the river to make himself clean for the encounter.

He who would fight the curse of the tribe must stand on the tribute morning before the Starved Rock alone, naked and clean and strong, without weapons or war paint.

When he had passed her tent, Cassava hastened to the position by the Starved Rock where the tribute was paid and crouched in the deeper shadows near the friendly stone. With the first light, just before the great sun burst across the flower-strewn prairie, Telmah noiselessly appeared and faced the kindling light. Roused at a slight noise he turned to the gray rock behind him where stood Cassava, with hands outstretched to him. Tall and clean limbed as a god, perfect as a gleaming bronze statue he stood without shame before her. Without a word Cassava took his strong right hand in hers and touched the tips of his nails with a tiny poison charm she carried, leaving a dark stain where it touched. Then with a half sob she carried his hand to her lips and sank to her place in the shadow by the gray rock.

Telmah turned again in silence to the rising sun and began the death chant of the Illini. The first rays of the sun gleamed wonderingly on his burnished face. A dark form appeared across the brightness of the sun, and the rushing as of a whirlwind rose from wings that tainted the air. The awakening life of the prairie gave promise of delight and of plenty. Early flowers

bloomed on every foot of the wide meadows, and the fresh grasses glimmered and breathed in the breeze of the morning. For Telmah alone there was sadness. Louder he chanted his death watch, and nearer swept the dread death. A moment later and the human face of the Phoenix was before him, and the foul breath on his cheek, when the swoop of the heavy wings bore the bird upon him. With a cry Telmah sprang aside and avoided the thrust of the claws, then as the monster turned he began the attack bare handed, grappling on the ground with the curse of the tribe. The shrill cries of the beast rent the air like the cries of stallions who fight for supremacy in a herd of wild horses. To Telmah the air grew black and his spirit fell, but he never loosed his grip on the throat of the Phoenix. With his right hand he tore the vile flesh till his strength ebbed.

Stung by the hidden poison the Phoenix sank down to death, and Cassava raised the insensible form of Telmah, deliverer of the tribe. For long weeks she fought death and brought him back to be the life and chief of her tribe.

Deep in the living sides of the Starved Rock the clever stone carver of the tribe cut the likeness of the dead Phoenix, where to this day it looks out across the fertile maize fields once owned by the Illini.

*L. M. C.*

## Editorial.

The most important innovation made recently in academic matters is the new Honors in Literature. It should be welcomed as a great step in the direction of enlarging and liberalizing our final honor examinations, of converting them into a broad humanizing influence. The defect of the system at present is that, to secure the highest distinction of undergraduate scholarship, a man must limit himself to a narrow field and forego, in large measure, the valuable things outside. So special and technical a knowledge of the chosen subject is required, that only one bent on pursuing the subject for life wishes to devote his college years so completely to it. The great majority of able men have no desire so to restrict themselves, and they are therefore deprived of the very great advantages of a final honor examination. The principal of these advantages is that such an examination forces a man to master a subject, an advantage of especial importance in a university where a free elective system enables him to dissipate his energies over the whole compass of knowledge. The restrictions of the old method keep most normal persons from receiving the powerful stimulus of an examination to this desirable end. The studies leading to the new Honors in Literature are, however, more comprehensive and liberal; they are to furnish merely a large mastery of the subject, not a detailed knowledge of it. The requirements are in brief a knowledge of one ancient and one modern language and of one ancient and one modern literature, and a detailed knowledge of one especially

selected topic from each. These requirements can be met partly in course and partly by examinations toward the end of the Senior year, or they can be met altogether by work done out of course and tested simply by a final examination. The breadth of the subjects and the liberality granted in the pursuit of them are such as to foster true scholarship. Many men, without seriously cramping their college courses, can master the fundamentals of two literatures in the first three years and devote their fourth to perfecting themselves against examination time. Nor would this period of specialization be devoted to the mastery of a limited subject, but to a broad survey of all literature. The studying side by side an ancient and a modern literature must give a man a better grasp of the subject as a whole, than any amount of close study on unimportant figures of a limited period. It would clear up misconceptions and base men firmly on broad, true principles so that they would have within them rather touchstones of literary value than a detailed knowledge of literature. The final honor examinations, if they change on the lines of the new Honors in Literature, will make less for erudition, perhaps, but much more for deep and sound culture.

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The recent athletic agreement with Yale brings to a very satisfactory conclusion the long suspense which Professor Hollis's article in the last *Graduates' Magazine* had, quite unnecessarily, turned into vague uneasiness. It was at least unfortunate for the head of the athletic committee to suggest, even unofficially, that we had best give up the foot-ball game with Yale. The last paragraph of the article was bound, however unfairly to Professor Hollis,

to be misconstrued and cause alarm. The athletic agreement is, therefore, at this juncture, all the more welcomed. The main point for settlement was, of course, the question of eligibility—who shall be eligible, who shall decide doubtful cases, and who shall arbitrate disputes arising when either university believes the other has not justly interpreted and applied the rules? The terms of the agreement meet these questions admirably. They provide a uniform set of rules and a uniform method of applying these rules; they also provide an arbitration committee, impartially composed, which shall decide all disputed cases. The chance of friction is thus reduced to a minimum. It is fair to assume that these uniform regulations and the easy way of escaping deadlocks will quite do away with suspicion and misunderstanding between the two universities. Only two things more are necessary to banish absolutely any doubts about the desirability of the Yale game. The first of these lies with the rules committee; the second with Yale and with ourselves. In the first place foot-ball should be made more a game of skill in the open, less merely of the impact of brute force. If the game were pushed to its logical conclusion on present lines (and any form of human activity which interests intensely a large body of capable men is bound to be pushed to its logical conclusion), it must perish of itself. But what is most needed is perhaps not so much a set of rules making for more open play as a different tradition and spirit in the game itself. The tradition at present is too much in favor of playing to cripple the other side, to pierce at all costs its vulnerable spot, to injure its valuable men. That it is the tradition to play a needlessly rough game no more excuses such play than the tradition of the spoils system excuses corruption in politics. At the same time neither foot-ball nor politics



should be condemned for these bad practices. That rough tactics are not an essential part of the game is clearly seen in the inability of amazed Freshmen, new to such things, to play a rough game effectively. This element of brutality they are forced, however, to accept, and foot-ball without it ceases to command their respect. No one supposes that the game can be gentle, that in America it can be otherwise than strenuous, but at the same time one is rather surprised that skill in disabling one's opponent should be a worthy ambition. Surely a humanizing university should inculcate other ideals of sport. The coaches are perhaps most directly responsible for this sort of thing, and with them lies the decision whether the game shall be in the end the sport of gentlemen or whether it shall keep alive covertly the tactics of a street fight. Let us hope that the game will be made more open, and that the tradition of needlessly rough play be supplanted by a cleaner tradition. If we thus clarify our strenuousness of its impurities and retain only a spirit of keen rivalry, those evils which make men occasionally have doubts of the Yale game would disappear.

## Book Notices.

"THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD." By J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In *The Little White Bird* Mr. Barrie has let his predilection for sentiment and whimsicality have free sway, with the result that many of his critics either have accepted the book stupidly, *nominis umbra*, or quite as stupidly have bludgoned it. The bludgoning, especially, seems surprisingly beside the point. It has taken such forms as accusing Mr. Barrie of re-using old copy, of merely throwing together a book with no necessary relation of parts, of letting his sentimental fancy become an utter will-of-the-wisp. I suppose Mr. Barrie has the best right in the world to remodel old copy, and giving it a new turn and a new setting, to present it in permanent form to the world. In doing so he need not, as has been rather deliciously suggested, have a purpose militant against the pirates of his early work. The other charge can appear well-founded only to persons who find books like *The Little White Bird* distasteful from their very nature. It should not need pointing out that the very qualities objected to constitute the essential charm of the book. I must confess to a great liking for sentiment and humor and fine-spun whimsicality when mixed so deftly as by Mr. Barrie. It is of course a dangerous combination, one within the possibility of only a skilled hand, but surely no one since Charles Lamb and Thackeray has a better right to the experiment. Those who criticise the result merely betray a temperamental indifference. They have, in fact, no business meddling with such a book, but they should have our genuine pity for being miffed and bewildered by the opening chapters, or by the exquisite, fantastic fairy tale of the Kensington Gardens. The story of the doings of Peter Pan and the other inhabitants of the Gardens after Lock-out Time is delightful in idea and charming in the infinite delicacy with which it is carried out. One could pardon the other parts being almost anything to secure this part. But the rest of the book, strongly reminiscent indeed, is steeped in the charm which makes *Dream Children* or *Two Children in Black* linger in your memory. In such a delightfully intangible setting whimsicality and sentiment should quite properly have free sway.

H. L. W.

"ROGER WOLCOTT." By William Lawrence. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.00.

"After the war is over we shall need wise men, pure patriots in the councils of the country, and high-minded statesmen." These words of Roger Wolcott's mother to her son, Huntington, then a soldier in the civil war, form the theme of William Lawrence's biography, and it is from this ideal of citizenship that he constantly takes his point of view.

He could not have had a better subject for illustration, for the life of Roger Wolcott is a story of the gradual growth to what is best in American civil life. His simple acts explain the man, and that biographer is best who can set them forth clearly, and without interposing his own personality between his subject and his readers.

This Bishop Lawrence has admirably done, portraying his man completely, but without a mass of unessential facts. The book is slight, but the impression it leaves is full and strong. The method is not that of analysis, full of pleasing subtleties which melt away into an ill-remembered haze, but of patriotism. The boy is shown as his friends knew him, the man is shown as he appeared to his friends and to the world. There is little analysis, no explanation, no elaborate defensive dialectics. This is the charm of the book, wherein it differs from many of the abstruse and lengthy biographies of our day.

In a few instances the biographer turns from his story to a word of friendly praise for his life-long friend, involuntarily it seems, and then we have a reflection of Roger Wolcott in a nature sweet and comely, like his own. "There was that about him which defies analysis, which eludes definition, but which is found in those rare characters, who, like Philip Sydney, Chevalier Bayard, or Robert Louis Stevenson, gain our confidence, win our admiration, kindle our affection, and who, in their unconsciousness, make us conscious that we are one in chivalric company."

*R. I.*

---

"LEES AND LEAVEN. A NEW YORK STORY OF TODAY." By Edward W. Townsend. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

Mr. Townsend's novel approaches about as close to being literature as verse approaches to being poetry. But as soon as the reader grasps this fact, he may turn from his previous state of wearied protest to an enthusiastic con-

dition of clean pleasure,—and thenceforth he will not regret taking time to read the three hundred pages. The story is typically such a one as a journalist would write, and was probably, one would say, dashed off with no great revision of manuscript. The structural method is very elementary, but more than usually successful. The plot is a clever reassortment of the various articles of novelistic paraphernalia, social status, gambling on Wall street, journalism, success and failure, wealth and poverty; dialogue, description and drama are well marshalled to their respective places. Mr. Townsend makes no attempt to be realistic; in the first three chapters he piles up startling incidents till we see no escape from the imminent crash, then he skilfully carries these along to the last chapter where the noble and talented hero receives his own again, the villain retires discomfited, and all the healthy, conventional love-making culminates in three happy marriages. But it would be wrong to say this is all Mr. Townsend has given us. The story never lags; the characters, though not always consistent, are interesting and likable, while the undercurrent of humorous by-play provides incidental amusement. The author justifies his title in a speech made by an able and successful lawyer whose idiosyncrasy manifests itself in scientific gardening of Brussels sprouts, "The intemperate belong to society's lees, with all the morally disordered. Those who leaven the social mass with the sweet breath of courage and cleanly living . . . engage my sympathies more than the lees,—the doomed dregs." We cry bravo to the sentiment and pass on to the next amusing *dénouement*. Altogether Mr. Townsend's fairy tale of New York life gives a most enjoyable afternoon's pleasure, without troubling the brain with edification,—and that is all Mr. Townsend meant it to do. He has been very successful.

S. H.

---

"THE ENJOYMENT OF ART." By Carleton Noyes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

In the mass of ill-considered art criticism, and superficial æsthetic theorising which abounds at present, it is a pleasure to find one writer who has the power to reduce the whole matter to a few, simple, basic principles. For any one who loves pictures, but who has not undergone a vigorous training in appreciation, Mr. Noyes, in his *The Enjoyment of Art*, performs a most welcome service. Briefly, Mr. Noyes' point is that the artist is he who has a

fuller vision of the beauty in the world than the common man. And that the work of art is the artist's revelation of this beauty to his fellow-men. Therefore, in looking at a picture one should ask himself not what is the subject of the picture, as the layman does; nor how is it painted, as the technician does, but rather what new aspect of the world's beauty has the artist fixed here for me to see.

Thus the author gives us in a simple, untechnical manner a key to the whole question as to the nature and meaning of a work of art. The book is short enough to be easily read at one sitting, yet the subject is treated as a whole and treated convincingly and completely. One feels throughout that it is a personal record, not a compilation of other men's ideas, but the product of personal experience and personal thought.

The style possesses the rare combination of perfect clearness with extreme condensation. And if there is here and there a trace of the academic it is no more than is fitting in the work of a scholar, dealing with such a very abstract subject.

V. B.

---

### Books Received.

"THE BETTER SORT." By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons (to be reviewed next month).

"THE TURQUOISE CUP." By Arthur Cosslett Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons (to be reviewed next month).

"A STUDY OF PROSE FICTION." By Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company (to be reviewed next month).

"YOUTH." By Joseph Conrad. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company (to be reviewed next month).

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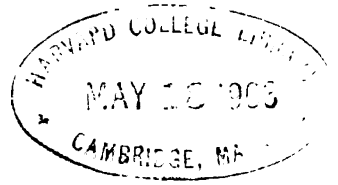
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# THE HARVARD MONTHLY.

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## *HONORS IN LITERATURE.*

The new Honors in Literature might very well have been introduced under the title of *Literae Humaniores*. They mark a desire on the part of the lovers of good letters in the college to give to students an opportunity to work on lines perhaps discouraged by the elective system, that is, to gain an idea of the continuity of literature, to correlate what has gone before with what has followed after. With all its advantages the elective system has many faults; it is an ideal arrangement for the mature student who marks out for himself from the beginning an intelligent arrangement of work for his whole course, but it has many pitfalls for him who yields to the whim of the moment, for the seeker of "snaps," as well as for the earnest searcher after knowledge who sets before himself the desire to master a single department of knowledge. The records of "The Office" show many vagaries as well as tragedies; men are found who have taken all the courses marked as *A* or *Ib* (the grades, as Mr. Kipling remarks, are another story), and others who attain to *So and So 83*, but have nothing outside the Department of *So* and *So* to show. The former is the dawdler and smatterer, the latter the earnest but misguided student who forgets that he differs from the handicraftsman skilled in one particular line of work, only in that his tools are for intellectual rather than manual use. Every department of the university, I think, sees brilliant and careful students who would be very useful denizens of the world of knowledge—if they only knew something of that inter-relation that

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makes the world akin. It is with a hope of fostering this latter spirit that the Honors in Literature have been established. And so perhaps a brief history of the new scheme may not be amiss.

Recently a number of members of the various departments whose work lies in the field of literature, ancient and modern, met at the invitation of the chairman of the Department of Classics, and after very general discussion, a small committee was appointed to draw up a possible scheme to induce students of letters to follow a rational line of study which should really represent a sense of historic continuity. The system worked out by this committee was later carefully considered by the two Divisions of Ancient and of Modern Languages, and after various alterations and compromises, presented to the faculty, adopted, and turned over for execution to a committee composed equally of ancients and of moderns. This committee, or its successors, is bound by certain principles, but not by hard and fast lines; it is to consider each individual case by itself, and it is to foster an idea which is unfortunately somewhat novel in American colleges, namely the importance of independent and individual study. In the English University a student "reads for his degree"; with us he takes a certain number of courses and wins his degree in consequence; the new honors combine the two ideas. Therefore an outline of the requirements, as already announced, is given below.

The student who goes in for these honors should possess a good reading knowledge of two languages, an ancient and a modern, English being presupposed as the possession of all, and therefore not allowed to count as the modern. In addition to this power to read, the student is to show a satisfactory amount of reading actually accomplished, and this, as in the case of the power to read, may be proved by work already done in college courses, or in the case of reading independently performed, shown by examination. He must have, too, a knowledge of the general history of two literatures, one ancient and one modern (and this may include English), and he must show in particular a thorough study of two special subjects which he has himself selected in his study of ancient and modern literatures. And he will be called

on to demonstrate his general knowledge by an oral examination before the committee administering the honors, who may invite to assist them such persons as they please. Let us illustrate by an imaginary case.

A student has a certain facility in reading Greek and French (it may just as well be Latin and Italian, or any possible combination of an ancient and a modern language); he knows pretty thoroughly the general outlines of the history of the literatures of the two languages with which he is most familiar, having read a considerable amount of both and filled in his knowledge by consultation of the general histories of those literatures; he has naturally become interested in some particular subject in each of his special fields of knowledge, it may be Homer, or Aeschylus, or Plato, or Plautus, or Cicero, or it may be Chaucer, or Shakespere, or Goethe, or Montaigne, or French tragedy, or Dante, or Cervantes, or he may be interested in some subject which is complete in no one period but has a continuous history, as, say, pastoral poetry, or the popular epic, or the history of the drama in any one time and the relations to it of Aristotle's theories. He is required to write no thesis, but he must give proof of his knowledge; if he has tangible evidence, as grades in college courses covering the ground, or in written work already performed, that will be accepted; otherwise he will take examinations; in any case his general grasp of his chosen work will be tested by an oral examination.

It will be seen that the possibilities of choice are very great; but there must be a guiding spirit of intelligence manifested in the choice: a mere aggregation of scraps of knowledge will not serve, and herein is the chief charm of the scheme, designed to show the underlying unity of literary study, and especially the inter-dependence of classical and modern literature. And as the student is allowed a large liberty of choice, so is the committee administering the honors permitted a great degree of discretion; certain broad general principles govern its action; the student need not necessarily divide his work equally between the ancient and the modern fields, and the requirements of his reading need not pass beyond, say, six courses in the two lower "groups," but on the other hand no mere mechanical performance of the

requirements will secure the honors. Six elementary courses will not be enough. And it is this very element of choice and discretion that is bound to make the new honors one of the most coveted distinctions of a student's undergraduate days. The old established honors have gradually, it is to be feared, assumed a certain pedagogical aspect; the man who is going to teach requires them as a professional asset; they may still be used as such, or in their proper, larger aspect, but the student of good letters may crown his acquirements by a more catholic achievement which will mark him as one interested in letters, and not one who knows merely Greek or Latin, French or German, Italian or Spanish; we may put upon the young student of the present day the distinction, the honor, which our ancestors wore, that of the well rounded and cultivated lover of good letters of all lands and times. These general honors need not exclude the older and more particular honors; I can even imagine the case of a student who may win a degree *summa cum laude* *ter*, once by reason of his courses, once because of highest honors in a particular department, and once because of highest honors in literature; but while in the second case he may devote himself, say, to Dean Briggs' specialty, "The Particle 'án in Euripides," or to "Sprachgebrauch des Samuel Pepys," in the third his studies must be distinctly humane. But while such a spectacular example of multiplied distinctions is possible, it is not to be expected; the new honors are not intended to gild the laurels already acquired, but they may hold out as yet unwon laurels to another class of students. It is to be observed, I fear, that instruction in American colleges and universities directs itself more and more to the class of students who may be labelled "professionals," in that they are going to teach or become "productive scholars"; we forget, perhaps, that large class of young gentlemen who are at the university to acquire a mind trained to alertness by intellectual exercise, to acquire a culture and an acquaintance with the best things that have been done and written before their time, a culture and a knowledge that shall add to their enjoyment as long as they shall live and make them more useful to others and themselves. This class of students is, fortunately for

our future, rapidly increasing; the new honors will appeal to them. For the present they are to be confined to undergraduates; personally I have a hope that they may in time be open to graduate students as well. There is a feeling abroad, however, that the moment a student gets his bachelor's degree, if he is to study further, he should devote himself exclusively to one field, start on the road whose goal is "productive scholarship," and that the master's degree should be a sort of half-way station towards the doctor's. My own feeling is that it is impossible to reduce all students to one class; there will always be those whose chief joy will be in mastering one particular field of study, where they may be the guides to their wondering and less initiated fellows; but by the side of these pioneers there will ever be a larger class whose interest is more general and more humane; they may be less learned than the specialist, but perhaps as wise. For them I hope the master's degree may be kept, and for them, maybe, the new honors in literature may have attractions.

But be that as it may, I trust we may see the day when all undergraduates who are students in good letters, may be attracted to the scheme presented in these new honors. For him who aspires to a liberal culture the charm is patent. But I hope it may be more than a charm, a duty, to him who intends to become a specialist, for without the specialist the torch of learning can not be carried forward; but it will present but a pitiful and a sickly flame if the bearer can feed it with no generous oil. Darwin once made the sorrowful confession that though as a young man he could appreciate imaginative literature, after he had become immersed in his chosen pursuits he lost all power of enjoyment in books which dealt with anything but his particular side of science. The same may be equally true of the student who begins, as early as the elective system will allow him, to work exclusively in classics, in French, in English, or any other study; he will lose the power of enjoyment of things outside his own particular field, and by reason of his ignorance of the rich and pleasant meadows that lie beyond the fence that surrounds him, he will be greatly weakened in his chosen work. Diversity of interest keeps a scholar alive intellectually, and adds to the interest his work affords to himself and



to others. The horizon of learning will be greatly broadened if those who intend to be specialists first lay a foundation of a sound general culture to serve as a preparation for more minute studies in some one branch of linguistic or literary work.

*William Fenwick Harris.*

---

*VALLEY-BOUND.*

O the days are long and lonely ;  
Fretfully my spirit thrills,  
And my eyes are sick of watching  
This horizon-ring of hills.

For my spirit leaps beyond them—  
Valley-bound it will not be—  
I can see the flush of morning  
In a land across the sea,

Hear the long incessant surges,  
Where the crested billows run,  
Beat about imagined galleys  
Plunging eastward to the sun.

And I reason, "Death is certain  
As these hills, and come it must—  
Women and cathedral towers  
Moulder into common dust ;

Yet may not the restless spirit  
As in life in death so save ;  
Dream its way beyond the eternal,  
Close horizon of the grave?"

*MAN'S ESTATE.*

Billy Clive's birthday came on June twenty-sixth. Its importance was rather overshadowed by the fact that the university eight, in which Clive rowed number two oar, raced Yale on that day. In fact, it was not till mid-forenoon that it dawned on him that it was today that he came of age, and that tomorrow, with the assistance of his check-book, he could put himself in a position where he need no longer feel afraid of looking the world in the face. For Clive came into his money on his twenty-first birthday: just how much there was of it neither he nor anyone else seemed to know, but all were sure it was a good deal. Clive needed a good deal.

The Freshmen won a heart-breaking race. The four-oar won with a five lengths' lead. At half past six, with smooth water and a light favoring wind, the 'varsity eights lined up and were started. At the two-mile mark Harvard led by a length; at three miles Harvard had open water between her stern and the bow of the Yale shell; at three and a half Yale was spurting; in the long lane of excursion craft Yale rowed Clive's crew down and won by a half length.

Late in the evening, Clive and a half dozen of his friends got out of a train at Back Bay. It was no longer the day of the boat race, but Billy Clive's twenty-first birthday, to be celebrated by a belated dinner, which he was giving in Boston.

"Did you lose much on the race?" someone asked as they entered the hotel.

Clive laughed. He had lost much, far more than anyone else in that crowd or in any other Harvard crowd. He had lost enough to add appreciably to a sum of debt under which he staggered. But it was his birthday. Tomorrow he would meet his uncle in New York; he was coming into his money.

As the soup plates were being taken away, and champagne was preparing to dull the remembrance of the afternoon's defeat, a telegram was smuggled

in to Clive. No one saw him read it but Sam Wycherley, who never drank. Sam leaned across. "Not bad news, Billy?" he asked in a low tone.

Clive passed the telegram to him covertly. It had reached the training quarters at New London just after Clive had hurried off to get his train for Boston. It was from his uncle, telling him to cancel his dinner and come to New York at once. His uncle would be in New York all next day, and at Leicester, which is northward, near Tarrytown, in the evening.

As his guests mellowed, the strain of the singular telegram showed more and more on Clive. Was it something about the money? At last, to get rid of that obnoxious thought and to forget the ignominy of his defeat, he entered somewhat more into the proper spirit of the dinner. Having an announcement of a more or less momentous sort to make, he first reduced the table to order, and finding his guests still in a receptive state of mind, rose to propose briefly a toast to—well, the fact was (Clive very red) that he was engaged to be married, and took this occasion to let them all know. Cheers, and a toast to her health. Who was she? And Clive, blushing still more, said that the girl who had done him the honor to consent to be his wife was none other than the beautiful Laura Sutton, of Leicester. There was a burst of congratulations, and after that the night passed ecstatically for Clive, telegram and boat race alike forgotten.

Life was something of a haze to him until next afternoon, when, after a glorious sleep in a Pullman chair, he found his train getting out of Bridgeport on the last stretch to New York. Wycherley, who never drank, was with him.

"Can you come up to Leicester with me, Sam?" Clive asked. "If this train is on time, I shall take the six-five straight up here. We'll dine, I'll see my uncle, and there'll be something to do surely."

Wycherley could not. Billy had forgotten that it was the next morning that Wycherley's boat sailed for South America. He had a lot of things to do in New York that evening; he would sleep at the Manhattan and be off at nine next day. Off to his bridges and railroads, while Clive started on *his* life's work, spending his patrimony. There was something fine in Sam's

going away so: Clive half wished he were embarking next day, too.

Clive caught the six-five for Leicester. A trap of his uncle's was waiting at the station. "Mister Clive will dine with you at the club at quarter before eight, Master William," said the man. "He has a room for you there."

Downstairs in the Leicester Country Club no less than five men stopped Clive to shake hands, congratulate him, and condole with him on losing the race. The emphasis was on the congratulations, however, for everyone knew he was coming into his money, and everyone knew he was engaged to Laura Sutton. Clive whistled in his bath and at his dressing.

He was surprised to find that they had a private dining room for dinner, and when he met his uncle the whistle died on his lips. "The telegram *was* bad news, then," he said to himself, and sat down, nerving himself for something disagreeable. Granville Clive's story to his nephew was simple enough. It was a story of mistake, mismanagement, and fraud. Billy's "coming into his money" was a farce; there *was* no money.

"How about Laura?" Clive asked blankly.

"You must release her, if she wants you to," said Granville Clive, knocking the ashes off his cigarette. "I saw her before dinner; I think her father has told her how you are off,—he knows. I—well, she may make it easy for you to release her."

"Uncle Gran," said Clive with temper, "she's not—"

Granville Clive stopped him wearily.

"Never mind, Bill," he said, "if you say she's not, why, she isn't, of course. What I wanted to tell you is this: the things having gone to the devil is the executor's fault, as you see, and not much mine. For the part that is my fault you've got to let me make reparation. What do you owe?"

The story of Clive's debts, told in full, was the great surprise of his Uncle Granville's life.

"If I pay these things for you," he said, "it won't leave anything for you to start with. What are you going to do?"

"I will tell you in the morning," said Clive, and he went out onto the club piazza, from which the lawns fell gradually to the lake. It was brilliant

moonlight, in which the roofs of the boat houses were so attractively illuminated that Clive unconsciously stepped down the gravel path toward the margin of the water. Half way down he turned. Music began inside the clubhouse. Irresistibly drawn back Clive remounted the path and stood on the piazza looking in at the ball room, where a few people were waltzing. While he looked, the radiant Miss Sutton walked by inside. If there had been no one with her, Clive would have gone in, but he did not know the man beside her. Clive walked down the path again to the little jetty, which was quite deserted. In a dark corner where he found a comfortable seat, he began to smoke and think. He had no idea how much time went by. Once he heard indistinctly the voice of a man and a woman who were getting into a canoe; they were around the corner, out of his sight. Then he heard the steady plug, plug of the paddle, which, after an interval, was lost out in the stillness of the middle of the lake.

But presently Clive was disturbed by a sudden feminine shriek. He sprang to his feet, throwing aside his cigarette, but the cry for help was not repeated. Jumping into one of the canoes, Clive paddled vigorously for the middle of the lake. When he reached the spot where the cry must have come from, he stopped. Nothing was to be seen. His ear, however, was arrested by the far-off sound of a paddle working quickly, and, turning his head he saw, away up the lake, a canoe right in the track of the moon's reflection. Clive struck out toward it. He gained so slowly, that before he was near enough to see who the two people in the canoe were, it turned into the cove at the head of the lake and was hidden in the dark.

Clive worked inshore, paddling noiselessly into the estuary. In the light at the mouth he knew he could see his chase if it started for the open. He came upon them suddenly, a man and a girl sitting in strained silence, their boat drawn well up under the branches that overhung the bank. It was so dark that Clive had to lean over into their canoe to see who they were. The man sat in the stern, his paddle on his knees. The woman lay back among the cushions at the bow.

"Why, Laura," said Clive in surprise. The beautiful Miss Sutton

laughed a bit nervously. The man was her partner of the ball room.

"I beg your pardon," said Billy Clive, somewhat bewildered. He swung his boat about. Then, turning to her, he said: "I heard you call. It sounded as though you wanted help. You didn't, did you?" Clive peered frowning at the silent man in the stern.

"Oh, goodness, no," said the beautiful Miss Sutton lightly. "Jack almost upset the boat out there, and I was so frightened I am afraid I screamed."

"I see," said Clive simply, digging his paddle into the water.

Before he had gone a dozen strokes the man he did not know called to him. "Mr. Clive! Will you wait a moment? We'll paddle across with you." They paddled silently back to the jetty together, and walked up to the club.

"Good night, Billy," said Miss Sutton cordially. Clive was left standing alone in the hall-way. He turned to the man behind the desk.

"Mr. May," he asked, with his eyes on the clock, "is there a carriage going down to the eleven-forty-five?"

"If you want one there is, Mr. Clive."

"I think I do," said Clive. "Yes, I do. And I want you to telegraph to the depot in New York for me, about my trunks. They haven't come up here, have they? I thought not. That's good." Clive sat down at the table by the large fireplace and wrote a telegram and a couple of letters; the letters he did not mail, but left them with Mr. May to be delivered in the morning.

About one o'clock Clive entered the room in the Manhattan where Sam Wycherley was smoking his pipe alone.

"Do you believe," asked Billy Clive quizzically, "there is a chance for another enterprising young man in Brazil?" Next morning they sailed hopefully for the unknown together.

*S. A. Welldon.*

*RECEPTIVITY.*

I lingered in the dusk for her,  
The crescent moon hung low,  
The last faint flush had faded out  
Of twilight's afterglow.

I caught the scent of orchard bloom  
On the still evening air—  
A delicate perfume thrilling me  
Like breath of lavender.

With forehead bared and heart at peace  
I leaned against the bars,  
And worshipped like the Chaldee seers  
The splendor of the stars.

One glorious planet throbbed and burned,  
All palpitant with light.  
(Surely some kindred feeling stirred  
The bosom of the night!)

I lingered in the dusk for her:  
Receptive lay my soul;  
And all the beauty of the world  
Into my being stole.

*C. L. Story.*

*MR. ROBERT HERRICK AND HIS REALISM.*

## I.

As a result of the striving after actuality which is the creed of modern realism, we get too often an unpleasant picture of life, because the writer fears to allow himself any kindliness of treatment which may degenerate into untrue sentimentality. Hence the product must give satisfaction to the reading appetite, not by any objective pleasure there may be in it, but by subjective over-refined enjoyment incident to the artistic make-up and faithful portrayal of things as they are. And to this class belong the novels of Mr. Robert Herrick.

Mr. Herrick's work has not been very long before the public. He graduated from Harvard in 1890 and is now a teacher of English in the University of Chicago. His first real success as a novelist came in 1898 when he published "The Gospel of Freedom," a story of the restless, eager, egoistic woman of our new civilization. Before that, Scribner's had brought out two shorter works, "Literary Love-Letters and Other Stories" and "The Man Who Wins," which, though good and distinctly original in treatment, merely gave promise of the maturer and more powerful work that was to come from his pen. "The Gospel of Freedom" was followed in 1900 by "The Web of Life," and in 1901 by "The Real World." Each of these three novels showed a growing sense of power on the part of the writer to visualize great situations, a clearer understanding of the attributes of character, and a keener ability to marshal and distribute the various material in artistic form. Those who have followed in Mr. Herrick's work, the transition from brilliant promise to abundant realization of strength, feel that here is something out of the common run, something serious and lasting. And Mr. Herrick is no slothful worker; what he publishes has been made as good as he could make it.

The theme which underlies all Mr. Herrick's stories is the question of caste and social conditions in America. There is no doubt Mr. Herrick has thought deeply upon this subject and has formulated his ideas before begin-



ning to write. There is a certain incisiveness in the method of presentation that proves this. But he is not devoted to the general question as such, but as a powerful exponent in the making or unmaking of human character. Nor does he treat human character as does Mr. Meredith, with a special propensity toward "refining upon ideas and following out their evolution as a disinterested exercise of the mind." It is the objective rather than the subjective character in which Mr. Herrick is interested, and he treats his general theme accordingly.

The question whether Mr. Herrick's philosophy of life is sound, it is difficult to solve summarily. Of course he immediately challenges comment on the merits of his views by prefixing to his novels such titles as "The Real World" and "The Web of Life." Tremendous titles they are, and at first sight one is prone to ask whether so young a man as Mr. Herrick has had time to learn what the real world is, or to unmesh the labyrinth of life's web. But after reading the stories through, one must admit that Mr. Herrick shows a very masterful grasp of one side of the real world. Similarly, though the philosophy, considered from the standpoint of optimistic ethics, seems patently open to indiscriminate criticism, on second thought one finds that it is primarily sound at bottom, and that the kind of life treated, not the philosophy of treatment, accounts for the resultant discouraging atmosphere. Still one might justly say of Mr. Herrick that the futility of life seems to impress him more than it does minds of perfect sanity. Throughout the stories runs a pessimism which evinces not so much a belief that everything is bad, as a belief that nothing can ever be quite good or hopeful. We see here indeed almost a tinge of the old Greek fatalism, of the idea that men are mere puppets whenever the thread of Fate is tangled in the woof.

Mr. Herrick, like Thackeray, depicts his characters in a spirit of cynical pity, but unlike Thackeray gives us no tempering solace therewith. Their virtues are of a distinctly negative type, and are generally overbalanced by their weaknesses and inherent misconceptions, and hence we rarely find them enjoying life as it should be enjoyed. Undoubtedly the people of whom Mr. Herrick writes had occasional happy moments, indeed some of the scenes are

laid in environments that should be festal, but underneath is always the insinuated evil motive, waiting to develop into tragedy. Occasionally this twilight pessimism becomes so wholly dark that we must cry out in protest that life cannot be so warped, that somewhere its line is straight. But Mr. Herrick's tapestry is so perfectly, so consummately woven that nowhere can we discover the thread that has slipped in the woof; each development of the plot is so convincing that we cannot place a finger on any spot and say, "There is the wrong turn, here we have left the original course of the design." And yet we must doubt in spite of Mr. Herrick's cogent logic. The answer to our doubt is inevitably this; the hypothesis, though not radically wrong, is one-sided. Part of the real world is actuated by sordid ambition and selfish motives,—the other part is not referred to for a moment. It serves Mr. Herrick's purpose to introduce for his artistic effect only those things in life which are as he depicts them. Herein lies much of the secret of his success as a manager of forceful realism.

Still, even though we must grant that Mr. Herrick's philosophy of life is, so far as it goes, sound, yet the question will often arise in our minds as to whether it is worth while to write of the unpleasant side of man's existence. This, however, does not concern us in an estimate of Mr. Herrick's work. Many agree with Mr. Herrick that it is worth while, and those who do not agree must still be interested though antagonized. Although it is undoubtedly dispiriting to be forced to consider such disagreeable topics, the decision as to whether it is demoralizing depends on the temperament of the reader.

## II.

When we come to consider Mr. Herrick's style, his *modus dicendi*, we find that, as a literary vehicle, it is largely responsible for the definiteness of the impression made by his work as a whole. There is in his diction nothing of the idiosyncratic, of hard-sought originality; Mr. Herrick is not a mannerist. His style is his personality's native result perfected by use, and as such can be moulded to express exactly what he wishes it to. Its salient trait

is its quality of distinctly virile straightforwardness. Simple, lucid, and forcible, with a tinge of the poetic now and again, his phraseology never verges either on baldness or on fustian. It is a conscious expression, if you will, but artistically rather than æsthetically so, and none the less good on that account. Mr. Herrick never forsakes the straight path for the sake of glittering epigram or cunning turn of rhetoric, and his directness of speech stimulates thought on the truth of what he says. Hence there results something inherently inimical to popularity, for the great body of readers will not abide having to think while they read, but demand instead that they be momentarily delighted by cleverness or bombast. Mr. Herrick is too genuine a realist to cater to the mis-directed taste of such an audience, but writes instead for those who appreciate a non-complex, restrained method. It is strange that with this very exceptional poise conjoined with simplicity, Mr. Herrick still attains such extraordinary force and vividness. A good example of his descriptive ability is the opening paragraph in "The Web of Life": "The young surgeon examined the man as he lay on the hospital chair in which the ward attendants had left him. The surgeon's fingers touched him deftly, here and there, as if to test the endurance of the flesh he had to deal with. The head nurse followed his swift movements, wearily moving an incandescent light hither and thither, observing the surgeon with languid interest. Another nurse, much younger, without the 'black band,' watched the surgeon from the foot of the cot. Beads of perspiration chased themselves down her pale face, caused less by sympathy than by sheer weariness and heat. The small receiving room of St. Isidore's was close and stuffy, overcharged with odors of iodoform and ether. The Chicago spring, so long delayed, had blazed with a sudden fury the last week in March, and now at ten o'clock not a capful of air strayed into the room, even through the open windows that faced the lake."

In this description of a hospital scene there is nothing added for the sake of claiming the attention, there is no promiscuous detail, yet the general effect is strong and vivid, we see the situation as clearly as if with our own eyes. Yet the method of describing it is simple, almost terse.

Mr. Herrick's strength of narrative style is shown at its highest nervous tension in a scene from "The Real World" which is cited below. The preceding story of the novel is briefly this: Jack Pemberton, a young lawyer who as a poor boy has worked his way to and through Harvard, and had later become successful in the outside world, had all his life loved Elsie Mason, an ambitious young girl of a rather *nouveau riche* family. She married, to further her career, a not very noble business man who could give her wealth and position. After her marriage, when she found what she had striven for unsatisfying and tawdry and devoid of all nobility of sensation, she sought relief from the *ennui* of life among her circle of admirers, and finally conceived a passion for Jack Pemberton. Jack, disappointed in her and rather suspicious of her petty triumphs, still loved her, though he had fought it down ever since her marriage. One evening she prevailed upon him to go with her to the opera, where, in the seductive ecstasy of "Tristram and Isolde," their hands instinctively sought each other. In the carriage on the way home he "turned to look at her,—gravely, doubtingly, his heart still beating fiercely. 'You meant it!' he said accusingly. 'Yes, I meant it!' she exclaimed, her face close to his, her eyes answering his defiantly. 'And I am glad, I am glad.'" Then, when they had come into the warm room of the house, occurs the tremendous scene to which we referred above, where Jack is for the moment overwhelmed by the masterful spell of the woman and their love, and then breaks away from it forever. Strongly unpleasant as the situation is, in the hands of a less skilful writer it would become disgusting, but Mr. Herrick, with that peculiar restraint of his, while giving to the scene its full mead of unpleasantness, does not in any way revolt the artistic sense. It is a notable piece of technique, and there is withal a certain poetic tinge which heightens the expression. A part of the scene follows:—

"A bed of red fire gleamed through the gray ashes on the hearth. \* \* \*

"Elsie slipped the long cloak from her shoulders and tossed it upon a chair, turning with the same swift motion to Jack, who stood quite still before the fire.

" 'Yes!' she exclaimed, a slight smile on her lips, her hands outstretched to him. 'I am glad, glad!'

"The man, drawn by the gesture, the triumphant words, the shining face, slowly responded to her appeal, coming nearer and nearer until he felt the repressed breathing, the subtle dilation of the warm, vital creature almost within his arms. For a moment they stood thus without words, the woman's lips still smiling in joyous welcome, her arms reached out to him. In the chaotic swirl of thought and feeling, the man paused, knowing the trick and hating it, understanding in one swift revelation all the power and recklessness of the woman,—his heart strangely dead within him, but the blood singing savagely in every vein of his body. The poignant, appealing strains of the music he had heard sounded in his ears like the phrase of fate, and she, too, was hearing those strains and yielding to their sensuous impulsion. For a moment, thus, they swayed before the wind of passion.

" 'For I love you, love you, love you,' she said, iterating the word with savage emphasis. 'And you have loved me always!'

"He cried vainly, blindly, 'No! no!'—a cry that closed in pain and inarticulate moan,—and then he seized her and kissed her lips, as they smiled triumphantly at him. They were soft and cool, fresh as the surface of rain-washed fruit. As he touched them, the sensuous glow of her body enveloped him,—the spell of the woman as woman, with all her hidden instincts, her beguiling, unseen mastery of flesh. The repressed rage, the carnal temptations of his race, swept over the man, surging in him like the maddening music,—the one great desire that would be appeased, even to death.

" 'I love you, love you, love you,' she repeated in her triumph, bringing him nearer within the circle of her arms, her lips still close to his.

" 'I almost—hate you!' he answered dully. In the silence of the dim room something seemed to break, like the snapping of a taut ligament."

This is a strong piece of writing. I have taken it as an example of what Mr. Herrick can directly achieve by his style. It is not the sort of thing he often writes about,—indeed I know only one other scene at all similar to it in all his work. But the point is, that when Mr. Herrick sets out to produce

a given impression of one sort or another, the resulting piece of writing is completed forcefully, thoroughly and with great *finesse*; there are few blemishes to be found upon it. One may read one of Mr. Herrick's novels from cover to cover and not find a passage which is unskilfully or crudely expressed. It is noteworthy indeed how sustained is the general tenor of the work,—not only in one place but in all does he reach the desired plane. The style itself is not an original style, in the sense that Thackeray's or Carlyle's is original, it is not a style that evinces genius as does Ruskin's, but it is a style that shows decided talent aided by painstaking skill. As a medium of expression for what Mr. Herrick desires to express it could not well be surpassed. I think it was Mr. Howells who said that there was nobody now writing novels in America who had the same mastery of the English language that Mr. Herrick has.

Mr. Herrick's method of construction of the novel as a whole shows much the same characteristics as his style. The detail is kept always contributory to the main purpose, the conceptions are clearly visualized and brought out definitely into the concrete. It requires no tentative effort to read Mr. Herrick's stories as it does, for example, those of Mr. Meredith, yet throughout the reading the mind sustains a certain subconscious exercise which evinces itself only in the prevalent interest felt. The motives are in general explained by the action, not the action by the motives, and because of this method Mr. Herrick's work carries a certain exoteric appeal which Mr. Meredith's can never have. There are few writers of the present day who seem to have so acute a perceptive faculty for the objective vagaries of human character. Mr. Herrick's *dramatis personae* are vividly real, they stand out as men and women endowed not only with the more simple characteristics of living personality, but also with the multifarious shades of consciousness which are the necessary result of our present American life with its flux and reflux of constantly clashing energy. The scenes are always strongly intense and personal, the stage setting vividly brought before the mind, the dialogue exceptional in its realization. Altogether Mr. Herrick has a remarkable mastery over his apparatus.

Mr. Herrick has already made his place among the few novelists we have in America who are writing what may be called literature. Undoubtedly he has not nearly reached as yet the height of his powers, but will produce work greater than anything he has so far done. And we can not but hope that in his next novel he will look at life with a little more hopeful glance. Perhaps the realist who holds up before the world a mirror which reflects only dark colors, may by the image frighten it into being less worldly, but to eliminate the brighter shades must at the same time take away much of the hope that makes for better things. It is a dangerous thing when the gospel of despair is too convincingly preached. And a writer with Mr. Herrick's exceptional talent has a responsibility entailed upon him by that very talent, the exercise of which in the right or wrong direction may exert great influence.

*Swinburne Hale.*

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*MAID'S LOVE.*

O loneliness of solitude,  
When the heart's love is far away ;  
Who, who shall say  
Whether it be a blessing to be wooed ?  
What joy or sorrow knew I yesterday,  
A little child, whose only doing good  
Was to obey ?

Child-innocence is sweet, but does not last—  
Thank God, it does not last.  
And now I have two voices in my heart,  
And one is young, and cries, "Yield, and rejoice":  
The second is a whisper from the past,  
That pleads, half-hearted, with the other voice,  
"Have mercy and depart."

Surely I must have slept, and in my sleep—  
For some strange bounding in the blood I felt—  
A madcap god has borne me at a leap  
From that same common land where I have dwelt  
Into a magic country, where all ills  
Unite, and every ecstasy of bliss,  
Where heaven is one step above the hills,  
And every valley is a black abyss.

*C. T. Ryder.*

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*A VICTIM OF ORDER.*

In a small suburban town there once lived a man who differed in no respect from a thousand other commonplace men who help to make up the nation. As a boy he had gone through the public schools without unusual distinction, and was launched upon the world with a vague understanding of affairs,—and a profound respect for himself. In the absence of anything better to do, he entered a local bank as messenger. There, he was much impressed with the regularity of things: he noted how such-and-such a thing was done in such-and-such a way, as such-and-such a time; how the most extreme care was paid to detail; how everyone lost his identity and became but a cog in the machine which they called the Bank. He was impressed with the fact that even the bank presidents seemed to die off with admirable regularity; that the Vice-President became President; the Cashier, Vice-President; the Teller, Cashier; the Head-Clerk, Teller; and so on. His mind was in its formative, its receptive period, and the whole thing made a wonderful impression upon him. He resolved speedily to make himself conform to the requirements of a true bank official: he began to regulate his gait, to limit his hours of sleep and his hours of waking, to economize in money and words, and—to look forward to that day (O happy thought) when the President should die—the Red Letter Day of bank officials—when he should become a clerk.



The incumbent president proved to be a long-lived individual, and our hero's faith in "system" began to weaken. He did not wholly despair, however, and devoted the interim to self-improvement. He further applied himself to regularity: he spoke only so many words to the minute, wrote only such a number to the line, became more and more the machine, and less and less the man, thus fitting himself for his first rise in the *gradus honorum*.

At last the long looked for day of promotion arrived; the President had died. Impatiently the bank messenger, and embryonic clerk, submitted to the wait which custom says must separate death and burial. As bearer at the funeral he almost hugged the coffin—the cause of his advancement—with delight, and took an undisguised and, to his friends, a wholly unaccountable interest in those proceedings which are usually considered joyless. It was with joy, however, that he attended the gathering, fraught, as it was, with so much meaning to him. At the end he was promoted to a clerkship.

As a clerk he continued his self-appointed task of personal betterment. He did more: he made a census of all the available, marriageable girls in the town, placed their virtues (and money) on one side of the balance, and their back-slidings on the other, and was thus enabled to decide upon one whose good qualities were undeniable. Every Sunday evening he called exactly at eight o'clock, and left while yet the echoes of the chimes striking ten could be heard. One night he fell and broke his leg; and when he did not come, they set the clock back and voted to send it to the repairer's the next day. And so the time passed by until the decease of the President brought about another bankers' holiday, with its customary promotions.

With the increased salary resulting from this promotion the mind of John Smith—this unusual name was his—reverted to marriage. Accordingly, on a Sunday evening, when the lady had all but despaired of him, he drew from his pocket a neat manuscript on which he had set forth, briefly and succinctly, the desirability of connubial existence. This he read to his love. At the close he asked her opinion of the data and, as she seemed sufficiently impressed, he fell on his knees and begged her hand. Great was the rejoicing in the house of the future father-in-law at the welcome news; for

the event had long been expected, and our hero's virtues were well known and generally admired. Shortly after, on a Sunday evening, out of deference to the day of his call, they were married, and a new chapter in his life was begun. For a time, the irregularity of procuring and furnishing a house troubled him, but very soon he had educated his wife to his ways, and order again reigned supreme.

By successive deaths and one resignation (singular occurrence!) he became Teller and Cashier. He was now well-to-do: his expenditures had always been small and his investments strictly careful; so he began to feel able to enjoy an occasional luxury. Sometimes he indulged in an after-dinner cigar, before the open fire; and gradually, through the soothing influence of smoke-dreams, he became something of a philosopher. He diagnosed life from many points of view, wondered at its mysteries, and sometimes even went so far as to suggest to himself improved conditions. And thus it was, in one of his lapses of contemplation, that his Great Plan suggested itself to him.

It happened on a Sunday evening: he had seated himself as usual before the open grate; the fire burned brightly and reflected, indistinctly, his dreamy thoughts. As he mused his eyes wandered vacantly about the room until, by chance, they rested on a small sand-glass which set on the mantel. It caught his attention immediately.

"A curious thing," said he to himself. "That little piece of wood is synonymous with time—the sands of time; how interesting and yet how sad! Yet the regularity of the thing is admirable; it runs for an hour and is done. Would that one's life might be so regulated!" Then, like a flash, his Great Plan unfolded itself to him.

"And why not?" he almost shouted. "Why shouldn't a person regulate his life by a sand-glass? Why shouldn't one's life be fixed by the sands of time? I will estimate the length of my life. I will construct a monster sand-glass. When its sands have run out I shall die. Our lives will be coterminous. And—and—I shall die systematically," he added, with a smile of triumph.

His mind, once made up, was inflexible, and with strong determination and an almost boyish enthusiasm, he set about his task. First, it was necessary to ascertain the probable length of his life, in order to know how large to construct the sand-glass. It required much calculation to find this out and kept him busy for two days. He pored over musty manuscripts and learned how long his ancestors had lived, and the diseases of which they had died: these two he added together. Then he divided by his own good health and subtracted the number of years he had already lived. The result gave him until one o'clock P. M., on the sixth of November, 1916, to live. Thus the first important step was accomplished.

Next, he had to have a sand-glass which would suit this calculation: such a glass, he decided, after more figuring, must be one hundred feet high, and correspondingly broad. Its immense size rather discouraged him at first, but he did not lose heart and ordered bids from several contractors, the cheapest of which he accepted. The contractor, in due time, completed the monster sand-glass, and adjoining the owner's house, a great wooden structure was built to shelter it. It was so arranged that he could enter this wooden affair from his own room, and by climbing a ladder could get on a level with the center of the glass through which the sand flowed. Thus he was able to tell each day how it was running. The appearance of the structure from the outside was unique: it loomed up like the Washington Monument, and people thought it must contain some modern pyramid or mausoleum which Smith, with the customary modesty of the times, had erected to perpetuate his memory. "Smith's Tomb," as it came to be called, was the talk of the neighborhood.

At the last minute the sand was put in and, as his calculations directed, the glass was started at precisely six o'clock P. M., on the 7th of June, 1881. This gave him thirty-five years, four months, twenty-eight days, and nineteen hours to live. Everything seemed satisfactory, and he went to bed that night well satisfied with himself and the world in general.

The following day John Smith began a new and mechanically perfect life. He was now perfectly happy. Every item in his existence was syste-

matized—even his dying. The sand in the glass flowed with machine-like precision, and gradually the little pile on the bottom grew larger and larger. Its increase startled him; it seemed like emphasizing the passing of his years,—and when a man is forty he doesn't like to think he is growing old—; but he reasoned that if the years had to go, it was surely best to know just how fast they were going. So he visited the glass often in order to keep posted. His family were as enthusiastic over the invention as he. Every night they went with him to inspect it and see if all was well. The children were young and did not wholly understand its significance: but they grew to have a great awe and respect for the great glass which their father worshipped as a god.

As time went on the sand-glass had an increasingly great fascination for John Smith—for hours he would watch it flow—a fascination that was almost morbid, for the sight of it always brought up unpleasant thoughts of death and burial, and left him in no very comfortable frame of mind: yet he could not keep away. It had, more truly than he had anticipated, become a part of his life. Not a day passed that he did not visit it; and not a day passed that he did not vow he would never visit it again. And thus he grew older.

Eventually he became Vice-President of the bank. The local paper began to speak of him as a leading citizen. He contributed occasional sums to benevolent institutions and rented a whole pew in his church. One year the Temperance Party nominated him for Mayor, but he was defeated by the "Liquor Element," which rather raised, than lowered, him in the esteem of the people. He spoke at political rallies and public meetings and was noted for his conservative opinions. In short, as he grew older his position and renown advanced.

Now it came about that, in the midst of an exciting Directors' meeting of John Smith's bank, the incumbent president was stricken with apoplexy and died. By this lucky and unexpected chance John Smith was made President—his highest ambition—before he had expected it. His good fortune intoxicated him; he became irregular in his habits; and for a time he entirely forgot the existence of the sand-glass.

Finally, one morning at the bank, this neglect occurred to him with

great force and he resolved to inspect his invention immediately upon his return that noon. He reached home in good spirits and joyfully sat down to his favorite dinner. He was at peace with the world: his health was good; his ambition was sated. "I never felt so well in my life," he assured his wife. After dinner, by way of diversion, he suggested a visit to the sand-glass, and accompanied by his wife and children he entered the tower. The lower half of the glass seemed unusually full. He ascended the ladder, and discovered, when he had reached the top, that the sand had all run out. "Oh God!" he cried, and fell dead at the foot of the ladder.

*Emerson Woods Baker.*

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### THE JEST OF JUDGMENT.

"Serve thou thy God in all!"  
Passing I heard within the prison wall  
These words, and through the gate I went  
With spirit deeply reverent.

"The good shall win to Heaven."  
And does the priest think thus spoiled bread to leaven?  
Outside it was the Easter day,  
But here all days are one, they say.

"Lift up your thoughts on high."  
Nay rather, priest, turn yours down from the sky!  
To feel the sun and smell the sod  
Would teach their hearts more love of God.

"My brothers, let us pray."  
Would each man there not cast his soul away  
To pass outside unmarked as he  
His fellow man, blithe, careless, free?

"In sin ye serve the devil!"  
In hell made by man's hands why prate of evil?  
Smothered my heart within me burned,  
And from the prison gate I turned.

"But are they, like us, men?  
Their heavy world is all beyond our ken,  
All warmth of life for them is lost."  
Yet think, shall we not some day pay the cost?

S. H.

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UNDERGRADUATE CRITICISM.

Undergraduate literary criticism is a problem in itself. It can claim none of the virtues of the maturer criticism, and most of the faults; it must even admit still further failings. Yet the practice has grown up among the undergraduate periodicals, not only here but in the other universities and colleges down to the pettiest academy in the territories; and the fact that it has held its place for some years seems proof that it has some *raison d'être*. To be sure, I have vastly more respect for the man who has the courage and ability to write a story, to offer a little creation or humor or something of interest to the world. But this other man, who has the uninteresting ideas and dares to bore the public with them—well, it is in his class that I must confess myself, and I may as well frankly admit that all this is the result of my somewhat egotistic desire to find an excuse for his existence.

That the more imposing functions of criticism, such as Matthew Arnold maintains, should be attributed to undergraduate work is, of course, ridiculous. Perhaps some criticism may be justified as the prerequisite of creation, as gathering together a vast mass of facts and ideas which are to be bricks and mortar for an actually creative genius—such a movement as made a Goethe possible in Germany, and the lack of which hampered Wordsworth and the others in England, with plenty of will to work, but little material at

their command. This, however, we cannot look for in the college periodical. Granting that we might somehow help collect a few new ideas, we could scarcely hope for the creative genius which should build on them; our readers are too immature, our generations too short, our circulations too restricted to make probable the use of our material in a creative way by either the collegiate genius or the uncollegiate.

That more practical aim of criticism, too, which strives to make the writer see himself as others see him, is scarcely practicable—one can fancy Mr. Pinero smiling as he reads (imagining, by a little effort, that the college paper falls into his hands by some chance) the violent denunciation of his latest play by a lofty Sophomore whose greatest literary achievement is a “B” in English A. The criticism of undergraduates’ work by undergraduates, such as appears in “exchange columns” or the college dailies, may indeed have value in that manner. Leave a young writer to his own devices and he may either unnecessarily condemn or unduly praise his own work. For him the opinion of the *Crimson* reviewer means at least the outspoken impression of one man on that subject; and even for the literary editors the review may conceivably act as a warning voice against extremes. But somewhat too frequently this criticism being, I take it, usually the judgment of one man, passes off as the opinion of authority, and he who reads the criticism feels that he has sufficiently acquainted himself with the contents of the paper. This tendency, leading as it does sometimes to rather ludicrous results in criticising “graduate articles,” is unfortunate. But such work, whatever its merits and demerits, is hardly to be termed literary criticism. The really important question is the sort of work that appears in the so-called college literary magazines. And though that branch may seem useless or worse under the conventional tenets of criticism, it has in its better forms, I think, some sort of justification.

The aim, no doubt, of the undergraduate literary paper, is to communicate some important facts to the public, be it as a dissertation on Ibsen or a sonnet on the original beauties of a sunrise. This must, indeed, be its ultimate excuse for existing. But it seems of necessity insignificant: for the

public that endures it all consists at most of two or three hundred patient souls; and if they chose to learn these same facts they could in all probability find them better expressed elsewhere. Seriously, I think one might as well neglect the traditional purpose and accept a more subjecting view of the paper's function. For, in the words of a recent *Advocate* editorial, "it must not be forgotten that college papers as a whole are not so much for those who read as for those who write." This faces squarely, I think, the whole situation; and in it lies whatever justification there may be for undergraduate literary criticism.

In a college, large or small, there is bound to be a body of fellows whose tastes are naturally literary. Almost every man in college, in fact, has his ideas of Mrs. Fiske's last play, for instance, or the "frock-coat dramas" of the syndicate. And usually he has something to say of Stevenson or the most widely circulating novel of the hour. At the least he knows what he thinks of the indiscriminating enthusiast on those subjects. No one will question the value of a few such ideas; no one will question the importance of their being fostered. Culture may not, indeed, be mere book-knowledge; but a little book-knowledge is usually a "concomitant," and at all events one is apt to associate some literary intelligence with the cultured man. These opinions and ideas, however, are usually rather nebulous and unconnected. They come to the surface as a rule only when one is pressed to the point of "talking theatre" at an afternoon tea—and then probably as a few disconnected epigrams, or in a confused mixture of wafers and absurdities. If the epigrams are good, they deserve a little attention and polishing; and at all events the interest that prompted their formation is worthy of encouragement.

If your epigramist is left to go his own way he will probably simply drift along, very cleverly, but not accomplishing anything, never getting any further than a few neat sentences between pipe-puffs as he sits before his grate fire—a very conventional and useless existence. He may even turn into a harmless cynic. A very little stimulation might make him produce something worth while. We are very few of us geniuses, but we can all try to do something a little better than we are doing at present. Now expression



will never beget emotion, but it compels a little thinking—one does not rashly offer his ideas to public scrutiny unless he has a notion, very likely incorrect, that they do him some credit. Let the cynic once turn to expressing his views, and though he may fail to become a troublesome optimist he is at least training himself to connect his epigrams in a rational manner, and he may even conclude by writing something fairly good.

Our invaluable Courses of Instruction seem to have provided adequately for this exercise in thinking powers. The English literature courses demand our opinions of Sartor Resartus or the Lake School every two weeks if we are conscientious. And our composition courses are, of course, the best that there are. With many fellows these may prove safety valves for critical strain. But unfortunately the composition courses are nothing more than courses, and they are bound to furnish about as much stimulus as those in Greek composition. I am not questioning their efficiency so far as they go; but they do not, I think, go far enough. The discipline in expression that they involve; the criticism, hurried though it must be, of a mature judgment; the process of rubbing off the bumps of style—all these are unquestionably of great value. Whether they do not tend to crush individuality, and to produce the self-conscious stylist, by necessarily paying less attention to the matter than to its expression, I do not pretend to decide. But one thing is obvious: they do not strongly stimulate creation. There is an arbitrary problem and an arbitrary audience, a sonnet offhand for a bored instructor—the conditions are bound to be hypothetic and artificial. The prize to be won is perhaps a little red-inked “B” in a big book at the Office. For some men, no doubt, this is sufficient; for all of us there may be excellent training in composing a sonnet to order. But it inspires in most of us about the same amount of love for composition as do “elocution” days for oratory. The quality of the work done is significant. Some of the victims, imbued with sudden literary aspirations, turn in manuscripts to the papers, frequently with very carefully preserved instructorial praises on them for our edification. They are usually faultless enough; but they are interesting only in brief passages, and in large

measure unprintable. It is inevitable, I think, that such training should be to many men either distasteful or an inadequate stimulus.

But there is without any doubt some positive stimulus in seeing your name for the first time in print. To be sure, nobody reads your contribution; but you do, and the proof-reader has had to go over the spelling—and perhaps ten years from now some browser will chance upon it and read a few paragraphs or construct a romance in his mind over your inspiring signature, J. Smith. There is something to be said for it after all. The stimulus, indeed, may wear off. But when you have seen it a sufficient number of times for that, perhaps you are elected to the board—you are “on something” and feel useful in an indefinite way. At last the cynic, if he has labored so far, is doing something that is in a microscopic fashion worth while. This applies equally well, of course, to the man who writes stories; but I do not consider him in need of apology. If the literary paper can give a stimulus to the fireside cynic toward critically creative work it has, I think, some justification.

I am not unaware than many, perhaps most, of the so-called literary men try for papers less because they have any genius stirring in their souls or any ideas to contribute than because, failing to get a sweater and cap, they want at least a “shingle.” But before even a man of this sort has made his paper, if he writes criticism he must, as well as the cynic, have gone through the process of training in some degree his thought and its expression. For him the comparative value of English courses and paper work does not matter. But this discipline in paper work that makes the effort, no matter what its prompting motive, is worth while. The man may go on, enter journalistic work, write criticism and find fault for a living—in that the academic training will not be a handicap. Or he may settle down to earn money—then it will not hurt him to have practiced in his youth the gentle art of thinking.

Once justified by this means, however, undergraduate criticism is forced to meet a single test. If the man is going to train his own thinking powers he must write his own thoughts, not combine the opinions of others and sign his name to them. Unquestionably it sometimes makes a very readable essay

to glean a few phrases from an aphoristic review in the *Nation* and to play the Philistine in other people's armor. But such concoctions are usually evident and hurt nobody but the man who writes them. Every man has some ideas of his own; they may be wrong—he is not in a position to judge of their value—but if he publishes them he at least gives people a chance to tell him so. And perhaps he will even set some few people to thinking about them. The paper does not, I think, take complete responsibility for the sentiments in its columns; people generally understand that an article is only the impression of one man, that he is not speaking with the voice of authority—so what matter if he does occasionally slip? He is, as long as he writes his own ideas, developing his grey matter. College criticism is safe if it restricts itself to that attitude, absurd and useless if it attempts to do more.

A word as to the style in such work. The stylist, as one of the English reviews puts it, is usually “a young man with nothing to say, who has a trick of contorting his sentences into an unintelligible shape.” Now the undergraduate is peculiarly liable to that temptation. A few pages of cleverly contorted sentences are sometimes readable, and may appear, if contorted properly, to make up for the lack of substance beneath. Of course this is wrong—undergraduate work should be as sincere and unaffected as any sort of serious writing. But if the man is writing his own ideas, if he has anything to say, he is apt to be enough concerned with his subject-matter to neglect the over-clever phrasing. So that, given the sincere purpose, the style, being but a “thinking out into language” may well take care of itself.

It is at present quite the fashion to rail at the critic, especially his imitator, the undergraduate critic. Yet I must think that undergraduate criticism is doing no harm to its audience and some good to its writers, if it is taken seriously, as practice in thinking and expression. I am perfectly conscious that I have sinned against these tenets, and that we shall all probably continue to sin; but I am anxious to offer at least a theoretical justification for our blunders, and to indicate what leaf it might be safe to turn over the next New Year's day. That is, I think, to maintain an attitude consistently subjective and sincere.

*Laird Bell.*

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*HALF-TIDE.*

The listless winds blow toward the shore,  
The grey seals bask upon the ledge ;  
The combers break with sullen roar  
Upon the water's rocky edge.  
Sun, sea, and sky,  
And the breakers on the beach,  
A lonely curlew's cry,  
And the foam-streaks down the reach ;  
Sun, sea, and sky,  
And a throb in the mid-day air,  
The tide's half high,  
And the reefs are showing bare.

*Oric Bates.*

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*MARY DELAY.*

We were gazing at the two black folds of petticoat eaves which the Winchester pagoda displayed above the surrounding evergreens a mile away. I was telling the Metropolitan patrol, whom I often encountered in my walks, how the topmost story of that pagoda had become completely decorated with laborious, conventional jack-knife designs, and how striking amidst this maze of lettering, like the name of John Hancock in the Declaration of Independence, was the bold signature, "Mary Delay."

"Yet about every other inscription there I could tell you a story," I said. "I have amused myself many times in their invention. But when I come to 'Mary Delay' my imagination always fails me. Those two words, Hapgood, should suggest everything to me. And I am almost ashamed to confess, they suggest nothing at all."

"They suggest to me," said the patrol smiling, "that it was a woman and that she was Irish."

I, forthwith, struck off through the frosty woods, using the afternoon sun for my compass. The raciness of the autumn was in my blood today and a smile was in my heart, for I anticipated myself once more upon the old pagoda, once more facing the haunting autograph of Mary Delay, that eternal puzzle. There are three good reasons why this Winchester pagoda is the frequent goal of my suburban walks. First, the manners and the height of an encircling patch of hills render it so difficult to be sighted within the radius of a mile, and the underbrush has made such considerable intrusions upon the only path towards it from my direction, that I flatter myself no little woodcraft is required to find it readily; second, it is the one object in all the Middlesex Fells that possesses for me the picturesqueness of decay; and third, it is only visited now by such solitary men as I. Today I rejoiced as heartily as ever over my straightforward and successful woodcraft, I climbed with zest the steep, worn stairs and I looked out upon the tiers of curving, dilapidated eaves with my habitual delight and down upon the seamy floors and unhorsed benches as I climbed. But on the third count disappointment awaited me. There on the topmost platform, there in my favorite corner, there between me and the everlasting hills, sat a woman.

Precipitous flight was my first impulse; the platform was not roomy enough for both of us was my instant, resentful conviction. But what a sunset was brewing in the west, and what a long way I had tramped to see it! Then, too, what was to prevent the lady from continuing to present her face to this same sunset as she was doing now, her profile to the encircling hills, and reserve the undistracting back of her gown for me? Besides, confined to such a *postiore* observations, I concluded that the lady was much older than I.

And it was thus surrendered, thus deluded into the idea that I was to continue ignoring the woman and adoring the sun-god, that she surprised me, when, after a short struggle, I suppose, with wishing me gone and wishing to behave pleasantly to a fellow-traveller, she suddenly turned upon me.

"Can you tell me, sir," she said, "the name of the high tower toward the south? I seem to have no recollection of it."

"It is the Lawrence Observatory on Ram's Head Hill," I answered. "It is all of three years old," I added in surprise.

She was very little older than I; this deduction was instantaneous. And so with all my deductions concerning her, for she possessed that quality which I can call by no other name than instantaneous beauty. Yes, instantaneous in more ways than one was the whimsical, crooked smile upon her lips, the blue sadness of her eyes—instantaneous in impulsiveness of appearance, in shortness of duration, in flashing, blinding havoc upon me. For the rest, she balanced daintily a flat violin-shaped hat over her auburn hair, a soft white boa was partly thrown off, partly caressed her shoulders, and a pearl-handled penknife lay open in her hand.

"Three years old!" she instantaneously exclaimed. "Well, this is my first visit here in four."

"It is my regular monthly pilgrimage," I pleasantly replied.

"Pilgrimage?" she flashed, "Why pilgrimage?" And her smile was so questioning, so interested that, though I had resolved to go away at once, I could not resist tarrying a moment to dilate on my favorite theme.

"This tower," said I, "is a relic of the past to me. At times, I can sit and hear that very ghostly tramping, tramping on its stairs which you will remember sounded so insistently into the lives of the people in Dickens' tale. But to me it is never as it was to them, the approaching footfall of the future, it is always the retreating echo of the past. My people who once visited and loved this spot have disappeared and died," I said with a gesture meant to include the initials imbedded upon the railings, standards, benches, everywhere, "and left us only—their epitaphs."

I was certainly honored with the lady's interest. She turned her eyes upon me (I had not foreseen that) and asked me softly (for this gentleness I could see no reason), "Epitaphs? Not epitaphs! Do you always think of them as epitaphs?"

"No," I confessed, "not always. That feeling comes mostly in the evening, in the twilight. In the daytime they approach more nearly the borderland of hieroglyphics. I busy my wits deciphering them, and when I have

deciphered them satisfactorily, the hieroglyphics become autographs. I have made many strange stories of yonder 'T. S. O.,' of 'Tom' and 'Alice' who lie so contentedly together in that rough heart, and of solitary 'Mary Delay.'

At this moment, though my neighbor's interest did not seem a bit abated, her conduct slightly disconcerted me. An instantaneous look of pain, I thought, passed over her features, which instantaneously was gone. With a convulsive movement of her shoulders she threw her fur still more closely against the standard behind her, which happened to be no other than the one that bore this very inscription, "Mary Delay." And that movement served to increase my sudden discontent, for the boa already quite concealed the name in question, and, at the mention of Mary Delay, a childish desire had come upon me to show off her autograph to my visitor as a proud collector would.

"You startled me," said the lady. "I was thinking of that very name myself. You mean that lonely cutting on the post behind me?"

I assented.

"I don't see where my carriage can be," the lady stranger said. "My sister was to have called for me long ago." But if there was any doubt in her mind as to the propriety or delectation of pursuing the conversation with me further, it was characteristically and instantaneously resolved. Again she turned those sad, blue eyes upon me, whereat all initiative on my part instantly fled, and asked, "You are then so good at making stories? Why not favor me with the story of Mary Delay?"

First, as I have said, I had no story of Mary Delay. Second, realizing that it might seem unnecessary and perhaps stupid of me also to wait until her carriage appeared, I thought that with another's story, I might put an epigrammatic crown to the conversation and retire. So I plagiarized. "Her story is short and sweet," I said. "She was a woman and she was Irish."

"I do not call that a story at all," said the lady. "I call it an impertinent remark."

It was with a surge of pleasure that I recognized that I had in some way outraged the lady's feelings. It gave a delightful finishing touch to this

unexpected interview, I thought. For I dared to hope that I had found at last someone who sympathized with my mad dreamings upon the old pagoda. Perhaps this lady had regarded these very inscriptions in some such light as I, perhaps she had even fancied stories of Mary Delay. I hastened to explain that I had plagiarized, and from the base motive of cloaking the poverty of my own imagination in the crude product of another's. Had anyone, I said, save Hapgood, made this remark to me of Mary Delay, I should have been not only resentful but enraged. And with the conclusion of my explanation I rose to go.

I paused at the head of the staircase to make a parting observation to the lady. "I ask your pardon," I said, "if I have bored you with my dreams and fancies this afternoon. Yet I have been quite honest—such are my dreams and such are my fancies. And thus abnormally I am constrained to speak about this old pagoda, from which the people of my imagination once watched such sunsets as we are now admiring, upon which they carved for me these inviolate records of the past."

"Inviolable!" interrupted the lady with that convulsive movement of her shoulders which I had noticed before, "now that is not good at all. They are by no means inviolate. Why, they are at the mercy," she continued, toying with the penknife in her hand, "of the first ingenious vandal who happens to come this way."

"There is little danger," I answered smiling. "I discovered this tower alone. I have never visited it in company. In the whole two years that I have known it you are the only living soul I have met upon its terraces."

"But still," she went on insistently, "suppose there were some danger, suppose you should some time come back to find your cherished autographs—tampered with?"

"I should feel as though a gravestone had been desecrated," I replied.

"But considering them as hieroglyphics, you have confessed you sometimes think of them as hieroglyphics," the lady said, "would not this very tampering give to them an added interest? Would you not have new and more complex puzzles to decipher?"



"It would not give me an added interest in the Great Pyramid," I answered, "were some modern German scholast to carve his own stupid story into the lives of the royal mummies."

"In a word, any violation of your epitaphs"—the lady persisted.

"You may laugh," I interrupted, "but it would pain me very much."

"Then," said the lady decisively, for she seemed a trifle disconcerted by my absurd replies, "then—" she said. "Or rather,—," she corrected herself. Then she began again. "You have favored me with your dreams and fancies, this afternoon," she said. "They have interested me more than you perhaps imagined. Perhaps the very surroundings which inspired them, perhaps the very nature of the fancies themselves may be inspiring me to give voice to something of my own—I am waiting for my carriage," the lady suddenly interjected. "Meanwhile why not work out one of these stories together—any one you choose—Mary Delay's, perhaps?"

That word "together" made the lady's invitation irresistible. I resumed my corner.

"And now, sir," said the lady presently, "tell me truly all that this inscription suggests to you."

"There is a story in it," I answered with some conviction.

"Then it is not your imagination which is at fault. The trouble lies solely," she said with an encouraging smile, "in your ingenuity. Come, sir, name me from memory the remarkable features of this autograph which we are studying."

"In the first place it is very rudely cut," I answered, "and it is isolated. Which suggests," I presently added, "that the girl did it herself and—she was alone."

"Go on," commanded the lady.

"It is very strange," said I, "that the name is written out in full."

"And you cannot think," the lady asked, "what could possess the girl to such a difficult amusement as carving out her full name?"

"No," said I, "unless because she liked it."

"Quite right!" the lady answered. "And you have only to imagine now the reason why she liked it. Why, sir," she demanded, "as the girl stood upon

this platform, one beautiful spring morning, let us say, looking off towards those ravishing highland curves, distracted by the siren breeze in the forest below, did a sudden, passionate love of that name come over her which made her carve it here as though for eternity?"

"The girl was a bride," I answered slowly. "It was her newly adopted name."

"And can you finish the story now?" the lady inquired.

"Oh," said I smiling, "they lived happily ever afterwards."

"No!" said the lady gently; as though she might once have played some tragic rôle in life's comedy, "no," she said, "they did not live happily ever afterwards. Do you know, sir, I like your story very much. But it is not (she smiled sadly) realistic enough. You must let me revise your first chapter a trifle and finish the story for you."

I looked off dreamily to the empurpled west and listened.

"Once upon a time," the lady stranger began, "there lived a girl on the outskirts of these beautiful Fells who was very happy; and chief among the reasons for her happiness must have been, you will agree, the love of our worm-eaten old pagoda and a man of this plain name Delay. So what is more natural than that, one fair June day, not as you have said after she became a bride, but more significantly on the morning of her wedding day, she should have come to this quiet spot to spend a few stolen moments all alone and say good-bye? And was it not inevitable, sir, that here, as the song-birds, the summer wind, the swaying forest all echoed her content, I appeal to you, sir, who know the ravishments of this place so well, was it not inevitable that she should carve upon this monument the name which was so nearly hers, which was destined to be hers when she went away to enter upon another life and knew these scenes no more?"

"Yes," I said, "it was inevitable." And then I added to show my thorough appreciation of the pretty situation, "And she kissed each painful letter when the task was done."

The lady had buried her face in her hands, as though she had inadvertently tied her story up into such a knot that it required the most tortuous

and applied exercise of her ingenuity to undo it again. When she looked up, however, she continued recklessly, "Now is this not the ideal, the most cruel spot to introduce the catastrophe which your story lacked? The girl, of course, returned presently to her home—but she found no lover there. And it was town scandal that, with a heavy burden of detected falseness on his shoulders, he had disappeared to some safe, distant country and he was never seen again."

The lady paused.

"You conclude with the lover," I said impatiently. "We are not interested in the lover. Surely the situation demands something more about the girl."

"Yes," the lady echoed, "more about the girl!" And she looked furtively around as if seeking for inspiration for an artistic and effective finish. "Why the girl, of course," she continued, with a sudden, perplexing smile, "after years spent in travel, came back one day to this old tower. But now it was an autumn afternoon when the chill in the air matched the chill of her heart. The hills looked faint and tired of being beautiful, the wind only moaned through the trees, and of all the once happy songbirds, she now heard but the solitary crow, cawing as if in derision of her ill-starred, premature inscription upon the old pagoda. Well, sir," she questioned hurriedly, appealingly, and with that same inexplicable shuddering of her shoulders, "what was it now inevitable that this impulsive girl should do?"

"I do not know," I answered dreamily, for I had not caught at all the discordant mood in which the lady said her last few words, "but probably the girl watched the setting sun sink behind the hills, as we two see it now—and sink and sink, until above the horizon there appeared but a narrow, fiery arch. And in the sky all around it she saw a wonderful, glorious splendor as yonder, so that it seemed to be Heaven's golden gate. And the girl longed perhaps to be upon that blue hill and to pass through that golden gate, to seek the happiness there which was not here her lot."

Thus it was that together, in silence, we were watching that slowly, ruthlessly descending arch, and the sympathetic magnificence left suspended in

the sky, when we were startled by the sound of wheels upon the drive below.

"It is my carriage," the lady said.

I looked down and perceived a man in livery and a laughing woman who was looking up at us. "Mary, we are here at last," she called, and alighting from the carriage started towards the tower.

"You have been a very kind but a most perverse collaborator," the lady stranger said. "You would not understand." And she rose and turned away in some confusion. Instantly my eyes sought those much debated letters which her boa had hitherto kept hidden from my view, and a lightning flash of comprehension was transmitted to my brain. Beside the "Mary" of the old inscription I saw a deep and jagged patch of white. Every vestige of the word "Delay" had been hacked out, annihilated.

The lady was now facing me again. "I did it all," she said. "But I have told you why," she added. And she held out her hand.

I led her to the staircase and in a trice the laughing woman issued towards us, as if from the depths of the earth. Then the lady descended and from the platform below flashed back at me a smile of farewell in which I seemed to see not only all the wayward whimsicality which I had remarked at first, but an overtone of bravery. So I left the instantaneously merry lady in the arms of her habitually happy sister. And long after the carriage had lurched around the bend, I saw a woman's illusive features as if daubed by some absurd impressionist, upon that new patch of jagged white, beside her autograph.

*Linwood E. Snowman.*

*EDITORIAL.*

It is quite as futile to draw up an indictment against a whole college as against a whole nation, but our critics from without, in their misdirected zeal, seem to have forgotten Burke's excellent aphorism. Harvard College is in fact most long suffering from the misconceptions of others; and for that reason one is chary of adding gratuitously what are perhaps his own errors in judgment. Once in a while, however, some soul not given to criticism, but versed in a generous kind of practical wisdom, hits upon a real defect, even in a college as a whole. Recently, at a meeting of one of the literary societies, a man of interesting and vigorous personality, with a great talent for life, read a part in which he treated some of the criticisms our self-appointed critics from without make upon us. These he ridiculed as showing merely a busy ignorance, but he added one of his own which he thought put its finger on the true defect outsiders had distorted into something greater. "I came out of a lecture in Harvard Hall at eleven," he said. "Everybody, almost without exception, walks across the Yard in profound silence—or reserve, if you will—two and one-half feet behind his neighbor." This everyday occurrence, too commonplace to arouse comment in any but a stranger, is the essence of the charge. The man in question merely stated the facts without trying to account for them. In other words, we at Harvard are, so to speak, socially tongue-tied; we are under some strange disability which

prevents us from passing a five minutes' walk in pleasant conversation with a man we slightly know. How deficient we are in this particular appears but too clearly in our not thinking it amiss. When we came here as freshmen (if we came quite ignorant of the customs of Harvard), we were cast into stupid wonderment at seeing in the Yard so few signs of pleasant fellowship. We soon learned, however, that these persons, apparently so uncompanionable, were for the most part the best of fellows, and we added our own silent and reserved examples for the edification of freshmen. We accepted the state of things we found without a question of its propriety or a thought of its explanation. Sometimes we may have been reminded of the anomaly of the situation; in the present instance it has been put so sharply before us, that it is well to look into it and make an attempt to judge and explain it.

Our critics have of course a ready-made explanation and, I may add, condemnation of our social disabilities; they proclaim with self-satisfied indignation that they exist because we are snobs. Now snob is a disagreeable little word, betraying meanness and uncharitableness in those who use it, and it is unfortunate that it should be the common designation for the man who does not know how to speak to his neighbor. There are, I suppose, real snobs, persons with false standards of worth and conduct. But the critics should be more discriminating than to confuse these two classes of people—those who honestly are at a loss how to speak to the fellow next them, and those who for some misguided reason do not think it worth their while. No,

the circumstance that "everybody, almost without exception, walks across the Yard in profound silence two and one-half feet behind his neighbor" does not arise from any badness of heart or head. It comes rather from a kind of atrophy of our social inclinations, our social organisms, through long disuse.

But the statement that the fault lies rather in the community than in the individual will not suffice either to explain or justify. One's social inclination, one's friendly disposition, does not wither in other large communities—why should it at Harvard? Two reasons at once occur which may in part explain our situation. In the first place, the men who from the first are most prominent here, whose influence permeates the whole college, come with numerous pleasant acquaintances and every means of making more through their friends. They have, therefore, no incentive to speak to the stranger next them and they lose very soon all natural inclination to do so. Quite the reverse of this is true at other colleges; there friendships are at a premium. Men come to them eager to make new acquaintances, and the habit of being generally pleasant springs up as a matter of course. Now the attitude of the Harvard man is quite unimpeachable in an individual; no one, with a necessarily limited capacity for knowing people, should be forced to swallow half a college. But when this social inertia infects a whole community, when it reacts through the atmosphere of the community on individuals and prevents men less fortunately supplied from making many and desirable acquaintances, it becomes an evil. The community is then in danger of being too

much a mere collection of units, each working out his individual purposes without the interest or stimulus of the others.

In the second place, we at Harvard, our critics assure us, are over civilized; at any rate we are perhaps exposed more than persons at other colleges to an influence we designate as civilization. Now civilization in suppressing our idle curiosity weakens our interest in others, and at the same time it fosters a kind of reserve which makes us unable to communicate with our fellows. It is quite pardonable, at any rate, to think that Anglo-Saxon civilization lacks that charming breadth and freedom of communication one might expect of a highly developed people. Reserve is a very decorative quality and sometimes of dignified use, but it is truly too often but "a polite synonym for poor fellowship." Here at Harvard we have civilization well advanced on Anglo-Saxon lines, and the reserve, which is so disturbing to others and which we are frequently so proud of, is the penalty we pay for our happy condition. But perhaps, after all, our defect arises inevitably from our virtues, and, if we were to remedy one, we must most reluctantly dispense with the other. If there is any way, however, of improving our common amity, of drawing the college together into more pleasant companionship, without unsettling our solid and sensible foundations, it might be good to pursue that way a little. We might, at any rate, go so far as not to discourage needlessly the man with an unbounded talent for knowing every one.



### Book Notices.

"ANTHOLOGY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE." Leo Wiener. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1903.

Beyond the immediate and exceptional interest of Professor Wiener's, *Anthology* to every student of literary history, one may reasonably hope that a decade or so of fashionable dabbling in translations from the Russian—during which every progressive reading-club has permitted itself an occasional cultured thrill over Tolstoy or Gorky—may have prepared a welcome for the book in the large and highly deserving audience of general readers. Few people know anything of the Russian language, or anything of the beginning or the middle of Russian Literature. Most English readers are quite at the mercy of the amateur translators and popular reviewers who, with a few exceptions, have confined themselves to a rather slovenly serving-up of the Nineteenth-Century "sensations" of literary Russia. Well-meaning but misguided English interest should find an admirable corrective in this systematic view of Russian Literature as a whole, presented in English by a scholar who combines with an enthusiastic first-hand knowledge of his subject a literary judgment tempered and sharpened through wide familiarity with the literatures of the West.

In his two volumes, Professor Wiener presents English translations—in most instances his own—of representative selections illustrative of Russian Literature from the Tenth to the Twentieth Century—from the ecclesiastics of early Novgorod and Kiso to Gorky and Merszhbovski. Each selection is preceded by a concise *literary* biography of its author; and each volume begins with a short preface which introduces and critically summarizes the selected material that follows.

On these simple lines his "tableau" defines itself with a desolate distinctness: Seven centuries of isolation from Western Europe; an all-powerful Church repressing, with all the Byzantine hatred of Latinism, the introduction of Western culture; an exceedingly small intellectual class infinitely

removed from the immense mass of illiterate peasants: and an utter absence of that sane sturdy *bourgeoisie* that that furnished the energy of most Western nations—such are the sombre shadows that fall across all histories of Russian life and thought. Even after the “dark period” which precedes the reforms of Peter the Great—the centuries which produced only church literature and a few epic and historic monuments—the opening of the country to Europe ushers in merely a succession of borrowed “enthusiasms.” French Classicism, Sentimentalism, German Philosophy, Romanticism, Realism—each has had its turn, its brilliant exponents, its decadence—producing during the past two centuries curious alternations of feverish activity and languid uncertainty. As in this thinness of the intellectual soil, in this confinement of culture and literary enthusiasm to a small, self-conscious, imitative class, Professor Wiener finds the weakness of Russian Literature in the past, so in an extension of the horizon of interest, in a steadying of purpose, and in the encouragement of a growing middle-class, he discovers the chief hope for the future.

Unless based upon some knowledge of Russian, any discussion of the merits of translation or even of selection is in danger of being mere pleasant futility. It is interesting to note, however, certain decidedly effective (*per se*) dramatic and lyric versions by Professor Wiener and Professor Coolidge from two of the Nineteenth Century poets. In the folk-tales and in the satiric comedies, Professor Wiener is particularly successful in using a singularly flexible and idiomatic English to suggest, often by mere naïveté of phrase, a certain subtle foreignness of temper and expression. The selections—particularly those from the novels—are unusually happy in their effect of completeness and in their suggestion of atmosphere. A wonderful bit of “realism”—an afternoon of farm life—from the *Family Chronicle* of Aksakov might stand as an admirable word-frontispiece for the whole work. One must speak a word of grateful approval for the simple schemes of transliteration and accent that permits one to be on comparatively good terms with these formidable Russian names. Easy to handle and straightforward in their arrangement, the volumes are pleasantly free from the forbidding aus-

terities of academic formality. Amid the enthusiastic gropings and grabbings of a tireless "reading public," perhaps not the least desirable among many desirable things is this quiet adaptation of the scholar's work to the less patient popular hand.

*H. S. P.*

"A STUDY OF PROSE FICTION." By Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

This book ought to be welcomed not only by the general public but especially by the undergraduate student of literature. To the latter it gives what, in perhaps a vague way, he has felt the want of,—namely, a method of approach to the study of prose fiction quite different from the prevailing historical one. This historical method dominates nowadays the text-book and the lecture-room: it rules such manuals as those of Raleigh, Cross, and Tuckerman; and in college courses, at least at Harvard, it is almost the only way (the philological excepted) in which literature is studied. Without denying the great value, indeed the necessity, of treating literature from the historical point of view, one cannot help feeling its limits and its dangers. It is likely to give a prominence to works like Mrs. Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho" for example, or Brockden Brown's "Wieland," somewhat out of proportion to their intrinsic value: it may leave the student without any intelligent principles of criticism. Of course there are numerous works in which those principles are expounded; but some of these, like Mr. Brander Matthew's "The Historical Novel and Other Essays," deal only with a few kinds of fiction; others, like Sidney Lanier's "The English Novel," treat merely productions of one language; yet others, like Mr. Howell's "Criticism and Fiction," or M. Brunetière's "Le Roman Naturaliste," are strongly prepossessed in favor of a particular artistic creed.

Mr. Perry's book is comprehensive and unbiased. It is not an argument in favor of one particular method of writing or judging novels, but an exposition of the different methods which have been employed. At the outset, it

carefully differentiates poetry and drama from prose fiction, showing what materials are especially suitable for the latter, and what are the possibilities and limitations of the form. It discusses the various elements which enter into the novel,—characterization, plot, setting,—and the use made of these by individual authors. With fine impartiality, it compares the realistic and the romantic methods, and the relation of idealism to each. Finally, it shows the distinction between the novel and the short story, pointing out their respective advantages and disadvantages. Two chapters of the book are perhaps a little unsatisfactory. “The Question of Form” is treated altogether too briefly; one regrets to feel that Mr. Perry deliberately left many interesting ideas unsaid, although of course the whole matter of style has been adequately dealt with in the authoritative manuals of Mr. Wendell and Mr. Gardiner. To this fault of omission, so to speak, is added what seems a fault of addition, in the final chapter on “Present Tendencies in American Fiction.” This is an entertaining and suggestive discussion of a subject on which it is dangerous to venture; but one fails to see that it has a necessary relation to the main theme. The Appendix, with its suggestions for study, alike free from pedantry and superficiality, ought to be of no little value to those who wish to read with intelligent pleasure, and are without the guidance of a teacher.

In carrying out his purpose, Mr. Perry displays three admirable qualities which make this volume not only serviceable but enjoyable. In the first place, his knowledge of the great prose fiction of all languages (especially that of the nineteenth century) is so complete that he is never at a loss for an apt illustration of the principles. Secondly he shows a genuine sympathy for all kinds of fiction, whether English or French, novel or short story, realistic or romantic, added to a critical judgment which is not the less penetrating for being kindly. Last but not least, his style is felicitous in its clear utterance of clear thoughts, in its freedom from self-consciousness, pedantry, or dogmatism, and in its delightful humor.

The college-man who reads this book may find in it many things which, in the pride of his youth, he thinks he knew before; but his previously detached ideas will here be supplemented and coördinated. If he has a preju-

dice in favor of one kind of novel,—the realistic, let us say,—he will come to understand that there are more things in literature than are dreamt of in a one-sided philosophy of art. If he has honest doubts as to the value of criticism, he is likely to find them removed. At any rate, a thoughtful reading of this book will enable him to become a better judge of prose fiction.

E. B.

“PHILLIPS BROOKS.” By William Lawrence. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

A good many sermons were delivered on Phillips Brooks in the years directly after his death. Now with the perspective of ten years' distance Bishop Lawrence reconsiders his predecessor's teachings in an address delivered at Trinity Church. This is, like the others, very obviously the sermon. The manner of its presentation and its rather effusively enthusiastic vocabulary indicate that only too plainly. It shows, moreover, Phillips Brooks the Episcopalian clergyman rather than the Christian of no sect which many have come to regard him. And Bishop Lawrence strives not so much to portray the man—as he did with Roger Wolcott—as to analyze his doctrine. In this case, however, perhaps such is the wiser choice; the great clergyman's life lacked any hint of dramatic quality; he was rather, as Dr. Allen's *Life* showed him, essentially the preacher. Inspiring though his own life be, it was his reinterpretation of the life of Christ that took him into men's hearts universally. On this phase Bishop Lawrence has chosen to dwell. He shows the old dogmatic teachings in which Bishop Brooks found himself so cramped; he makes clear the new, freer message which the Bishop brought. In a few brief paragraphs we are led to realize all that his life stands for in Christian thought. And it is so sympathetic and simple throughout that, accept its conclusions or not, one cannot fail to share a little in its reverent feeling.

L. B.

# Robert Burns

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## *EMERSON IN THE MARKET PLACE.*

As it was once the proof of orthodoxy to refute "the godless works" of Spinoza, so in a more recent and more secular age it has been thought a mark of sanity to be contemptuous of "such transcendental nonsense" as was perpetrated by Emerson and the kindred spirits of his generation. It is more characteristic of modern and of American opinion to neglect such prodigies as idle than to attack them as dangerous. They are recommended to like minded mystics and dreamers. The thoroughly normal and efficient person can scarcely be expected to listen to such long words. His way is straight and plain before him and he needs none of this strange prophesying. Read Hawthorne's description of Emerson's constituency: "Young visionaries to whom just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clue that should lead them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Grey-headed theorists—whose systems, at first air, had imprisoned them in an iron framework—travelled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite his free spirit into their own thralldom." Emerson himself said, upon the death of Margaret Fuller in 1850: "I have lost my audience!" He thought it not unlikely that those who would understand him would be like himself, meandering souls, gone from the city to dwell on Parnassus or Sinai. Now Society, with sound instinct, distrusts anomalousness when it is made into a cult. There is never inspiration enough to go around, and

the product that endures longest in the flesh is eccentric dulness, that has exempted itself from routine labor through mistaking itself for genius. If Emerson's disciples must be apostles then his teaching is not directly relevant to the common problem of life. He has unquestionably suffered from just that presumption. It has been thought that "Transcendentalism" was an occupation; that in order to possess it, it was necessary to talk it. Some such notion seems to have prompted many of Mr. Bronson Alcott's Concord circle, notably the lady who asked him did "omnipotence abnegate attribute." But it would be equally reasonable to expect poetry to inspire poems, which unfortunately it often does. Most poetry has made the mistake of getting itself into speech. The gentlest feelings and most ravishing thoughts will often make very shabby words and sentences. There must be experiments in poetry, but in general, the lesson of poetry need not be recited. It would better abide in the inward flavor of a man's experience or in the enthusiasm of his living. Wherein is Emerson teacher of the business and the art of life, rather than model for lesser Emersons, "gymnosophists sitting on a flowery bank?" What can he communicate that belongs properly to the quality and substance of the man who proposes both to live and earn a livelihood?

Emerson is virtually a philosopher, but not a philosopher *in act*. He does not *deliberately* submit himself to any standard of careful and systematic thinking. When he was questioned by Henry Ware regarding his doctrines he replied: "I could not give an account of myself, if challenged. I could not possibly give you one of the arguments you covertly hint at, on which any doctrine of mine stands; for I do not know what arguments are in reference to any expression of a thought. I delight in telling what I think, but if you ask me how I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortal men." Emerson expressed himself concerning nature and society. He expressed what occurred to him as true, or what he saw when he looked, or heard when he listened, or felt in some presence. The result was that he said a great many different things, on a great many different subjects, and with no concern for verbal or logical self-consistency. But there was a certain

profound consistency in his experience. He regarded nature and history as possessing unity and meaning by virtue of an indwelling intelligence and goodness kin to his own reflective consciousness. True child of the Nineteenth Century, he tells of the brutality and resistlessness of the laws of nature, but in the next moment tells more eloquently of the indispensableness of intelligence to these very necessities, and of their serviceableness as the instruments of purpose. Nature is fearful to the little man of whims, but the creature of the man who is universal in his purpose through having realized the deeper rational and moral nature that is proper to him. In this sequel speaks the Romanticist, Transcendentalist, Idealist—but all unconscious of his reasons. These ideas of philosophers were to Emerson an outlook. He had from there not a perception like the poet's, but a wisdom like the prophet's. His wisdom consisted in the way things distributed themselves for him, because of his perspective. Neglect his Romanticism and consider the broader principles underlying it. He sought an experience that should grasp the entirety of things—not exhaustive but inclusive. This inclusiveness of view sets the philosopher a logical task, but opens to the seer a prospect. To Emerson it meant, moreover, an incitement to self-expression. To embody what was revealed to him was his work for himself and his fellows, and by virtue of his creative genius he became the author of literature and the teacher of men. His teaching of men consists properly in the inculcation of a capacity for his experience, in the suggestion of his outlook and range of view. It has been said of Emerson that "he was in no sense a prophet for his age or country." This is true only if it means to signify that his prophecy is for every age and country. For he brings to an age or a country the report of his survey of all ages and countries, or leads men to a place where they may make it for themselves. But after all he does not lead them apart, but instructs them to a little thoughtfulness in the quiet of their own hearts. He would have them silence the clanging and buzzing of the machinery for the sake of an occasional heightening of sensibility, and the chance that an idea may dare to enter. Upon such stillness and centering of consciousness depends the hope that ideals may fall into their proper order

and a man be led "to believe what the years and the centuries say against the hours." For the proportional value of human concerns cannot be known without some sweep of the field of action. And they were for the most part very plain, human, American things that Emerson saw from his elevation,—things extraordinary only in their array and in the great breadth of their context. Such is the teaching of Emerson.

There remains the question of practical urgency. Socrates proposed to exhort the young Athenian of his day in this manner: "You, my friend,—a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens,—are you not ashamed of heaping up the greatest amount of money and honour and reputation, and caring so little about wisdom and truth and the greatest improvement of the soul, which you never regard or heed at all?" And he would not let him off lightly, but would "proceed to interrogate and cross-examine him," and if he found no virtue in him, would "reproach him with undervaluing the greater and overvaluing the less." The conservative and institutional forces of the community found Socrates to be guilty of unbelief and of corrupting the youth to non-conformity. In these days Socrates must meet the charge of unpracticality and of corrupting the youth to mysticism. Let him be placed on trial.

University education should mean freedom of exploration. But there lurks about it the danger of indiscriminateness and dilettantism. The relative value of human knowledge is not infrequently appraised by a young man in terms of random interest or academic economy. His belief may be determined by his unintelligent intimacy with some single type of discipline, or emasculated through idle and superficial acquaintance with the whole encyclopedia of learning. In either case the chance of culture will have been both lost and misused. This time of "higher education" is the supreme moment for setting in some order the wealth of human interest which each man at such a time consciously inherits. He needs for that task the exercise and the habit of contemplation. Now is the time for him to search out the highest good—through all the centuries and all the spaces. He will never have so good a chance of finding it. Philosophy makes a deliberate business of the

intellectual part of this task. Philosophy proposes to know the meaning of science, and coördinate all human investigations for the sake of a legitimate belief. The philosopher's fundamental problem is that of relative validity. But whether gained through philosophy proper or through the philosophical spirit in history and literature, there is an attitude and a mood of broad, inclusive criticism that is proper to this moment. "It is the eye which makes the horizon," says Emerson, and indeed there could be no better teacher than he for that discernment of a wide horizon that frees the affections and judgments from custom or chance and fixes them upon the objects of intrinsic worth and profoundest truth.

But what has all this to do with business or professional success? In all likelihood, nothing whatsoever. Unquestionably the weight of these reflections is due to the presumption that there is a general human disposition to live worthily. The problem of life is conceived to include the problem of the object of life. It is true that such a question is commonly lost sight of. In the market-place there are market values that are very easily accepted by neophytes. One falls readily into a quantitative way of thinking, eager to outstrip others, to be more and not less than they without having any very clear idea of what he is striving for. All questions then reduce to considerations of expediency, and expediency can only save itself from appearing disreputable by the prodigiousness of its operations. Hence those who "move too often with something of a sad countenance, with hurried and ignoble gait, becoming unconsciously something like thorns, in their anxiety to bear grapes." Hence those who by unenlightened conformity with vogue, "come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression." There is no substance in such living, but only the rattling of bones, or the shadow of mimicry. Qualitative discrimination is the sign of a real person. There can be no genuine distinction without good taste. But good taste alone does not constitute power or character. These come only of a choice of ideals made and sealed in the solemn presence of the universe. Only contemplation can summon such a presence. Moreover these sessions must be not infrequent, for memory is short, and visions fade, and

the little imitative things are always easiest to do. But society is made up out of men and women, and a conventional and stupid society out of flat and stereotyped men and women. Hence neither the men of the world, nor the world itself can dispense with contemplation. It is the foundation of all genius and inspiration.

He who can stimulate the capacity for contemplation is indeed a rare and invaluable benefactor. It is unfair to charge him with prejudicing social institutions and enterprises. For those who have left the world to follow him have misconceived him. He meant that men should take some unworldliness into the world. He would have the purposes fixed in solitude, the very energy of action. Firtitude and reverence are the fruits of contemplation, but they can be genuinely possessed only by one who belongs by circumstance and vocation to the race of men. It was Emerson himself who said:

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

*Ralph Barton Perry.*

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### SHAKSPERE'S MATCH-MAKING.

Among the endless superlatives which have been loaded on Shakspere, few are more just than that which makes him the supreme example of the artist who is at once national and universal, both of an age and for all time. On the one hand, his work stands as the most perfect expression of the spirit of Elizabethan England; on the other, as the most catholic presentment of the permanent elements of human nature. The more one reflects on the truth of this praise, and the more one realizes the largeness of mind and sympathy which it implies, the more does one hesitate to trust one's judgment when it seems to point to exceptions and limitations. Yet the suggestion of such a limitation is the purpose of these pages.

Put abruptly, the charge is this: that in the contriving of marriages he

is unfair to both sexes. He insults the one sex by failing to provide husbands worthy of his heroines; he insults the other by representing the heroines as satisfied with their unworthy mates. Surpassing as is the charm of these maidens, no man can afford to admit that masculine human nature is inherently incapable of producing an approximate equivalent; and every woman must resent their complaisance.

The proof, of course, must come from the comedies, since only in these in marriage the culmination of the plot. In *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Julia is a fair example of the clinging type of woman. She is trustful, affectionate, absolutely loyal, and not without humor. When occasion requires, she shows courage, and dares to don the dress of a page to seek her wandering lover. Her only fault is her failure to see that that lover is no gentleman. From the beginning he is selfish and sentimental, untruthful and ungenerous. As the play progresses, he is inconstant to his lady and a traitor to his friend. At the close, he is willing to use violence for the satisfaction of his base passion, he repents perforce, and with a shameless exclamation, "Were man but constant, he were perfect!" he returns to her of whose heart he oft "with perjury had cleft the root." And Julia seems glad to get him.

Portia, in the *Merchant of Venice*, is the directing providence of the plot. It is her ability that finds a way out of the whole tangle. She devises the scheme and carries it out with superb capacity, and, the serious difficulties being past, she creates for her own amusement a new entanglement in which the men are merely her puppets and her dupes. In her own person she combines all the virtues and all the charms. Rich, beautiful, noble, generous, wise, warm-hearted, and perfectly poised, she has nothing to get, and everything to give. And she gives everything to Bassanio—a pleasant gentleman no doubt, but a spendthrift whose prodigality endangers the life of his friend, and whose lack of resource must have left that friend to perish.

The position of Helena in *All's Well that Ends Well* is peculiarly difficult. She also is a woman of resource and capacity for action. She has had the misfortune to fall in love with a boy beside whom she has been brought up, whose own mother knows he is not worthy of her. The king forces him



to marry her, requiting his own obligation at another man's expense. Bertram insults his bride and leaves her. With pathetic insistence she follows him in disguise, tracks him through his dissipations, outwits him in his attempts at infidelity, and makes him happy in his own despite.

Claudio in *Much Ado about Nothing* is the kind of creature who has another man do his wooing for him. It is not surprising, then, that on the word of a blackguard he credits a vile slander on the woman to whom he is betrothed. With heartless injustice he gives Hero no opportunity of clearing herself, but chooses the moment when she stands before the altar to insult and repudiate her. When, finally, the conspiracy against her is unveiled and she is supposed to be dead, he experiences the facile repentance of his kind, places verses on her tomb (at her father's suggestion), and is so sorry that he is willing to marry anyone her father names. Hero, herself, it must be admitted, is painfully lacking in spirit, and her attractiveness is reported rather than exhibited in the play; but at least she deserved a gentleman for her husband. Yet she accepts Claudio without protest.

Indignation at Viola's fate is in proportion to appreciation of her charm. Few women in all fiction appeal to us as strongly as this true heroine, who, cast on her own resources in a strange world, steers successfully through the most dangerous waters, and wins the man on whom she has by ill-luck set her heart. Nothing could be more captivating than the wistful mingling of humor and pathos which she exhibits in situations of the utmost delicacy, nothing finer than the courageous front she shows when her heart is secretly sinking. Yet the best Shakspeare cares to do for this rare creature is to bestow her on Orsino, a self-centred sentimentalist, whom one cannot conceive as caring for anyone so much as he cares for the enjoyment of his own sensations.

It is hardly necessary to summon further instances. The horror of Marianna's union with Angelo, the disparity between Imogen and Posthumus, are cases as strong as any that have been cited. Even in the most satisfactory dénouements, where we like the hero, he is seldom the heroine's equal. Rosalind outshines Orlando, as Perdita does Florizel and Miranda Ferdinand.

But with these we are not disposed to quarrel. The earlier comedies have accustomed us to such enormities, that we are thankful when the bridegroom is neither a rake nor a cad.

What, then, does all this signify? Did Shakspeare regard his own sex as so hopelessly inferior? The superiority in character and force of the men in the tragedies disproves this. The explanation must be sought either in contemporary social conditions or in some special technical peculiarity: perhaps it is to be found in part in both.

We read the comedies today with minds accustomed to the freedom of choice of the modern woman. Shakspeare wrote when girls married as they were told, and were trained to be thankful if they were not left over. It is likely that convention and necessity increased their plasticity, and that they actually were more docile than their modern sisters. Further, Shakspeare, as a member of the society of his age, probably shared some of its conventions and prejudices, and, just as he remains essentially feudal in his view of caste, he may, like Milton, have shared the arrogance of the contemporary dominant male. The unsatisfactory match-making, then, may be due in part to the influence of contemporary social ideals.

Again, a comparison of the comedies with the tragedies in respect of the fifth acts suggests strongly that Shakspeare was much less interested in the structure of the plot in the comedies. The catastrophe of a tragedy is essential to the whole significance of the drama, and nowhere does Shakspeare show deeper thought than in these final scenes. But the dénouement of a comedy receives from him in comparison only a perfunctory treatment. For in comedy the plot is not the main end: it is chiefly a contrivance for giving a number of entertaining people a chance to show their quality in the brilliance of their talk, or in the conduct of amusing situations. Dramatic convention required that the writer of such a play should conclude by marrying off the leading characters, and Shakspeare bowed to it and married them off; but he did not put his strength into that part of his task. Hence we are wise if we accept such disentanglements as exercises of ingenuity rather than as pictures of life, and refrain from seeking in them any serious inter-

pretation of the way things happen or ought to happen in the world. It is only the extraordinarily convincing nature of the character-drawing that leads us to expect more than we are entitled to, and to apply to the close of a comedy the standards which properly belong to more serious drama.

*William Allan Neilson.*

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A SONG.

I love thee, Sweetheart, Sweetheart,  
Beautiful or no,  
But O, Dear Love and Beautiful,  
I still would have thee so.

I wait to sing I love thee,  
Though Youth shall kiss and go,  
Yet Love, O Young, O Fair and Young,  
I still would have thee so.

Then if thine eyes shall greet me still  
Thy grace may vanish slow,  
Yet, Grace of Love, O Heart of Love,  
I still would have thee so.

*H. W. Holmes.*

Lulled by the splash of fountains,  
Soothed by the hum of bees,  
Beyond the thirty mountains,  
Across the thirty seas,  
Within a valley vernal,  
Upon a bank she lies,  
The light of love eternal  
In her dream-weary eyes.

*L. W.*

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*A TUSCAN ULYSSES.*

Three miles east of Lucca, on one of the white highways that streak the heart of Tuscany, is the tiny village of Lamari. At first sight, there seems to be nothing out of the ordinary in the sunny little church, in the square white-washed houses, scattered about like a throw of dice, in the fields and dust-covered vines, in the children and dogs, fighting or basking on the doorsteps. But if you question the shrivelled sacristan, or better still one of the black-eyed housewives who laugh and curse and chatter at one another across the narrow street from morning till night, then you will learn that Lamari has a distinction which is shared by no other town for miles and miles around: it is the home and birthplace of Pietro Mosca, the Wise.

It seems that Pietro Mosca had been a big, dark-skinned, keen-witted peasant, who had toiled in the fat fields till grey streaks had come in his beard, and till the squareness of his shoulders took on an ever-rounding curve. He had married the most wooed girl of the village, and had raised a large family, as became a good Christian. But in spite of the fact that eleven children and the taxes can eat up most of a man's earnings, it came to be

whispered in Lamari that Pietro had saved money. Pietro laughed when he heard it. "Me save money? Why, if anyone can find a lead lire anywhere about my house, I'll buy him a two-foot candle to help keep his soul from sizzling in Purgatory." Mariuccia was even more positive. "Why, that husband of mine never earned so much as a copper that didn't burn his fingers. If it hadn't been for *my* hard work, we'd have all been in the poor-house long ago." But in spite of all this protesting, the village wiseheads wagged unconvinced.

One day, not long after this, when the grain was cut and stored away, and when the grapes were turning a ripe purple, a dusty beggar, knocking at the door, drew Mariuccia away from her task of spinning. "*Sposa*," he whined, "could you give a poor man something to eat?" Mariuccia, with her skirt well clung to by three or four wide-eyed children, had been looking him over carefully, from head to foot. As he seemed to be really poor and hungry, she bustled about in search of some food, adding, in her big-heartedness, an old sleeveless coat of Pietro's that had been hanging on a hook behind the door. "Here, take this," she said with a motherly smile. He thanked her, called on all the saints of the calendar to bless her, and started down the dazzling, vine-bordered highway, toward Lucca.

That evening, Pietro was comfortably cross and tired, after a hard day's work in the fields. Seated on a little bench under the fig-tree by the door, he leaned back in content, looking up at the back of the church-tower with half-closed eyes, and dropping a gruff word now and then in the flood of Mariuccia's gossip on the happenings of the day. But she had no sooner mentioned giving away the old coat, when she stopped short with a terrified "Jesu Maria," for Pietro had jumped up spluttering, waving his arms, and red in the face from a vain effort to speak. At last, the words came out in a roar, "My coat! You gave away that coat? Why, you fool, there was money in it; two thousand good lire hidden away in the lining. You gave it away! *Corpo di Bacco!* I'm ruined!"

That night, there was gloom in the Mosca household. Mariuccia was tearful and penitent; the children, scared, huddled and subdued. Pietro

sulked. He could not kick his wife, for he had enough justice left to know that it was not her fault, but instead he kicked the dog. Then he tried to get a description of the beggar, but Mariuccia in her confusion, could remember nothing about him, not even the color of his eyes, or his build. Pietro became more and more gloomy, especially when he realized that he would be the laughing-stock of the village. "The pigs," he groaned, "the pigs will make fun of me, a better man than the whole worthless lot put together. I shall be called Pietro the Fool. I shall have to hang my head the rest of my life. *Sacramento*, that woman of mine."

When Mariuccia woke up, early next morning, Pietro was nowhere to be found. She looked through the house for him in vain, and then started out of doors, attracted by a strange noise that came from the street. She had no sooner put her head out of the house, when she plumped down on the steps in terror, for there stood Pietro, her beloved husband, with wisps of bright straw woven in his hair and his coat inside out, pounding with a wooden pestle in a stone mortar that they used for making meal. But instead of corn, the mortar was half-filled with pebbles which he ground and crushed solemnly and with rhythm. Mariuccia got her scattered senses together at last, jumped up, and caught him by the arm. "Pietro," she cried, "Pietro, what in the name of Heaven are you doing? What's the matter? Are you crazy, Pietro?" But as he paid no heed except to shake her off, she ran screaming to call the villagers, the apothecary, and the priest.

Soon they were buzzing around him like bees. They pleaded and threatened, but had no more effect on him than Mariuccia. The village busybody, a tall, spare man with a prying nose and eyes too near together, tried to take the pestle away by force, but got a smart rap on the shins for his pains. This evidently disturbed the meek little apothecary, for he made his diagnosis from a distance. Pietro, he said, was suffering from a slight derangement of the liver. Work would cure this, so he advised that he be left in peace. Father Lami, however, the white-haired, toothless priest, ascribed the trouble to devils, and, to drive them out, poured a cupful of holy water on Pietro's head. But the result was not as he had hoped. Pietro's anger was aroused.

With a number of thoroughly rational curses, swinging the pestle around his head with both hands, he ran at the crowd and drove it helter-skelter down the street. Then he went back to the mortar and pounded on unmolested.

Day after day, Pietro kept up his noisy, thankless task. His schedule was as regular as the clock. He would work from sunrise till the shadow of the church tower crept around to the mortar, which happened about noon; then, after a nap and a bite of food, he would work on through the afternoon, till sundown. The people of Lamari never tired of watching him, as he hammered and stirred, and soon his fame spread beyond the limits of the village. The peasants who drove their screeching carts to the market at Lucca made big detours to catch a glimpse of Pietro. The nickname that he got, "The Crazy Man of Lamari," began to draw people from all the neighboring towns. Meanwhile, Mariuccia was not idle; she allowed her thrift to master her anxiety by selling wine and heavy cakes to the visitors.

On the feast of Santa Croce, some two weeks after Pietro's madness, swarms of people, with their souls newly burnished by church and their consciences at rest, trudged to Lamari from Lucca in search of amusement. Soon the little village was spotted black with them; they enlowed the townsfolk from their own street and crowded about Pietro in a gaping circle. Mariuccia made a second fortune out of cakes, but Pietro was cool and unconcerned, as though used to being the butt of a couple of hundred eyes and tongues. Suddenly a thing happened which will be remembered at Lamari till Judgment Day comes. Pietro the unobserving dropped his pestle, ran to a small ragged man opposite, and shook him by the shoulders, as a dog would a rat. "Take it off, you villain," he howled, "that's my coat. I knew you would come along sooner or later with all these fools. That's why I've been making a madman of myself. Quick now! Take it off. I'm in a hurry!"

*Chalkley Jay Hambleton.*

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*AT VIRGIL'S TOMB.*

Here, where the tender violets grow,  
The olive trees  
Sigh in the breeze,  
And nodding poppies blow.

The myrtle which of old gave grace  
To Maro's brow  
Runs wild here now,  
And ivy loves the place.

Below the shining water lies,  
A mirror true  
Of burning blue,  
Parthenopean skies.

Across the bay, fair Capri stands  
In purple haze,  
A dream of days  
In lost Elysian lands.

To eastward watches 'neath its cloud,  
Grand and alone,  
Vesuvius' cone,  
Ominous, sombre-browed.

Below lies hot the red-tiled town,  
Where to and fro  
The living go,  
Dead to this grave's renown.



Sounds from its turmoil reach this spot  
Subdued and mild;  
But rang they wild  
Virgil would hear them not.

Not though the whole quick world should wake  
With loud acclaim  
Of his high fame,  
Would his dark slumber break.

Hushed in his grave he cannot hear;  
Yet still his song  
The ages long  
Enthralls the listening ear!

*Oric Bates.*

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*ART, SCIENCE, AND LIFE.*

There is little profit at any time in reviving old subjects of dispute that have been decently buried, if not quite forgotten. Still less in our utilitarian age would one wish to renew such a conflict as that between science and art: the triumphant partisans of science have little further cause for contention; and the adherents of art find scant hope for more than passive resistance to the encompassing Philistines. It is more than commonly significant, therefore, when a man like Mr. John Quincy Adams appears as champion in the very camp of the enemy.

In *The Popular Science Monthly* for March, 1903, Mr. Adams has an article, "Science versus Art-Appreciation," which points out the baneful effect of modern science on the power rightly to value and understand art. "Scientific ideas," he says, "rule not only the scientists—they dominate our science-trained age." For this the conditions of American civilization are fundamentally responsible. We have succeeded as a nation by applying scientific methods to our great material activities, and with our success has come a contempt for everything that is not "practical." We are fast losing our artistic sense. Now that "the factory has displaced the workshop, and the operative the handicraftsman, there is no chance in industry for the application of art, except in a few cases; and with its departure from industry, art has vanished from the daily life of men. . . . There is no doubt of our ability as producers, and this vast power has been obtained by sacrificing our artistic instincts on the altar of production. Our modern society, like some great oak, has put forth all its vitality to extend one mighty branch, but to do this, it has sacrificed its symmetry and beauty. . . . The world has been filled with ugly forms made in the name of art, but they only bear witness that science has subdued the earth and now holds undisputed sway. Not only has it driven art into the background; it has misrepresented its character." Most men, attempting to determine the values of art by the quantitative methods which scientific training has taught them to regard as the

measure of all things, either come to estimate works of art by their size and cost, or, finding that art freakishly refuses to submit to their appraisal, conclude it to be valueless. They never realize that art is a matter of quality, not quantity. "Being a degree of harmony, an expression of feeling, a way of doing, it can be estimated only by one who has sufficient capacity of feeling, . . . by a direct appeal to the internal measure, called appreciation. As Plotinus long ago said, 'The kingdom of Art is within us.'" If we are to save ourselves from complete loss of the æsthetic faculty, we must provide in our education something which shall cultivate the power of appreciation, the habit of valuing certain things from other than practical regards; to the end that art shall not wholly perish from among us, but may at least set up its domain in a corner of our lives.

So valiant and temperate a defence and vindication of art not only rejoices the souls of the faithful but prompts each one of them to lift up his voice in the wilderness and speak, howbeit ineffectively, in the good cause. It is particularly distressing for a Harvard man to feel that his own college is doing so much towards the exaltation of the scientific method in education. It is preached as part of our gospel nowadays that college training is primarily a preparation for practical success in the world. On this theory, technical and professional education is steadily being dammed back from the graduate schools, where it belongs, into the college, where it displaces the arts and humanities. Every year more and more men go to Cambridge to live in the museum, the laboratory, and the machine-shop. They are encouraged to sacrifice a fourth of their precious undergraduate days that they may get a year's start in the race for material success. And they leave college with a specialized scientific equipment, but without the humane culture, without the artistic sympathy and refinement that used to be considered essential qualities in the character of a Harvard gentleman.

Now, let it not be imagined that art and science are permanently hostile principles. They are simply two different ways of looking at the universe, and there need be no conflict between them, were it not that few men are able to look at things habitually from more than one point of view. Those of us

who have a temperamental incompatibility with the spirit of science find it hard to see the validity of scientific methods and aims. But we know that they are valid, and faithfully believe that that would be the best of all possible worlds in which art and science should dwell together in unity. Our quarrel is only with those who affirm that science is greater than art, is indeed the only activity of permanent value to life and worthy the pursuit and cultivation of serious men.

To say that science is greater than art, because without science art is impossible, is as irrational as to maintain that the foundation is greater than the finished structure, the means than the end to which it leads. No idealist can afford to disregard means, but in his care for them he never ceases to love the ideal end more. Science furnishes the stone wherewith the artist builds the temple of life, but the quarrier is not greater than the architect. To define the distinction in another way, science is a study of the facts of nature and life objectively considered; art is the subjective interpretation of those facts, the expression of the human emotions which they arouse. Science is the universe viewed directly, art is the reflection of the universe in man's soul. Science values fact as fact, art values fact as meaning. Science is a statement of what is, art an aspiration to what ought to be.

That is art, then, which is the expression of genuine human emotion. The hysteric confessions of an Augustine are more truly art than the passionless self-analysis of a Spinoza. Whatever is wrought with love and devotion is art, for so done it becomes an interpretation of the spiritual glory of life—

“ That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty  
Which runs through all and doth all unite ” —

a revelation of eternal truth.

This definition of art as expression, interpretation, revelation is the theme of Mr. Carleton Noyes's recent book, *The Enjoyment of Art*. So perfectly, so effectively has he said what he have all been dimly trying to think out for ourselves that there is not a word to add to his exposition. To attempt a synopsis would be to fall into the way of the scientist, for the book is itself a work of art and must be read and appreciated as a whole. Perhaps, however,

it may not be inapt to set down in conclusion something which his work has suggested.

The principles which Mr. Noyes lays down for painting may be extended to all the arts, to art in the broadest sense, to the art of life itself. For as expression is the end and aim of art, so is it of life; and the keenest pleasure that comes to us is that of expression, whether it be by a painting, a song, a poem, or a noble deed. Art is life, and life is the greatest of the arts. "The very act of expressing," says Mr. Noyes, "is itself the joy and the reward." After all, the joy of living is the joy of expression. And the moral of this is that those of us to whom is denied full power of expression through the specific arts can reveal and interpret the hidden beauty we have seen by the art of life, the universal art whose medium we all can master.

For the daily toil, then, unlovely and soul-fretting though it may be, viewed in itself, there is a higher value when it is regarded as an expression of love, as the revelation of inner beauty and truth. "Life is humdrum," writes Mr. Noyes, "only in so far as it is meaningless; men can endure any amount of drudgery and monotony provided that it lead somewhere. . . . As part of a whole which can be apprehended, immediately it acquires purpose and becomes significant. It is the sense of meaning in life which gives color and warmth to the march of uniform days." The beauty of life is the beauty of its daily tasks done in the spirit of the artist. Only when we can lead lives of such sort, will the old conflict of art with science be at an end. Then, and then only, will the world become an expression of the meaning of its creation. And as the laboring sons of men press through the unbeaten ways of time, their truest guide shall be The Gleam

" Not of the sunlight,  
Not of the moonlight,  
Not of the starlight,"

the glowing beacon of the spirit of art, "the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

*Robert M. Green.*

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*THE SHADOW OF DEATH.*

Slow pulsing of the heart that speaks of death,  
And forehead cold with mists of endless night,  
The moving lips that shudder at the breath,  
And eyes that stare for light;

Yet naught hast thou to fear, whate'er betide;  
But ah, thy wife, who waits, nor dares to stir  
Lest death shall come, pale, tearless, at this side:  
God! God! O pity her.

*H. A. Bellows.*

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*BERNARD SHAW'S PLAYS.*

We of the majority have a wholesome respect for the majority's judgment; that a certain ideal of goodness, for instance, is generally accepted as true goodness is enough to found in us an unwavering conviction of its validity. But occasionally a man appears who has no such reverence, who looks at the world with the clear eyes of a child, whose vision is unstaled by custom, and uncolored by tradition, and who can add the mind to think out without prejudice the relation of things he sees so clearly.

It is well enough that most men should be prejudiced in favor of fixed institutions and popular beliefs; otherwise there would be no stability. But the rarer type—that to which all progress is due—is always the more interesting.

Mr. Shaw's place is with the irreverent iconoclasts. His attitude is, as that of one who says, "Let us look with our own eyes to find out for ourselves, what in men is really goodness and honesty, and what is fraud and sin. And with the same independence let us think out for ourselves what

in art is true to human nature, and what is false." He keeps to one prejudice only: that the natural and the good run together.

Inevitably such an attitude, where the man who maintains it has a powerful intellect, must bring to light some rather startling facts. Therefore we hear much of Shaw's originality. And it is true, that originality is his most obvious quality. Not that there is anything fantastic or outlandish about his work; but that thought which one sees after a moment's consideration to be but common good sense is, from its uncommonness in literature, a startling thing to read. Particularly is it so when expressed in one of Mr. Shaw's flashing epigrams, or when expounded to full compelling power in one of his plays.

Mr. Shaw's literary output has been very large. He has written several novels, and a surprising amount of literary, artistic, and musical criticism, besides the three volumes of plays which I wish to consider in particular.

What first claims one's notice in these plays is that they should be so intelligible as pure literature. With the increase in the importance of stage "business" most modern plays have become anything but that. The tendency today is to have the sense of a situation expressed anywhere but in the lines. "Business" and stage setting are forced to bear most of the burden of the author's thought, and it is no wonder that the public is wary of buying books of plays. Mr. Shaw, realizing this, has consciously set himself to overcome the difficulty by means of a more complete stage direction. He does it very successfully. The italicised sentences with which other playwrights seem hardly to accomplish more than bald directions to the property man, or a suggestion for some obvious bit of "business," become in his hands truly illuminating. By his descriptions of scenes, the reader learns much of the characters that are to appear on them, and he makes his descriptions of his characters as carefully as possible so that they are a real part of the play, not mere specifications as to wit and costume. So well is this departure from the traditional method executed, that every situation as you read is, far from being incomprehensible, as definite as even narrative could make it. Therefore, as Mr. Shaw's plays can be apprehended

fully as literature, it is fair to consider them as literature alone, without regard to their fitness or unfitness for stage representation.

Apart from this there is in Mr. Shaw's workmanship no particularly astounding quality. His plots are not cursed with any more than normal ingenuity. He is sufficiently dexterous in his development of them to avoid awkwardness and to insure sustained interest, but no more. His dialogue is always easy, often witty, and now and again it rings with genuine passion. But his incidents, as he admits himself in one of his prefaces, are often almost perversely trite. The old, old tricks of mistaken identity, the mislaid letter, trial with pardon at the last moment, he uses unblushingly, seeming to delight in flaunting them in the face of his reputation for originality.

But his humor never fails. It saves his intense situations from absurdity and his lighter ones from dullness. The smile is always lurking in the corners of his mouth. Even when he seems most serious, one is deliciously uncertain as to when his laugh will next ring out. Occasionally the Imp of Comedy runs away with him, against his will. For instance, in *Arms and the Man*, he had in the beginning a very serious conception, an attack upon the falseness of popular heroics, and a glorification of unassuming sincerity. Such a theme would naturally find its expression in the simple manner of Ibsen. And, if one may hazard a guess, Mr. Shaw tried to do it that way. But in the finished play what does one find?—not Ibsen's soberness, but the rollicking merriment of Molière. However, for the most part his humor, like his wit, is at hand in neither more nor less than due proportion—it rarely is too strong for him, and never is it forced.

But Mr. Shaw has more serious aspects. In the consideration of his plays the point is neither his technique nor his humor. These attributes, while pleasing in themselves, are, in Mr. Shaw's case, of value only as they serve to express the same thing that is behind—the thought, vision, philosophy, call it what you will, that is his true gift to the world, and upon which must rest whatever position he may be finally judged to hold. This is much more an attitude than a definite system, and for that reason very difficult to characterize specifically. Perhaps the most one can say is that it is



Ibsenism accompanied by a sense of humor. It is Ibsen's revolt against the common ideals of conduct, but with more in it of human sympathy, and less of power.

Along with this revolt, which often seems pessimism, runs a vein of true optimism, strong and magnetic. It is here that one finds the center of his charm. That sort of hopefulness which is simply cowardice or dullness is at hand wherever one turns; and clever desperation is equally abundant. But the man who dares look at things squarely with unshielded eyes, who sees them in all their ugliness, and who still says the world is good and beautiful at bottom, is so rare as to be almost irresistible.

Freedom and truth with Mr. Shaw, as with his master Ibsen, are the things by and for which to live—not the crumbling "*Idols of the Theater.*" And every play, even the dainty *You Never Can Tell*, he has written against some ideal of society and its engendered hypocrisy.

In the three plays of the first volume, aptly grouped by the author under the name "Unpleasant," the false ideals exposed are those which produce the very ugliest phases of our modern life. *Widowers' Houses* deals with the horror of slum landlordship, and exposes the hypocrisy of "middle class respectability and younger son gentility fattening on the poverty of the slum as flies fatten on filth." *The Philanderer* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession* attack the ideal of marriage and show its consequences in hypocrisy, in the first instance in the upper classes, and in the second in the slums. In the second volume, although the atmosphere is quite different, the insistence is still upon hypocrisies; but he gave the amusing ones of life, not those which make society's crimes. The two plays which are the most characteristic, and therefore for our present purposes the most important, are *Candida* and *Arms and the Man*. The first is an exposé of the selfishness that masks itself with the righteous pose of the popular clergyman—the character is a sort of Brand, modernized and diluted. The second I have already mentioned as dealing with the pose of romantic heroism. In the third volume the same spirit still prevails. *The Devil's Disciple* attacks the false religion that covers cruelty. *Caesar and Cleopatra*, with the most exquisite wit exposes the

false ideal of history that would set Cæsar, and men like him, apart from common Humanity. |

Mr. Shaw is more than philosopher however; he aims at creative art. Here he is not so successful. His characters for the most part prove on close examination to be less vital men and women than lifeless symbols of the ideas he wishes to express. True, their speech is human, often charming; but they are too consistent with themselves, too one-sided. One can not feel that sensation of getting to know them which one always has with the really live characters in literature. To this there are several striking exceptions. Oddly, the two most obvious ones are women. Mrs. Warren stands out, as one reads, so vividly that one can almost see her. One quite forgets that she is not a real person, and hates that part of our social system which forces some women to lead such lives as hers, almost as if the consequences had been a personal experience. If anywhere there is a false touch in Shaw's delineation, it is in the scenes where she pleads her own cause. There, perhaps, there is a shade more of Shaw in her words than of the real Mrs. Warren herself. But if this is a blemish, it is at most very slight. One really feels her personality—knows that she is vicious, yet sympathizes with her unhappiness. She is truly human—both bad and good—a living, suffering woman.

Candida, a wholly different type, is equally convincing. The uncomplaining wife of a self-righteous clergyman, she embodies one's ideal of sweet common sense in woman. At no place does one lose the illusion of her reality. It is, perhaps, in the drawing of her character that Mr. Shaw achieves his most delicate work.

Of the remaining characters, the best, I think, is Cæsar. It is characteristic of Mr. Shaw that in drawing him he should have delighted in departing so widely from the traditional conception. His Cæsar is a simple, straightforward, capable man, like other men, only stronger—strong enough not to pose, with none of the glamour that, even in Shakespeare, obscures him with the impenetrable mist of romance. However much or little of historical accuracy Mr. Shaw's conception may have, there can be no doubt that artisti-

cally it is successful. At the bottom of his heart the reader feels, in spite of the outrage to his sentiment, that this is the sort of man Cæsar really was.

In the end it is clear that while Mr. Shaw can not be placed in the first rank of dramatists, he stands honorably in the second. His ideas are apt to be too violent to stand the test of careful logic. His characters are rarely ever vital, not to say great, creations. And technical dexterity and humor cannot alone make a great play. But in spite of these shortcomings, there is about all his work, a fearlessness and strong earnestness that is very bracing. While he may not be able to free one from the thralldom of one's own particular false idols, still as he fights so gaily for his own freedom his words are cheering. And by his example he makes the perilous defiance of our conventions a little more easy for those that feel their falseness and cruelty, but want the courage to shake them off.

*Victor Brandon.*

*THE UNIVERSAL MOMENT.*

Driven by blows of pessimistic thought,  
Philosophy has taught its fools to think.  
I stood at evening pondering the life  
That brings pain with its sap, death for its end.  
The dying embers in the paling West  
Lure with a wild persistent witchery ;—  
Below the stream whispers of nothingness,  
Of nothingness for pain, of nothingness  
For me. I falter :

“Oh Truth is this the fulness of thy song?  
Oh Life, am I so long thy patient fool?”

In answer ringing voices all about  
Laughed with a wild derisive mockery ;—  
“Lives with thy puny hand thou canst destroy,  
But canst thou stem the pulsing wave of Life  
That Eden’s morn sent throbbing through the world?  
The Spring is one triumphant utterance  
Of scorn. Each brooding bird that thrills with all  
The hope of Motherhood, each hidden bulb  
That blindly pushes toward the light, the dove’s  
Passionate wooing,  
Two palpitating human bodies twined  
In breathless ecstasy of youthful love,—  
Are they but symbols of maddened rush  
To woe?  
Was this first whisper of eternal truth  
In the beginning breathed into thine ear?  
Oh folly to be wise, thou Fool  
Whose life if but the latest wonder-bloom  
From that same root whence all the Universe.  
This is thy very God of Gods and Him  
Thou canst not flee.”

*O. J. Campbell.*

*THE SINGING-MOUSE.*

The night before he started East, Jepson was talking to Miss Ashley.

"It's terribly hard to go so far away from you. Of course we shall both of us be very busy. Don't run down by working too hard, Milly. I wish you didn't have to teach. Some day you won't be doing that, you know."

Milly set her mouth even straighter than usual under her big spectacles as she answered.

"Don't worry, Henry. A year isn't so very long. My! to think of you being at Harvard, in post-graduate work, too! Everybody admires you for travelling so far. There aren't many people from this county, I tell you that, who get an A.M. from Harvard University."

Jepson smoothed his little black beard in a pleased manner.

"Well, Milly, an A.M. will mean bread and butter to you and me. I suppose I must be going. Here's a kind of a little note for you to read on Sunday. Don't you open it till then, will you?"

Jepson put on his faded Derby rather hastily.

"Don't, Milly. Don't do that. I never saw—you—do that before. Good-night. Yes. I'll send you a postal when I get to Cleveland, and another as soon as I strike Boston. Just think, Milly, in three days I shall see the State House Dome!"

Jepson got out at the Porcellian gate in his tight black clothes, with a bird-cage in his right hand and a bursting portmanteau in his left. He hurried over to University in his gentle, mincing way, and the office people received him with open arms, as is their custom. By night he had visited a dozen kinds of lodgings, from the newly varnished ones with double beds to those which are noteworthy for creaking floors and a view of close and shabby clapboards out the windows. The last room he visited, and the furthest from the Yard, was the cheapest, so Jepson happily tore the newspapers from the cage of his pet bullfinch and hung the fat and ruddy creature in the window.

"There, Chirk, my dear," murmured the little man, putting his finger through the bars that the bird might fight a little for friendship, "We are in Cambridge at last. We are going to do lots of wise things, my dear, you and I. Gracious, you've eaten up all your seed! Well, you shall have some more in a jiffy."

Jepson used up most of his change in buying a box of seed at the apothecary's. He walked so fast that he was out of breath when he filled his pet's dish.

"You are hungry, even if you are fat," Jepson remarked to Chirk.

Before unpacking, Jepson had another talk with his landlady, Mrs. Modal.

"Of course," said she, asthmatically, "tending the furnace, and shoveling the snow, and looking after the chickens, don't really pay for your room, Mr. Jepson. Mrs. Darley, across the way, asks twice what I do, and she has *no* curtains in *none* of her suites."

"I wonder if there isn't something else I can do to cover the rent of my room. I would like, if possible, to work it all out, you know."

"I declare, I can't think of nothing else."

"I—I'll tell you—you may not believe it, but I can sweep, and iron, quite well. I was a kind of general housekeeper for the children after my people died. I can cook, too."

"Is that a fact! Who would suppose that a Harvard student could *iron*? You are the most promising roomer I've had in my twenty years' experience. Let me see. I'm a little asthmatic, you know, and I do hate to stir 'round more than I need to. If you will sweep out all my rooms every week or so, and do my ironing, beside tending to the furnace and such like, why, I'll call your room-rent paid, although it will be just like handing you fifty dollars,—but then, I always did take to young men. Do you like doughnuts, Mr. Jepson? You wait a minute."

Jepson, unpacking his trunk, smiled contentedly when he dusted, with the utmost delicacy, his two treasures,—a chafing-dish, and his father's "Webster," of which the covers were wanting.

Jepson liked the looks of almost everybody he saw in the Yard. He was particularly taken with a young fellow who sat next him in Italian 14. This young man,—his name was N. Leicester on the monitor's list,—wore soft gray clothes and his hat bore the prettiest ribbon that Jepson had ever seen. Jepson fancied pretty ribbons. Leicester's pen did not work that first morning, so he asked Jepson for a pencil. Jepson gratefully gave him his longer one. Jepson considered therefore that a friendship was begun. He noticed what a bold, yet graceful hand Leicester wrote. As they left the room Jepson put some shy questions which Leicester answered with a kind of quiet courtesy and cordiality that Jepson had never known before.

"So this is your last year?" Jepson said. "My! I remember my last year at Maltby!—I have been teaching for three years. How many hours a week are you planning to put into Italian? I noticed you took a good many notes."

"O, I always do that," smiled the Captain of the Track Team. "I have to do something to use up the hour, you know."

What a delightful young fellow this was, thought Jepson, as he fed three or four squirrels and pigeons. He wished that Leicester ate at Randall instead of at the Union; but then, the Law School man and the Divinity student were good fellows enough. One day Jepson invited Leicester to come around to Mrs. Modal's. Leicester thanked him, saying he hoped he might, but that the Track kept him awfully busy.

Sometimes Jepson wished that his room were not so far away from the Yard. He enjoyed the walk on pleasant days, although it tired him to hurry to a nine o'clock after doing Mrs. Modal's early morning tasks. Rainy days were not at all to Jepson's liking. He did not wear overshoes or a mackintosh, and he was sure to get a bad cold by wetting his feet and then sitting in a draught at lectures.

"Say, Leicester," remarked Jepson, a week after his arrival, "do you know of anybody who would like to be tutored in Italian?"

"No, I don't believe I do. Not many undergraduates seem to take it."

"Strange. I've lived on Dante."

"There is a bare possibility of my needing to tutor up in Italian myself, before I get through. If so, I'll arrange with you."

Jepson's only pupil was a burly Sophomore who wanted to be coached in Latin L. He was an only son of a man who was trying to learn how to spend his money with discrimination, and the long walk to Mrs. Modal's bored him. Moreover, Jepson's timorous, nipping manner irritated him. He preferred, on the whole, a tutor with a glib command of incisive English; a man who smoked good cigars while he laid down the law.

Jepson handed in his bill, made out in his ladylike hand. He never had reason to receipt it.

It was the night of Chabley's last hour at Latin that Jepson, lying awake with twitching eyelids and restless feet, heard the singing-mouse for the first time. Jepson thought, for an hour or so, that the exquisite, muffled piping must be the dreamy joyance of his bullfinch, whose cage was always covered with a cloth as soon as daylight was gone. Gradually, however, Jepson knew that the sound proceeded from behind the wall, near the cage. A little later the singing shifted to a point opposite his head, and then he realized that he was listening to a rare little beast indeed. For some reason, those marvelously high, yet softly alluring notes gave Jepson a sense of peace and comfort. He laid his hand on his burning forehead, crawled out of bed and gulped down a quantity of stale water from his washstand pitcher. The water refreshed him indescribably.

It rained hard the next morning, in a penetrating, wintry fashion, and Jepson walked so slowly that he was late at his lecture for the first time. After he reached his lodgings again he read a few pages of Dante and decided not to go to Randall for dinner. He did not feel very hungry. Mrs. Modal was spending the day in bed, because of her asthma. Jepson made her some gruel in the kitchen.

"You remind me," wheezed the old lady, "of my son Spencer, who went adventuring. He was a willing boy, Spencer was, when he didn't drink. Dear me, how it do pour! I wish you'd touch up the furnace a little bit. I feel kinder chilly. Don't you?"



"No. I have felt a good deal like a furnace, all day, in fact,—but then, I'm naturally warm-blooded, I guess."

"You do look red, now you speak of it. You been bending over that range, making me gruel."

Upstairs in his room again Jepson felt as cold as he had been hot a few minutes before. He wrapped himself up in his coverlet and watched the never-ceasing rain.

"I wish Leicester lived in this house," he thought.

The popularity of Mrs. Modal's lodgings had declined of late, her roomers, with the exception of Jepson, being men who worked all day and boarded at the Hub restaurant.

When Jepson did not come down stairs all the afternoon, Mrs. Modal pulled herself pantingly up to the third story. He did not answer her loud rap. She found him asleep. The expression of his face showed that he was anything but well.

"Nothing but the grippe," Jepson said when Mrs. Modal brought him a bowl of ginger tea. "You are a good soul to travel over the stairs for me. I'll be all right by morning. Don't think of sending for the doctor. Dear me, no. Think of the expense!"

"That's so," agreed Mrs. Modal.

At midnight the mouse sang more insistently and more wonderfully than ever, to Jepson's thinking.

"I'm sure he is snowy white, and silky, with pink eyes. He sings almost as well as Chirk,—I wouldn't say that, though."

After the mouse had stopped singing Jepson found it such hard work to breathe that a great fear took hold of him; a fear that does not come to men without good cause. After struggling many times to get to his feet, he managed to light the gas and write two notes. The first, addressed to Miss Ashley, was this:

"DEAR LITTLE MILLY:

I feel so different from what I ever have before that I thought I'd better write to you. I guess there isn't going to be any A.M. for me; and a good position and a little house for both of us. I have had a great time here at Harvard, Milly, except

that you have been too far away. Everybody has been good to me. Mrs. Modal, sick as she is, brought me up a bowl of ginger tea. I can't write much longer. The gas is growing dim, You ought to hear my singing mouse. He and Chirk are my roommates, you see. I don't know what will become of poor Chirk. I hope you will read my Dante once in a while, particularly the marked passages in the *Paradiso*. Good-bye, my light — my love!"

The other note:

"DEAR LEICESTER:

Will you be good enough to help Mrs. Modal pack up my things? She knows my home address. I would like you to keep my bullfinch, if it is not too much trouble. Thank you for your kind words. I have always thought of you as being the best kind of a Harvard man. I . . . "

When Leicester took down the bird cage the bullfinch swayed on his perch and toppled weakly. Leicester smiled sadly as he smoothed the ruffled breast feathers. At the same time Mrs. Modal picked up from the floor of the closet a dead mouse of an uncommon grayish white color.

*V. Van M. Beede.*

### Editorial.

The Corporation is doing much to make it possible to room in the Yard. The aim of its recent action is evidently to restore the Yard's old-time popularity; for there seems to be no question that that has diminished, and that even the Holworthy man is not so enviable as he was fifteen years ago. Whether gathering the Seniors together into three buildings will accomplish this is doubtful; it seems probable that, until a few of the creature-comforts are assured, or at least such creature-necessities as steam heat and bathing possibilities, none will venture into the rooms but the ease-despising Spartan or the innocent sentimentalist. Perhaps the Corporation thinks it best that only those strong of character and body should breathe that charmed atmosphere; but at all events, while a feeble grate fire and the princely supply of one corridor-bathroom to eight men obtains, few others are likely to take the leap. There are no doubt serious obstacles to correcting those failings. But for one feature in the allotment, especially prominent just now after the drawings have been made, there seems to be no such excuse. It is the date of the allotment. The present time, during the first week of May, is late enough to daunt even your Spartan. In most of the private dormitories the rooms are open for leasing about April first. Naturally the good rooms, expensive and inexpensive, are taken up immediately. But he who hopes for a Yard room must sit aside and fidget while the scramble is going on, and a month later search the Bursar's list for his name—usually without success. Or, if he has been wise and kept his outside room, he surely draws an excellent one in the Yard—and has two room-rents to worry over. Why this arrangement should hold it is hard to imagine. Probably the admirably con-

servative management has held to its old date while the more energetic outsiders have moved their re-leasing day ahead. Or perhaps it is like the belated Easter vacation, one of those dear old inviolable traditions which nobody understands and everybody dislikes, but the destruction of which, it is feared, would somehow seriously injure the college. Whatever be the cause, however, it seems that a date for allotment more reasonable, more in harmony with the practice of outside agents, would at least add its mite toward making the Yard rooms more sought after, and thus best serve the Corporation's intentions.

---

An excited mass meeting of students a few weeks since was threatening to sue the Corporation for taking away some "signs" during the vacation. President Eliot's letter practically smoothed the matter over, but the meeting illustrates an unfortunate tendency. The spectacle was in itself sufficiently absurd: a suit for stolen signs is delightful, and indignation over taking away signs that were bought and displayed as stolen is simply laughable. But the whole demonstration has a more serious aspect.

Why are we so ready to suspect the Office, or the Corporation, or whatever symbol stands for the authority over us, of underhand work? To every little event that would ordinarily cause at most some slight surprise, we now fasten sweeping accusations. Not long ago a new watchman appeared on Mount Auburn Street—forsooth, the Office was employing spies. And any unusual bit of knowledge in the Dean's hands means that we are being watched. Such an attitude is not only absurd but destructive to good relations between the disciplinary powers-that-be and the disciplined. When a regime so satisfactory in retrospect as Dean Briggs' gives way to one untried, it is natural that we should be hyper-critical. But that does not excuse chronic distrust. It is not reasonable, in fact, to suppose that men like Dean

Hurlbut, and men in a position of such prominence, should employ spies. As a matter of policy, the Office would probably rather not promote distrust by distrusting. The presumption should therefore at least be in its favor. The fault lies more strongly in us. Whatever it is, call it boyish exuberance or a natural spirit of revolt in the American youth, it is harmful; the college government depends too strongly upon a sincere mutual confidence between the Office and the student body, to allow any tampering.

Surely if there is unfair play we may "take a stand." But first we ought to be reasonably positive that we have grounds for it. If with the new regime there seems some over-strictness in regulations, it is but natural; the new harness will inevitably bind a little here or rub a little there. To adjust ourselves to the changed conditions, to accept calls to University with seemly philosophy, and to be sure of our ground before we complain, seems far more reasonable than this tendency to call mass meetings and under amateur law-school instigation to utter hysterical threats of legal proceedings.

## Book Notices.

“THE TURQUOISE CUP AND THE DESERT.” By Arthur Cosslett Smith. New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons.

Mr. Smith’s two new novelettes, which have appeared in Scribner’s Magazine recently as well as in this attractive book form, assure the public that he is as much a prince of good story tellers as he was when he published his former collection, *The Monk and the Dancer*. The rhetoric book says narrative should have “movement” and “method in movement.” Whatever the method of the writer under discussion is, his movement is faultlessly brisk and engaging. No messing with moody problems for us: to the event, and at once. This way of writing produces the sort of short story we like to read, and *The Turquoise Cup* is the very best of the sort. It begins thus, in Venice:

“The Cardinal Archbishop sat on his shaded balcony, his well kept hands clasped upon his breast, his feet stretched out so straight before him that the pigeon, perched on the rail of the balcony, might have seen fully six inches of scarlet silk stocking.”

The cardinal looks like the first Napoleon, and is delightful. To him presently comes the Earl of Vauxhall, who is in love with charming Lady Nora Daly. The cardinal says:

“‘I fear that my English is open to some criticism. I picked it up in the University of Oxford. My friends in the Vatican tell me it is a *patois*.’

“‘I dare say,’ said the young man. ‘I was at Cambridge.’

“‘Ah,’ said the Cardinal, ‘how unfortunate. Still, we may be able to understand one another. Will you have some tea?’”

The Lady Nora will not have the earl unless he brings her the turquoise cup, a priceless relic in the treasury of St. Mark’s. The penniless earl would buy it. The cardinal explains that the purchase is out of the question. The earl retires, theft in his eye. The cardinal locks the treasury for a week, having, meanwhile, a bogus cup made. When the treasury is again opened, the Earl of Vauxhall purloins the imitation cup, and wins his lady. In remorse they bring it back together, to find the good cardinal has replaced the real cup.

The plot is ingenious, plausible, and attractive. The supplementary characters, Miss O’Kelly, who is Nora’s companion on her yacht, and the gigantic Phelim, who is the earl’s rival for Nora’s hand, are quite irresistible. Altogether *The Turquoise Cup* is good—light, but not slight.

The other story in the volume is called "The Desert." It moves as absorbingly as the Venetian story, but is less airy and more intense. Intensity enters thus in the Arab caravan-merchant's love-making:

"The night of the desert settled down, and still he paced. The stars came up—the stars by which he laid his course; and finally, pacing, he came for the hundredth time to the tent's front and stopped.

" 'Mistress?' he whispered. There was no answer. 'Mistress?' he called, and then, after an interval, the flaps of the tent parted—a white hand, and a whiter wrist, appeared, and a red oleander fell on the sands of the desert. *Etc.*

"Abdullah was on his knees. He pressed the flower to his lips, to his heart. Kneeling he watched the flaps of the tent. They fluttered; the laces raced through the eyelets; the flaps parted, and a girl, unveiled, stepped out into the firelight. They stood, silent, gazing one at the other.

" 'You have been long in coming,' she said, at length.

"There is no love-making in the desert. Thanks to its fervent heat, love there comes ready-made.

" 'Yes,' said Abdullah, 'I have tarried, but now that I have come, I stay forever'; and he took her in his arms."

There are, of course, obstacles which Abdullah has to surmount to win this superb woman of the desert. Once he doubts her. But she is faithful and lovely; Abdullah is strong and clever. Their camels cover many dusty miles before the two are safe. French conquerors' law and native Mahometan law conflict as to their right to marry. But at last they are free, and together. The writer of this book is to be congratulated on turning out such readable stories. They are not questions, nor situations, nor moods, but stories. It is a shame we do not get more such.

S. A. W.

"LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER." By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mrs. Ward has at last stopped preaching for the good of our souls. To be sure, even here she pauses frequently to inject a few paragraphs of moralizing into the narrative; but one can pass that without injustice; for her aim is clearly artistic. She has set herself a double task: first to create—or to recreate if the story of Mlle. de Lespinasse be considered—a unique character; and then to arouse sympathy for her.

About the former I am skeptical; for me at least, Julie is not an entirely convincing bit of creation. She does not have, indeed, a fair chance. Mrs. Ward will never for an instant leave her alone. She will not let her talk; but insists that her conversation charmed everybody within hearing. To be sure, she must have been fascinating to keep such men as Montessorio or

Lord Lackington dancing about; but Mrs. Ward does that, not Julie. Had Julie been allowed to speak for herself, perhaps the rest of us might feel that we should enjoy dancing with them; but as it is, one can never be sure that she might not just as well have said or done anything else Mrs. Ward chose. As to sympathizing with Julie, however, I am more positive; I enrol myself unconditionally in the opposition. Perhaps it is because Julie is the French Cavalier, and I a Puritan; perhaps because she was thirty and I—well, younger. But whatever you say for her, Julie is unquestionably the *intrigante*, she does act very injudiciously with Lady Henry, does deceive her, draw away her friends and give little parties in the back room. We would scarcely be expected to sympathize with the cook, dismissed because she had “jist had a few patrolman frinds in to tay” in the kitchen. I do not think the case is much stronger when you call the kitchen a library, and the policemen Cabinet Ministers. Mrs. Ward attempts to coerce sympathy, distributes compliments to Julie’s admirers and abuses Lady Henry. But I refuse to feel hurt. Julie is handsome, proud, charming, if you will; but she will—frankly put—tell a lie. And when it comes to her relations with Warkworth, granting French standards and all, the fellow is such a cad that, handsome or not, I lose interest in the woman that loves him.

The other characters, despite their being introduced merely as different colored backgrounds for Julie’s pose, are delightful. The chatty, spoiled little Duchess, her stolid Puritan husband, the almost masculine Lady Henry, Sir Wilfred Bury, the intense Englishman, fine and sincere, and even Jacob Delafield, the priggish, unreal, somewhat Hackett-esque hero—for their sake I would read the book. And the book is indeed head and shoulders above the ordinary novel. But as art—well, Julie I do not thoroughly believe, and never could like; Lady Henry’s jarring comment—“So she supposes herself in love with Jacob now”—tells the story. And by the way, why *will* they spoil such a book with illustrations, especially with Christie’s faultily-drawn, single, wearisome type?

W. H. L. B.

---

“YOUTH.” By Joseph Conrad. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company.

“Weird” is a sadly over-worked adjective; but it seems the only one to express the first impression that Mr. Conrad’s volume of short stories produces. They are tales of the sea—“and tell me,” he asks, “wasn’t that the best time, that time when we were young at sea?” Perhaps a not very origi-



nal theme, yet in its working out it is supremely individual. The stories are not clever, you cannot laugh as you would over Mr. Jacob's sea-yarns; you are not even allowed the usual number of thrills. But still they fascinate and you do not lay down the book till they are finished. The man knows the sea—has worked on it, I believe—and he knows the East. His stories he writes mostly between quotation marks, with a nice, even, concise style that heightens the almost crushing reality of their substance. They are psychological studies in a way, and, as I think such should be, unconsciously, or at least not obviously so. One of his earlier stories, *The Idiots*, almost suggests Maupassant in its feeling of the "inevitableness of things." Like Maupassant too, they verge very closely on the morbid at all times. But a love of the life at sea saves Mr. Conrad from extravagance in this direction. It is a subtle sympathy for such a life that makes the stories what they are; he has caught the essence of it all and set it down in a quiet, unaffected manner. To be sure, occasionally he does not hit the mark with one phrase, and seems to grope about for the right one; but this helps, at all events, the conversational atmosphere and does little harm to the whole. The substance of the stories is not remarkable. *Youth*, for instance, is little more than a sailor's log, telling of the voyage of a rotten hulk to Bangkok, the narrator's first trip as mate. They are run into before they leave their dock. They have to put back leaking like a sieve. When they do get started, their cargo begins to burn. They take to the boats and finally reach the East. And the boy liked it all—"O Youth!" he smiles to himself as he looks back. But in spite of the lack of incident the story is simply irresistible. You can feel this gray-haired man telling his story in monotonous, even voice, while his hearers sit intense and motionless lest they lose a single word. How he gets this effect I have no idea; in fact the effect is almost indescribable. But it seems to carry you along through the driving trade-winds to the East—"we drag the oars with aching arms, and suddenly a puff of wind, a puff faint and tepid and laden with strange odors of blossoms, of aromatic wood, comes out of the still night—the first sigh of the East on my face."

L. B.

# Robert Burns

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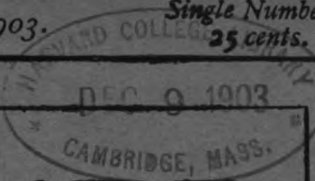
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# THE HARVARD MONTHLY.

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## MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

*Members of the Class of 1903.—Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Your invitation is a great honor. The greatest gift of speech that ever was vouchsafed to man could never fit the deeds of those whose names are on the tablets flanked by which we yearly enter here.

You come here not so much to listen as to sit together in reverent and deep unutterable gratitude.

Our meeting house is thus no stage for oratory. It is our temple for devotion. You would not wish that one who had not shared their "incommunicable experience of war," should speak some mere words of praise of men whose fame is as imperishable as their own souls.

The Athenian law provided that every year there should be delivered an oration at the tomb of the men of Athens who died in the first year of the Peloponnesian War.

It is now more than two thousand three hundred years since Pericles delivered his famous oration. He said:

"For my part, however, I have thought that it would be enough that men who have become great in act, by *acts*, too, should have their honors declared—by such acts as you, now gathered about the tomb prepared for them by the State, behold—and not that the reputation of many men should be entrusted to one man, and hazarded upon the chance of his speaking well, or ill. It is indeed difficult to speak with due measure in a matter where belief in what you say can hardly be assured. For the hearer who knows the facts and is

favorable to the actors will perhaps feel that somewhat less has been said than he desires and knows to be true, while he who is unacquainted with the facts will believe some statements exaggerated."

"The tomb of illustrious men," said Pericles, "is the whole earth; and not alone is the inscription of their tablets in their own country their memorial, but they have also that unwritten memorial in the thoughts of men in distant regions more enduring than the work of hands.

"Whom you must now emulate, and remembering that happiness is freedom, and that freedom is the high spirit, regard not the dangers of war."

Our brothers gave their lives in vain unless we by *our acts* shall serve and keep the State they died to save.

We set this day apart not alone to hear once more of those young lives so gladly offered and so quickly taken in their country's cause.

We come together to draw fresh inspiration from their devoted lives and to devote our own to those ideas of true National grandeur without which our material prosperity is a thing of no moment.

In honoring the dead, we honor also the living.

We remember that in his Gettysburgh address, Lincoln, uniting the living brave men with the dead, said: "*Together* they have consecrated the field far beyond our power to add or detract."

Our hearts go out to you who are with us today. Your lives were spared but risked alike with theirs.

Let no one think, however, that in honoring her sons who served and died in war, Harvard seeks to cherish the purely military spirit.

The military spirit is not a force that makes for the true progress of the world.

It is not to the warrior, nor to the man-at-arms, but to the soldier-citizen serving the State even unto death, that we render our homage today.

When the men of '61 went forth, it was not with hearts attuned to the martial music of a military power, but to the same harmony that sounded in the souls of our embattled farmers of an earlier time.

To the men of '76 and '61 alike there came the

"voice without reply  
" 'Tis man's perdition to be safe,  
"When for the Truth he ought to die."

Both hated "cruel, atrocious, unrelenting war."

Both were men of peace. Both prayed for peace, than which they loved but two things more—Truth and their country.

Our country! Was it dear to the men whom we honor today because it was big and rich?

Is it dearer to us because it is bigger and richer?

If it is richer, in things imperishable, it was they who made it so.

If it is greater, it can only be because it holds more closely than it did to the standard of justice, righteousness and peace.

We repeat the words, "Peace on earth, good will to men." But without good will to men there can be no peace, and with good will to men there can be no war.

From the great leader of them all there comes sounding across the years, "Let us have peace."

Let us remember, too, that in his Gettysburgh address Lincoln said: "It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us"; and to what end?

It was, he said, "to do all which may achieve and cherish a lasting peace among ourselves and with *all* nations."

In addressing the Veterans of Vermont President Roosevelt said that a great lesson learned from the civil war was "a realization of the underlying brotherhood of our people."

We ask why not the underlying brotherhood of nations? We know that it is written: "He hath made of one blood all the nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth."

How better then can we honor the men who died in the civil war than by maintaining inviolate forever the peace of the world? The world knows that we are men of valor.



Let us prove ourselves incorrigibly men of peace.

It is said that our military and naval prowess in the war with Spain has added to our national prestige. It was not, however, in routing Spanish troops or sinking Spanish ships that we showed our true greatness, but in our conquest of ourselves.

We had coveted Cuba for a century. At last our flag floated over Havana. The island was in our possession. The world expected us to remain, and there was grave danger that we might remain.

What nobler tribute can history pay to the President of the United States that in the hour of the nation's trial and temptation to forget its honor, and swerve from the course of duty, he held the rudder true!

We are told now that we have become a World Power, and that we can secure our full share of the commerce of the Pacific only by showing ourselves ready and able to fight for it, and to that end we are urged to "*keep on*" building battleships until we shall have a navy of overwhelming force.

We are reminded that the "Roman became lord of western civilization only when his fleets rode unchallenged from the Aegean to the Pillars of Hercules."

Are we willing to imitate the example of Imperial Rome? Must we keep on building battleship after battleship until our fleets shall ride unchallenged from San Francisco to Hong Kong?

Is it true that we can not be sure of a just supremacy in commerce unless we shall demonstrate our supremacy in naval power, and if need be, use it?

It is not without significance that on the day on which we read the appeal to the people to *keep on* building battleships, we read of protests in Parliament against the crushing burden of England's big navy.

The idea that we shall grow greater or secure a wider acceptance of our goods in the markets of the world by increasing our burdens of military or naval establishments may prove to be a delusion, and we may be permitted to doubt whether a great navy maintained avowedly to enforce our hold on the Pacific makes only or surely for peace.

There is, at least, one competent and friendly observer whose words we may not disregard. Lord Salisbury has said: "The appearance of the American Republic among the factors, at all events, of Asiatic, and, possibly, of European diplomacy, is a grave and serious event which may not conduce to the interests of peace, though, I think, in any event, it is likely to conduce to the interests of Great Britain."

There remains the greater question that lies deeper and nearer the conscience of our people. Washington wrote: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair. The event is in the hands of God." Who shall lower the American standard raised by Washington himself?

Can it ever float over American fighting in foreign brawls to gain a foreign trade?

Better that we let some door of commerce be closed against us than open it at the cost of war.

Commerce may be the life-blood of the nation, but it is not worth the life-blood of a single man slain in a war whose only motive is the sordid one of gain.

If war be hell, who shall justify the making of a hell on earth to secure a larger trade?

Sumner, in his oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations" (July 4, 1845), inquiring what are the true objects of national ambition—what is truly national glory—national honor—what is the true grandeur of nations—said: "I hope to rescue those terms, so powerful over the minds of men, from the mistaken objects to which they are applied, from deeds of war and the extension of empire, that henceforward they may be attached only to acts of justice and humanity."

Erasmus wrote in 1530: "To kill one's fellow-creatures requires no great genius; but to calm a tempest by prudence and judgment is a worthy achievement indeed."

It is the part of the American Republic to shed light, not to shed blood.

If we remain true to our ideals, we shall reject as an offence all appeals which seek to stir our military spirit or ambition.

Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences will come, but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh.

What greater offence to the peace of the world than a war waged for any lesser cause than truth and our country?

In no other cause will Harvard's sword ever be unsheathed, and on her shield "*Christo et Ecclesiae*" will never be replaced by "*Vi et Armis*."

"The true greatness of nations," said Sumner, "is in those qualities which constitute the greatness of the individual."

We know that the true greatness of the individual is not measured by his acquisitions.

We know that the lust of gain will dull the soul.

"Tell me," said James Walker in his great sermon on "The Government of Thought," "what are a man's thoughts, and you do not tell me what he will actually do, but you tell me what he would like to do. \* \* \* Thoughts have been called the seeds of conduct; but they are more than this. They are seeds which have already begun to germinate underground."

Let us, therefore, be intent on thoughts of peace, and keep out of the national conscience all those thoughts that lead to national hate of other nations.

Let us never offer living sacrifices on the altar of Moloch.

"Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate," but look for guidance to the God of Peace.

For what shall it profit a nation if it gain the whole world and lose its own soul?

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*SPRING VERSES.*

Spring is afoot along these northern vales  
With careless largesse of her green and gold;  
The broken mould  
Is black beneath the plough; the forest pales  
Through the old brown with bursting foliage new.  
The sudden brook churns out a crooked course  
With wasteful noise and hurried spendthrift force  
New found of the mounting sun  
The thaws and showers and the first-fallen dew.  
The strengthened rivers run,  
Crushing their settled banks with yellow flood;  
The air is quickened far  
With twitterings of the first-fledged brood:  
The wild wood-blossom showeth like a star.

H. W. H.

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*HARVARD A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.*

It was about seven o'clock in the morning of the 26th of September in the year 1798. The Harvard students had just come out of prayers in Holden Hall, then used as the college chapel, and were on their way to the buttery in Massachusetts Hall to get their breakfasts. The student's breakfast a hundred years ago was not the gregarious and sociable function of Memorial Hall, or of the modern boarding house. It meant a "cue" or half pint of beer, and a "sizing" or quarter loaf of bread, which each student took to his room to devour in solitude, or haply to a neighbor's den, if he chanced to find two or three gathered together there. The beer was drawn and the bread cut into chunks or sizings by students called, *ex hoc signo*, Sizers, who

thus paid their way through college. As the students filed past the buttery window the pint pots and sizings were shoved out on a projecting shelf, each man taking away his portion.

A group of freshmen was passing the entrance to the yard, where now the Samuel Johnston memorial gate stands, just as a man with the look and dress of a farm laborer, rode slowly into the yard, leading a second horse, saddled. Man and horses looked tired and travel-stained. One of the freshmen, a lad of fifteen, surprised and startled at this sudden appearance in Cambridge of his father's hired farm hand, rushed forward speechless, and laid his hand on the bridle rein, with an enquiring look.

The man could hardly answer above his breath: "Sam, your father is dead; he was riding yesterday afternoon from the farm to the village to go to town meeting; an old dead tree that stood by the road side, which he had often threatened to cut down, was blown down by a gust of wind just as he was passing, and knocked him off his horse. His body was found there late in the afternoon, with the mare grazing close by. You must ride home with me today for the funeral." Short space was given to refresh the spent rider and his horses, and the orphaned boy and his attendant started on the sad and weary way of forty miles to the old homestead at Wilton, N. H.

After the funeral the young freshman, Samuel Greele, returned to college, and in due course was graduated with his class in 1802.

Forty-four years after the fatal accident Samuel Greele and his brother Augustus, moved by filial piety, erected, upon the spot where their father fell, a modest marble shaft, in memory of their father's many virtues, and of his sudden death.

It was in returning from a pilgrimage on foot to this place that I fell in with the oldest living graduate of Harvard. Judge Timothy Farrar, Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, was then living in the town of New Ipswich, N. H., not far from the town of Wilton. He had graduated in 1767, took the degree of LL.D. eighty years later, in 1847, and died in 1849 at about the age of 101.

When I went to visit him in 1842 I found him comfortably seated in an

old-fashioned rocker in the ample farm kitchen, whose only ornament was its scrupulous neatness and its array of glittering milk pans. When I presented myself as a Harvard student, with roots struck deep in New Hampshire soil, the old man grew chatty and reminiscent, and this is one of the stories which he told me:

"One Saturday in my freshman year," said he, "I was walking into town to visit friends, when I saw coming towards me two very odd looking birds. Above the waist, as to hat and coat, they were even as other men; but from the hips down to the ankles, instead of breeches and stockings, their legs seemed to be cased in pipes or tubes of dark cloth. Their appearance was so comical that, on arriving at my friend's house, I described those queer looking animals to my hostess. 'Oh!' she said with a laugh, 'Mr. Farrar, you are quite behind the times. Those tubes, as you call them, are the new fashioned pantaloons, just imported from France. You Harvard beaus will all be sporting them in a month.'

"On my lonely homeward walk my mind was still dwelling on this strange garb, and its still stranger name. Whence came it? What did it mean? 'Panta' was Greek for 'all.' 'Loon' must be a corruption of 'luna.' That must be it. Pantaloon must mean 'all lunatic.' Whether that were so or no, the lady's prophetic soul was right; before the end of the year all the young dandies walked unblushing with legs encased in broadcloth or kersey tubes."

Forty-two years later than Samuel Greele, his son, the present writer, graduated in the class of 1844. Now, after nearly sixty years, it is pleasant—perhaps profitable—to look back into the misty past and to contrast the simple, primitive student life of that time with the more complex environment of the undergraduate of these later centuries. The college was much smaller than now, the classes from 1800 to 1844 averaging about sixty each. Most of these were lodged in Hollis, Stoughton, Holworthy and three upper floors of Massachusetts, the lower floor of the latter being mainly used for recitation and class rooms. Perhaps a dozen students found rooms in Divinity Hall; the small residue were scattered about town in private lodgings.

In 1840, the buttery, with its beer and sizings, had long been forgotten, and commons had taken its place. These were of two grades. "Dear commons" were held in the North main hall on the first story of University Hall, and the cost of table board was \$3.00 a week. Meat, followed by pudding or pie, was served daily at dinner, and tea, coffee and milk, with cold meat, hot bread, and perhaps a vegetable, were served at breakfast and supper.

"Cheap commons" at \$1.75 a week, occupied the hall at the other end of the building. Here, on all days of the week, except Sunday and Wednesday, the lean and hungry Cassius was content with lenten fare, and slaked his thirst with the sparkling juices of the college pump. On those two festal days the plebeian commoner enjoyed patrician viands and made copious libations of decoctions, which Mr. Whitney, the commons steward, humorously labeled tea and coffee.

Morse, the head waiter and commons bouncer, was a tall, athletic lad of five and twenty, with wavy chestnut hair, a pleasant smile, an iron clad jaw, and a blacksmith's biceps. He was the son—"filius dignus dignioris patris," of old Morse, the immemorial driver of the Cambridge and Boston hourly—four horses, a big signal bell, and twenty-five cents fare each way. Young Morse had the easy good nature of the prize fighter; a kind word or a fitting repartee won his favor. With that, the belated freshman returning after a Saturday off, in the gloaming, "when the swallows homeward fly," could always count on a surreptitious bit and sup in the college kitchen.

But when bread throwing lapsed into plate casting at meals, Morse the bouncer rose in his might, and there was a laying on of hands that stayed the storm, and bade the braves be still.

The class of 1844 was the last but one to receive its degrees from the hand of President Quincy. He was tall, cold, dignified and reserved. He usually attended morning prayers, then compulsory upon the students; as he stood in his pew to give a notice or to address a word of admonition to the students, he seemed to me to be the biggest man on earth. Verily, I thought, your college president is greater than he that taketh a city; in knowledge of him standeth a true grace, and the fear of him is the beginning of wisdom.

I think I met President Quincy personally only once, and then on a pressing invitation, delivered by the "President's Freshman" to wait upon him in his study. Not feeling wholly at liberty to send a regret, I "accepted with pleasure," and received a mild "private admonition" for some boyish misdemeanor.

Josiah Quincy was by no means a typical modern college president. That rare combination of learning, dignity, urbanity, tact and business ability seems to be a development of the nineteenth century, slowly evolved to meet the needs of the modern college. But he was reputed a cultivated and liberal scholar and an able administrator. It was under his reign—whether by his initiative or not I know not—that the elective system of study, in a limited form, was first put in practice.

President Quincy's stately form, his finely cut features, and his dignified mien are still present to my mind's eye; they proclaimed him the kindly aristocrat, and the true gentleman of the old school, and I love to recall him as such.

*Samuel S. Greeley, 1844.*

### A SONG.

(A Translation.)

If ye'll but dance  
 Sure I'll never stop whistlin',  
 And if ye'll but sing  
 I'll never stop listenin'.  
 Moira girl, dance on the clover.

We'll dance to the priest' house  
 An' still we'll be dancin',  
 You'll sing in the service  
 And I in the answerin'.  
 Moira I've found ye a lover.

*L. W.*



*WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.*

Much of the poetry of the present day succeeds admirably in attaining the height at which it aims. A very respectable "Golden Treasury" could be made out of verse published in the last ten years. The reader who held such a book in his hand would be likely to say that the present is producing very effective poetry. And he would be right. What he might not notice in the collection would be, however, the sameness of method and effect in the verse. This is the day for the poet of

"The long and leafy Lebanonian sigh,"

and it is just this note of rather effete luxuriance that sustains most contemporary poetry. The Tennysonian school is in its ascendancy, and the age shows few signs of any reaction from it. Such poetry, unfortunately, though eminently successful in its way, can never be characterized by what Matthew Arnold called the "grand style," and is therefore likely to be pretty ephemeral.

Quite different from the poetry of this school is the work of Mr. Moody. His maxim might well be that of Sir Philip Sidney, "Who shootes at the mid-day Sonne, though he be sure he shall never hit the marke, yet as sure he is, he shall shoote higher than who aymes but at a bush," or in the more homely words of Emerson, "Hitch your wagon to a star." Mr. Moody aims high. He does not attempt anything which, if attained, will not be supremely worth while, and thus when he succeeds occasionally in touching his ambition, the resulting piece of writing is of a nobler grade than even the best of that other kind which excites only sensuous enjoyment aside from intellectual. Poetry which caters to the senses alone lacks very generally the stamina which is the essential of any "grand style"; Mr. Moody's poetry, on the contrary, has that stamina, and it is just this that makes him so important a poetical figure. Were it only for his ability as a writer of pure sound, he would be singled out from among the host of poets who have that one qualifi-

cation; and he is in addition a cultivated and vigorous thinker who in his verse gives expression to large conceptions and ideas, backing them by impetuous strength and high seriousness. Mr. Watson has much the same high seriousness but not the same force of equipment; Mr. Phillips seems in comparison to be ineffectually meandering through meadows of asphodel. Mr. Moody has not yet the same maturity that these men have, his strength is as yet too untamed, but he stands quite unique in the possession of such a strength. This is well shown in three lines taken from the first page of the *Masque of Judgment*:

These evenings of large sunset, these dumb noons  
Vastly suspended, these enormous nights  
Through which earth heaves her bulk toward the dawn.

The power of these lines is instantly felt, yet they just miss the right shade of effect because the power is not at all restrained but has burst out to the surface. There is no reserve force underneath which the reader may gradually absorb; he must take it all in at one gulp, so to speak. The note thus seems forced. But when Mr. Moody lets only part of his strength appear on the surface he gets a very potent effect, as in the first few lines of the *Masque*. Raphael speaks:

Another night like this would change my blood  
To human: the soft tumult of the sea  
Under the moon, the panting of the stars,  
The notes of querulous love from pool and clod,  
In earth and air the dreamy under-hum  
Of hived hearts swarming,—such another night  
Would quite unsphere me from my angelhood!

The sum total of power in these lines is not so great as in the three quoted above, yet their effect is artistically stronger because part of the power lies in reserve. Lack of restraint is irritating to the reader who has not the capacity to absorb such instantaneous exuberance,—he would feel it was bombast, even though it were not.

As well as sensuous beauty, there is in all Mr. Moody's work the element of intellectual beauty. His verse is impregnated with a plea for a large democracy of the senses as against the idea of salvation by asceticism. He has an exalted pleasure in things of the spirit, but with it a human delight in all manifestations of beauty, and these traits conjoined induce a sympathy with life that is not often found in poetry of the present. Strength, sanity, enjoyment,—this is his creed.

The extent of Mr. Moody's published work is the *Masque of Judgment* in 1900, and a volume of *Poems* in 1901. The *Masque of Judgment* is an heroic attempt at the almost impossible, dealing as it does with the whole cosmic process. The drama is very unequal in value, rising frequently to great majesty and beauty and then again failing to sustain itself. One cannot help feeling that the subject was rather too ambitious for that of a first published work, but should have been reserved for later years. Still it shows surprising maturity of thought and a very large—as well as original—treatment. Mr. Moody does not attempt to establish any system of metaphysics or theology, he is essentially a poet; but he has expressed some very interesting ideas of the cosmogony. It is true that in some parts of the *Masque* the poetry has suffered by verging in contents on abstruse reasoning and philosophical comment which belong to the realm, not of poetry, but of prose. A large part of the fourth act, for example, is consumed in stating the opinions of various condemned souls who lie helpless in the Valley of the Judgment. Also the imagery occurring in the poem is sometimes more literary than imaginative. But in spite of all such unfortunate blemishes there are in the *Masque* long passages of very exceptional strength and beauty. The Prologue, in itself more sustained than any one of the acts, is throughout great poetry; the third act contains in Raphael's apostrophe to man one of the noblest examples of that type of poem in the literature. In the latter Mr. Moody strikes that happy vein of what we may call idealized reasoning, which is so rarely poetical because verse is not the natural medium of reason. A part of it follows:

O Dreamer! O Desirer! Goer down  
Unto untravelled seas in untried ships!

O crusher of the unimagined grape  
 On unconceived lips!  
 O player upon a lordly instrument  
 No man or god hath had in mind to invent;  
 O cunning how to shape  
 Effulgent Heaven and scoop out bitter Hell  
 From the little shine and saltness of a tear;  
 Sieger and harrier,  
 Beyond the moon, of thine own builded town,  
 Each evening won, each eve impregnable,  
 Each morn vanished sheer!

It is because of these frequent passages of beauty that the *Masque* is valuable. It is really a succession of short poems all bearing on the same theme, bound together by the literary mechanism of dramatic structure, which in itself is only a medium of portraiture. Of the characterization, however, much might be said. In general the denizens of Heaven are sublimated types rather than persons, but the character of Raphael is a great creation. He is the chief figure in the drama, the internal conflict of which passes in his heart. He takes in a way the place of the chorus of Greek tragedy, and we see events mainly by the reflection of his mind. His personality is somewhat like that of the Prometheus of Aeschylus, but gentler and far more sympathetic and lovable. At first only the glad minstrel of Heaven, he comes in his wanderings to love the late created man, and he alone of Heaven understands and feels the meaning of

. . . earth-life with its reachings and recoils,  
 Its lewd harsh blood so swift to change and flower  
 At the least touch of love, its shell of sense  
 So subtly made to minister delight,  
 So frail, so piteously contrived for pain.

Mr. Moody's only other published work is a small volume with the modest title of *Poems* which appeared some months after the *Masque of Judgment*. This contains in all twenty-four poems of various length and subject matter, six of which had been printed before in magazines. From the difference in strength and execution one would venture to say that they em-

brace a period of some years preceding and directly following the composition of the *Masque*. There are echoes here and there of other poets,—“Faded Pictures,” for example, is Browning throughout,—and these echoes, which are not evident in the *Masque*, one would fain believe date from an earlier stage when the young poet’s first work was in part subconscious imitation, before he could bring his consciousness fully to bear on altogether original work. In general, however, Mr. Moody has here got himself much more in hand than in the *Masque*; his method is surer, his execution better, crudity except in a few instances has disappeared. The best in the volume shows the same large caliber as the *Masque* and withal a certain forcefulness and simplicity gained by the restraint and poise of greater maturity. Such poems as “Gloucester Moors,” “The Brute” and “Jetsam” show Mr. Moody’s gift of having something vital to write about,—and this is a characteristic far too rare now-a-days.

The *Poems* are a more important contribution to literature than the *Masque*, as their appeal becomes more direct with the absence of the literary “stunts” necessary to the former. But the highest significance of the volume lies in the new light in which Mr. Moody shows himself in the “Ode in Time of Hesitation” and “On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines,” the first of these the most powerful and sustained single poem he has written. Setting aside all questions of disputed policy, we must here recognize his fitness for a national poet, in that he has the essential temperament to identify himself with his kind and express the better impulses of his native land in simple, stirring, and supremely powerful verse. It is perhaps unfortunate to quote single passages from the “Ode,” for it needs to be read as a whole for full effect, but the following may serve as an example of its lofty poetical vigor. The poem was first printed in the “Atlantic Monthly” in 1900, when the country was agitated with the question of what to do with the outcome of the Spanish war.

’Twas only yesterday sick Cuba’s cry  
Came up the tropic wind, “Now help us, for we die!”  
Then Alabama heard,  
And rising, pale, to Maine and Idaho

Shouted a burning word.  
Proud state with proud impassioned state conferred,  
And at the lifting of a hand sprang forth,  
East, west, and south, and north,  
Beautiful armies. Oh, by the sweet blood and young  
Shed on the awful hill slope at San Juan,  
By the unforgotten names of eager boys  
Who might have tasted girls' love and been stung  
With the old mystic joys  
And starry griefs, now the spring nights come on,  
But that the heart of youth is generous,—  
We charge you, ye who lead us,  
Breathe on their chivalry no hint of stain!  
Turn not their new-world victories to gain!

When we come to detailed consideration of Mr. Moody's style and verse, we must bear in mind that here the virtues are more decisive than the faults, because the virtues are inborn and final, whereas the faults are those which he has himself seen and is putting from him with practice and maturity. His vocabulary is at once startling in its merits and mistakes. It is composed in general of words that are simple and strongly consecrated by use, with a strange admixture of a few that are obsolete or unfamiliar, which, connoting nothing to the average reader, vitally weaken the context. Occasionally, too, the thought becomes masked and obscure by being too luxuriantly garbed in imagery. But unfamiliar words and obscureness of thought belong almost entirely to the earlier *Masque*. The verse as pure sound is a pleasure to the ear, and is always used as an opportunity rather than as a device in carrying the spirit of the subject. It is a splendid vehicle for conveying the high seriousness of Mr. Moody's temperament, and is often distinctly the "grand style." In the blank verse he has gone back to the earlier, purer traditions, and seems to have reincarnated the spirit of Miltonic prosody; it is characterized by great nobility of volume and rich cadence.

In purely lyric forms and in *vers libre* he can not be said to have inherited anything from any one poet. Here the music and the method are very individual, as in the following song of Raphael in the *Masque*, a good

example of Mr. Moody's sensitive ear for lyric movement which shall exactly suit the poetical contents.

The late moon would not stay,  
The stars grow far and few;  
Into her house of day  
Hung with Sidonian blue  
Stealeth the earth, as a mænad girl  
Steals to her home when the orgies are o'er  
That startled the glens and the sleeping shore,  
And up from the passionate deeps of night  
Into the shallows and straits of light  
Softly the forests whirl.  
Laugh, earth! For thy feigning-face is wise;  
There is nought so clear as thy morning eyes;  
And the sun thy lord is an easy lord!  
What should they be to him,—  
Thine hours of dance in the woodland dim,  
The brandished torch and the shouted word,  
The flight, the struggle, the honeyed swoon  
'Neath the wild, wild lips of the moon?

Although their chief importance lies in the promise they give of a large poetical achievement, yet at their best Mr. Moody's poems will survive comparison with any American poetry that has been written or any poetry in the English language written at the present time. Much may be hoped from him, for he has exceptional poetic gift, great fertility of thought, and he is striving after that highest plane of poetry which, if attained, marks the fulfilment of all poetical ambition.

*Swinburne Hale.*

## FRANCESCA.

Thou hurrying soul,  
 Borne on forever with the wailing wind,  
 'Mid waves of sin that ne'er a shore shall find  
 As on they roll,

Hast thou no fear?  
 How canst thou smile, leaf-tossed upon the blast?  
 Softly the answer as the twain fled past,  
 "Nay, he is here."

H. A. Bellows.

## SPECTATOR NO. 558.

## SCENE.

*A corner in WILL'S coffee-house. ADDISON, PHILIPS and BUDGELL are sitting around a table. To the left the fire can be seen, past the settle, with its perpetual supply of hot water and its coffee and teapots set close by so as to be kept warm. The place is blue with tobacco smoke. CONGREVE, PHILIPS and BUDGELL are laughing over a paper which one of them has just written. ADDISON sits puffing at his pipe, apparently lost in thought.*

*Enter STEELE.*

STEELE. "Confound that man! this is the thirteenth time  
 He's threatened me with jail and Lord knows what  
 Because I owe him some five paltry pounds.  
 If some one would but lend—

PHILIPS. —In debt again!  
 Why, damme, Dick, 'twas just the other day  
 I lent you—

STEELE. Yes, I know I would have paid  
 That and my other debts a month ago.

PHILIPS (*laughing*). O come! I swear 'twas just a week ago  
 You had to walk from Billingsgate to Will's  
 For lack of fare—



STEELE.

Confound it, wait!

I've just begun the tale. I went to Child's  
To celebrate the fact that I could pay, *(Laughter among others.)*  
*(Tragically.)* And sad to state—I don't know how it was—  
My only wig got burned, and this I wear  
Took every penny of my twenty pounds!  
*(Roars of laughter, ADDISON, only, remaining serious. As he begins to speak the rest quiet down suddenly.)*

ADDISON. Of all the children, Dick, I ever saw  
You are the worst; my faith, what is the use  
Of wasting all your money and your friends'?  
*(STEELE looks angry for a moment, then seizes his wig and falls on his knees before ADDISON, assuming an irresistible mock-penitent expression.)*

STEELE. Dear father, how your words my conscience wake!  
Here, take my wig and sell it, pay my debts,  
And back to Grub street let me crawl and die!  
*(General laughter in which even ADDISON is forced to join.)*

ADDISON. O Dick, thou sad, sly rogue—here, come, get up—  
We've got to write some stuff to-night, you know,  
For the Spectator.

STEELE *(wearily)*. Yes, I know, but what?  
Old Coverley is dead and we have writ  
On everything from honour down to pins!

BUDGELL. See here, I have a scheme—just yesterday  
I wandered into Lillie's for a chat  
And there 'mongst others was the "Little Whig"  
In fine good humor, smiling fit to kill.  
We got to talking. "Pray how was my health?"  
"The rheumatism troubled me," I said.  
"Egad!" she cried, "I'll gladly take your pains  
If you'll but take this scar from off my cheek!"  
And off she went. Now why do you not write

Something of this sort—have,—the fairies, say  
 Allow all mortals to exchange their ills  
 And point the moral how much less they'd like  
 The pains they got in barter than their own.

ADDISON. My Faith! that's good—that is the very scheme;  
 I've racked my brains so much I scarce can think,  
 And this relieves me, for today at least.

*(Reaches out for papers, of which there are various scraps on the table.)*

STEELE *(slapping BUDGELL on the back)*. Sure, an' that's foine and you  
 deserve reward.

*(To LANDLORD.)* Hey, James, you knave, get five good pots of ale  
 And send a boy to Stokes's for some snuff—  
 Good "Bergamot," remember, not a pinch  
 Of cheap "Brazile" or "Musty" will I have.

PHILIPS. The ale's a good idea, but why the snuff?

STEELE. I promised some to Lady Montacute  
 —Confound her filthy tricks!—Ah, here's the ale!

*(WAITER brings ale and waits for payment.)*

STEELE. Go chalk it up, I've not the money with me,  
 I'll pay tomorrow—

BUDGELL *(aside)*. *(Huh! the Deuce he will!)*

STEELE *(stooping and pulling buckle from his shoe)*. Here, take this for  
 yourself, mayhap the Jews

Will pay you for the silver that is in it.

*(Springs up.)*

STEELE. *(My friends, a toast—*

*(Points to ADDISON, who is writing. The others have taken off their wigs,  
 preparing to make merry. All rise. STEELE stands on the bench.)*

STEELE. *(Long life to Addison!*

*(Cheers.)*

CURTAIN.

*R. Clipston Sturgis, Jr.*

*DAWN AND THE NIGHTINGALE.*

O silken-throated passenger of night,  
In verdurous depths beyond the fragrant lawn  
Chanting sweet orisons before the light  
To spirit onward the approaching dawn,

Where hast thou drunk that liquid fire that burns  
Within thine all too close confining breast?  
Surely among the southern sleepy ferns  
Thou hast never felt this striving, deep unrest.

At thy ruth, drooping night with deep wings furled,  
Shivers in sleep and melts in one long sigh;  
The darkness fadeth upward from the world,  
The pale light warms upon the distant sky.

Thy dying song and day uprising part  
Before the goal-post of eternity,  
Yet joined forever are they in this heart  
Of one who hears thee in despondency.

*Swinburne Hale.*

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*YULAN.*

*(After the Chinese.)*

As a youth Ko Chan had been in the rice trade of Hu-nan and Hu-peh, but now that his money was made he put men in charge of his establishments and retired to West Island. His family consisted of a wife and two children, a son named Ping, and a daughter named Yulan. The brother and sister were early placed under a private tutor whom Ko Chan had selected from a host of scholars. When Yulan had passed her twelfth year she was well up in the

classics and history, and could write beautiful things in an exquisite hand. At thirteen she forsook her books and became dexterous with the needle. Yulan was no longer a child or a girl; she was a marvelous woman; and the anxious Ko Chan now looked about for a suitable son-in-law, taking care, however, to spread abroad the news that betrothal presents would count for nothing with him, and that he should make special additions to the dowry for the sake of winning a brilliant young man. Proposals of marriage began to pour in. Here was a golden opportunity for match-makers. For several days Ko Chan was forced to devote his whole time to the stream of go-betweens at the door, each full to overflowing with the virtues of his suitor. Finally the merchant grew confused and disgusted.

"Not a word more," he told the new arrivals. "I will see only the extraordinary youths you may bring. If one pleases me, very well."

The number of visitors dropped to a scattered few.

In the district of Wu-kiang, just south of Suchan, lived the Yen family, a widowed mother and her son. They were considered to be well off. Young Yen was eighteen, and unbetrothed—a rare youth indeed; but in Yen's case there were reasons for this. For one thing he had a squatty figure, dark skin, pockmarked face and protruding eyes. Not only was he unconscious of his ugliness; he tricked himself out in gay-colored silks and gaudy ornaments, strutting through the crowded streets with the air of one who expects to be stared at. His greatest ambition was to have an utterly beautiful wife, and since such a maid could not be secured at a moment's notice, he was obliged to remain a bachelor longer than were most youths of his family and station.

Yen had a friend named Li Shan, whom he had helped to set up in trade. Li was frequently away from home on business. Just after returning from West Island one day, he called on Yen to mention casually Ko Chan's quest for the right son-in-law. The story interested Yen so much as to keep him awake all night. He dashed away before dawn to find Li Shan. It happened that Li was about to leave the house. He was not a little surprised to see Yen at such an early hour.

"Up so early, my good brother?" said he. "What can have brought you?"

"O, I am going to trouble you with a small matter. I was afraid you might be gone if I came later."

"If I can do anything for you, don't hesitate to call on me."

"Will you be good enough, then, to carry a proposal of marriage for me to a young lady's family?"

"Gladly, but what family have you in mind?"

"Why, the Ko family you mentioned yesterday. I have been looking around for a wife this long time."

Li Shan stared with consternation at his friend's dumpy figure as he replied:

"I hope you will pardon me for being frank. I will go to any other family, but I am not equal to approaching the merchant Ko Chan."

"What is the trouble?" demanded Yen, by no means pleased. "It might be hard, I grant you, to approach him on any other subject but this one. What if he is the most opinionated man in the world? . . . Very well. If you will not lend me a hand, I can find someone else easily enough. . . . You need not expect an invitation to my marriage-feast."

"Let me explain," said Li Shan, soothingly. "Ko Chan is a queer old codger. Before giving his consent, he insists on having a look at his prospective son-in-law. This is why I think there is no use in my going, don't you see?"

Yen, stretching himself to his full height, inquired:

"What is the matter with me? I am neither maimed nor deformed. If Ko Chan desires to look at me,—well, let him feast his eyes, that's all!"

Li Shan could not help bursting into a fit of laughter.

"Perhaps," he managed to say, "there have been one or two fellows even better-looking than you are. Possibly he did not deign to glance at them. The odds are a hundred to one against you, and if you let him get a glimpse of you, you will throw away that one remaining chance."

"Remember," Yen made answer, "the saying: 'Whosoever tells no lies

will not make a good match-maker.' If you should stretch a point or two in your description of me, he may be satisfied not to see me in person before arranging the match."

"What if he should insist on having the interview with you?"

"It will be good time then to consider the matter."

"Very good. You may depend upon me."

"If you succeed," said Yen at the door, "I will give you twenty taels, besides your expenses and the matchmaker's fee, and also return the note of hand you gave me for money borrowed to begin business with."

"As you say," agreed Li Shan.

The old merchant received the go-between courteously and first inquired about the suitor's age, family, and social station. To all these questions Li Shan had no difficulty in giving satisfactory answers.

"But what about his appearance and talents?" asked Ko Chan. "Of course you know that I would not think of giving my consent until I have seen the young man."

"The time has come," thought Li Shan, "for me to strike out boldly and tell a big story. As to my friend's personal appearance," he began, "words cannot do justice to it. Suffice to say that there is nothing to mar the perfect whole. His talents, on the other hand, are of the highest order. Young as he is, he has acquired a vast amount of learning. At fourteen he ranked highest in the competitive examinations, although it was his first trial. For the past few years he has been in deep mourning for his parents and thus temporarily prevented from achieving fresh successes in this direction. But all men of letters who are acquainted with him have predicted with one voice such a career as will add lustre to literature and glory to the nation. It happened one day upon my return from a business trip to your island that I first called his attention to your daughter's beauty and accomplishments, and to the great care you showed in the choice of a son-in-law. . . . I offered my services as matchmaker. It was with the greatest reluctance that he decided to follow my advice."

"Li Shan's words had the intended effect.

"If your friend," said Ko Chan, "indeed possesses so many eminent qualities of mind and body, I certainly have no reason to withhold my consent. But I am so constituted that my mind cannot be at perfect ease unless my eyes are satisfied. I shall have to trouble you to come again and bring the young man with you."

Returned Li Shan:

"I cannot give you my word that he will be induced to come, for his studious habits have made of him a recluse. Should the negotiations fall through after he had come to you, he might blame me."

"I suppose it is born in me to be inordinately careful in all things," answered the merchant. "If your friend will not condescend to come under my roof, is there any objection to my going to your dwelling? You could bring us together as if by accident."

"Well," answered Li Shan, "if you have made up your mind to meet my friend, I will take pleasure in bringing him to you. Do not think of troubling yourself."

Thereupon he rose to go, but a little persuasion induced him to remain long enough to drink and to eat.

Yen was not pleased over the result of Li Shan's mission. He had hoped that the old merchant might be satisfied with the exaggerated description of him without demanding an interview. Vain though he was, he did not wish to be scrutinized too closely. More than all, he was determined to marry Yulan. If he could but fool Ko Chan until the betrothal presents should be delivered—just now the problem was to employ a substitute to appear for him. In this same district of Wu-kiang lived a young student, one Wang Ching, who had lost his parents while he was a child. Belonging to a poor but scholarly family, he inherited the literary tastes of his ancestors, and bore off coveted prizes at the examinations. He and Yen were schoolmates, but as different as possible, Wang being quiet, brilliant and good-looking. Yen had on many occasions lent sums to his needy friend. Now he had a favor to ask in return. He invited Wang to be his sole guest at a dinner of nine courses.

"Our friendship," remarked Wang, when they were seated, "is of long standing; but why these bountiful dainties?"

"Empty three more cups," Yen made answer, "and I will tell you. . . . Will you then be obliging enough to accompany the go-between and represent yourself to be your old friend Yen? Come now."

Wang remained speechless for some time. Finally he said:

"I fear that I cannot be of much service to you. Such a trick is sure to be found out sooner or later."

"Indeed," answered Yen, the ruse is meant to be only a temporary expedient. After the betrothal gifts have been delivered the whole world will be welcome to my secret. In any case, it will not be the matchmaker, not you, that will fare hardly. Remember how far you live from Ko Chan."

Wang did not relish behaving in a manner unbecoming to a gentleman and a scholar,—but on the other hand he would not show himself an ingrate. Yen broke the oppressive silence by saying:

"What have you to fear?"

"I am too poorly clad to pass myself off for you."

"I will see to that"—smilingly.

The two separated, Yen in the best of humor. Soon afterward Wang was sumptuous in a flowing robe and an embroidered girdle. Three well-instructed family servants obeyed his nod, and a large and beautiful boat carried the party to the island in becoming state. Wang took immense pains in his acting, going so far as to place the character signifying "of a younger generation" before his name in token of respect for age. The pleasing manners and modest bearing of the young man made a good impression on Ko Chan.

"Now as to his inner qualities," thought the old merchant. He ordered an attendant to call his son's tutor. Presently a man of fifty entered the room. There was a scholarly stoop to his shoulders. After the clasping and sweeping down of hands, and the filling of the teacups, Ko Chan said to the tutor:



"Yen is of Wu-kiang, a place which has produced, as you know, more than one man of exemplary virtue and splendid talent."

While the tutor, taking his master's hint, tested the learning of Wang Ching, the rest of the company sat silent and attentive. It did not take long for Wang to find out how little his questioner knew. At the right moment he turned the tables by drifting from the lore of the stars and the wonders of earth to the ancient systems of doctrine and the modern schools of thought. At last the perplexed tutor rose in despair. For some time afterward his only remark was:

"A prodigy of learning indeed!"

All this time the women of the household were much excited. Yulan's mother took frequent peeps at the company from behind a screen. There was no doubt in her mind but that her husband would accept the scholar from Wu-kiang. No sooner did the old merchant order refreshments than they were brought on in abundance. Would not his guests tarry for a few days? But Wang Ching did not care to play suitor any longer than he could help. As the party started to leave the house the merchant whispered in Li Shan's ears:

"I have nothing more to say. You will do me the honor of seeing the matter through?"

"You can depend upon me," answered Li Shan.

Yen awaited his messengers in the library. The night was far gone when they returned. When he heard the joyful news he took down an almanac and rapidly turned its leaves. It was the first part of the tenth month. According to the reckonings and directions of the universal book of reference he selected the nearest auspicious day for sending the betrothal presents to the Ko family. The day proved to be the fifteenth of the present month, and he lost no time in making the fact known to the Kos. The third day of the twelfth month Yen suggested for the wedding day. Since Ko Chan had already procured his daughter's trousseau, he did not object to the nearness of the date. The bringing home of the bride by the bridegroom, that last of the six formal acts preliminary to the wedding, is a custom of the

past in the district of Wu-kiang—notwithstanding the proscriptions of the Book of Rites. In Wu-Riang it is the usual thing for the bride to be escorted to her new home by her own family relations, no representative of the bridegroom attending. The old merchant received with conscious pride all the congratulations that were showered upon him. In order to provide a vastly impressive ceremony he decided to revive the practice of bringing home the bride, and made extensive preparations for the event. Small need to mention Li Shan's sense of horror on hearing of this untoward turn of affairs, or of Yen's acute fright.

"I will have to go myself this time," gasped Yen, as soon as he had recovered his speech.

"That will never do," interrupted Li Shan. "You should have seen how old man Ko feasted his eyes on the face of the supposed suitor. I'll warrant he could sketch every line of Wang's face in black and white without trouble. What—O *what* will he say when he beholds your face? How can I explain the change? Everybody will deride me!"

"Did I not tell you in the first place," demanded Yen, "that this match was decreed for me by fate? Had I gone in person in the first time I should not now be able neither to go ahead nor back out. It is you—you—who have got me into this scrape. You well know that you called old man Ko a queer codger, and advised me to send Wang as my understudy. Who would suppose Ko to be gracious and obliging? Why, he made no objections at all. I am simply destined to be his son-in-law. Besides, he has already accepted my betrothal presents. I should like to hear him say 'No' to me now! I will go this time. What can he do?"

Li Shan shook his head as he replied:

"You can do nothing. He has possession of his daughter's person. Suppose he won't put her in the sedan chair?"

"I will take a number of men along. If Ko is manageable, well and good; if not I will order my men to carry away my bride by force. Should such a violent proceeding lead to a lawsuit, I can easily prove my right by

producing the horoscope card, the betrothal card, and other documents. Not I but he who breaks the contract will be at fault."

"Hush! You are talking nonsense. True, you can use force; so can he. Remember that he has the advantage of being in his own house. He can call his relatives to the rescue. If the case comes before the courts the old man will make out that he is the victim of a dastardly scheme. He can allege that the suitor was one person, the bridegroom another. I, the go-between, will surely be forced to tell my tale. Under the threat of torture I may—possibly, my friend—be compelled to relate the whole truth."

This dose of reasoning served its purpose.

"I suppose there is no use in getting angry," said Yen. "Give Ko some kind of an answer tomorrow. Say that Wu-kiang has no knowledge of the archaic custom of bringing home the bride. In matters of this kind strict local practice should be followed."

"No," answered Li Shan, "Ko Chan has everywhere proclaimed Wang's virtues. The invitations are out. Everybody is anxiously looking forward to a glimpse of the bridegroom."

"What shall I do?" despairingly asked Yen.

"Listen. Get Wang to take your place once more. As soon as you have the bride safe inside your door, you need fear the old gentleman no longer, even after the trick has been discovered."

Yen hurried off to beg his friend to serve as proxy for the last time.

"The bringing home of the bride," said Wang, "is one of the most important ceremonies. How is it possible for me to take your place?"

"This is a case of extreme necessity."

Wang at last reluctantly consented to take his benefactor's part. Ten boats conveyed the bridal party. The two largest were for the use of the bride and bridegroom, the others for attendants, musicians and carriers. The party landed on West Island about a *li* from the Ko estate. The go-between hurried ahead to announce the coming of the bridegroom. The attendants formed a procession and marched to the mansion with Wang borne in a sedan

chair and attended by four runners. There were crowds all along the road. A murmur of admiration was heard as Wang, the understudy, passed by.

There was bustle and gaiety at the mansion of Ko. Huge lanterns inscribed in red hung on each side of the doorway. Guests in gorgeous finery chatted in groups. The tables in the main hall were loaded with fruits, sweetmeats and cold dainties, all mere appetizers for the good things to come. Colored tallow candles flickered. Upon the arrival of the bridegroom everyone fell into his allotted place. Bowing ceremoniously, Wang poured libations upon the swans in the main hall. Then the feasting began, the bridegroom facing south, the guests ranged about him. Wang looked about him with regretful amusement as the guests lavished praises upon him who sat above them.

"These men," thought Wang, "are viewing a phantom, and I am but dreaming. When I wake up—! . . . how astonished they will be when the phantom vanishes. . . . Now I am a substitute. I wonder when I shall be the real bridegroom? In all probability my wedding will not be honored with so many evidences of wealth and rank."

The old merchant and his son again and again raised their cups to drink the bridegroom's health. . . . The fourth of the night watches had been sounded. The boxes containing the bride's trousseau were already in the boats. While the last touches were being given to the bride's toilet, the oarsmen rushed into the hall to announce that the boats could not leave in the face of the pounding storm. So absorbed had been the guests in their festivities that they had not noted the shrieking of the wind nor the thick, driven snow. Music had drowned the noise of the winds. The old merchant began to look troubled. To venture on the lake in the blinding storm would be simple madness. Winter had set in with all its gloom. Should the wedding be postponed, it would be no easy task to name another day that would be favored both by sunshine and by the conjunction of auspicious influences.

"Let an old man make a suggestion," said one of the guests. "The bridegroom is here. Why not have the ceremony of marriage performed on the spot, and send the couple home at a more convenient time?"

The guests approved in chorus. Ko Chan had thought of this plan, but not seriously. What a departure from custom! But so long as his guests were satisfied, he was pleased beyond measure to order arrangements to be made at once. Poor Wang was frightened out of his senses.

"This," said he with trembling lips, "is a matter of tremendous moment. No steps ought to be taken with undue haste. Why not set another day?"

The old merchant would hear neither plea nor protest.

"You and I," he remarked, "belong now to the same family. Then, too, your honored father is not living and you are free to do as you please at such a juncture."

Wang tried to win over the guests to his opinion, but in vain. Nor could the go-between devise any means of escape.

By afternoon everything was ready for the ceremony. The storm raged in varying bitterness for three days and three nights. In the meantime, Yen, who had put his house in the best of order, was in a most distracted condition. On the fourth day the storm began to die down and Yen looked for tidings. They came to him in the mouth of a family servant who had slipped away from West Island a little in advance of the party.

"The bride is coming!" he shouted. "She is only a *li* away."

Yen plied the runner with questions, then flew into an uncontrollable passion, boxed the informant on the ear, and rushed out of doors. . . . Wang, suspecting no harm, went ahead of his attendants with light steps to congratulate the real bridegroom. Yen answered Wang's explanations with a blow. In an instant there was a fierce struggle. Men from the bride's family rushed to the rescue of Wang, Yen's retainers to the rescue of their master. A great crowd collected. The combatants could not be separated. When the fight was well under way the district magistrate, who happened to be passing by, suddenly appeared on the scene with his officers. The bridegrooms were put under arrest and led to the hall of justice. Ko Chan, being the oldest witness, was commanded to tell his story first. Said he in conclusion:

"Today, in escorting my daughter home, I met that ill-featured fellow

who attacked my son-in-law. I find that I am the victim of a diabolical plot. Your honor may learn the particulars by questioning the matchmaker."

Li Shan came forward with hesitating steps.

"See what you have done!" thundered the magistrate. "Think of the confusion you have wrought by trying to palm off the counterfeit for the genuine! Tell the truth this instant, or I will have you punished severely."

Li Shan attempted to evade the magistrate's questions, but the mere mention of the bamboo brought him to his point.

"Everything is plain," remarked the magistrate, after Li Shan was done. "Yen has put himself to a great deal of trouble and expense, while another has reaped all the benefits. No wonder Yen is full of rage."

Yen was next called upon to give his version. Wang was the last to be examined. There was about this youth a refined, appealing air, notwithstanding his torn silk.

"You are a scholar," said the magistrate, "one supposed to have studied the classics of Confucius, and to understand the rules of propriety uttered by the Duke of Chow. How did you happen to consent to act as party to a fraud? Such conduct does not become a man of your station."

"I am poor," answered Wang. "Yen was my friend."

"Yet you should not have been actually married. You were only a proxy. How can your conscience acquit you of selfish motives?"

"Ask Ko Chan, your honor. Necessity forced me to adapt myself to circumstances."

The magistrate called up Ko Chan again to ask him which bridegroom he should prefer for his daughter.

"I am acquainted only with Wang," the merchant replied. "My daughter was married to him in due form. To all intents and purposes they are husband and wife. If my daughter were now to be given to Yen, it would be a grievous wrong not only to me, but to my daughter."

"I am of the same mind," said the magistrate.

Wang Ching here entered a feeble protest which was speedily overruled. The magistrate took up his pen and wrote out his decision in the following terms:

"Ko Chan has done nothing but what is right and proper in choosing a husband for his daughter. Yen's attempt to pass off another for himself is truly an extraordinary proceeding. A match between a handsome youth and a fair maiden is desirable from every point of view. In this instance it would appear that the Spirit of the Winds has performed the office of matchmaker, and that the Lord of the Heavens has set his seal to the union. He who seeks a wife and fails after all to get one has only himself to blame. Inasmuch as Ko Chan prefers to give his daughter to Wang Ching, the marriage ceremony need not be performed over again. Yen is guilty of committing a fraud in the first place, and an assault afterwards. While his failure to accomplish his purpose furnishes a ground for remitting his punishment for the first offence, it is but just that he should forfeit to Wang Ching all the betrothal presents he has sent to the Ko family, by way of damages for the unprovoked assault. Li Shan is a mischief maker. As a punishment for his share of the blame in this affair, he is to receive thirty blows with the bamboo."

Thus Wang Ching gained a rarely beautiful bride and at the same time improved his fortune.

*Yung Kwai and V. Van M. Beede.*

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ALONE.

Farewell: the word is like a sombre bell,  
That harshly peals a summons from the fleet,  
Ensnaring hours, that wildly at the feet  
Of love in ardent adoration fell;  
Whose altars, thickly strewn with asphodel  
Where all the paths of Past and Future meet,  
Are built; luring with incense, siren-sweet,  
Up to the very brink that hangs o'er Hell.

*THE SMITTEN CITY.*

It seemed I stood beside a boundless sea  
As evening deepened, and the rising moon  
Tinged the slow waves to gold until a path  
Of languorous fire seemed leading to the west  
To some dim land of mystery beyond.  
A thousand rose-trees cast upon the ground  
Their tangled shadows, and their heavy scent  
Hung over all the garden like a spell.  
The murmurous plashing of a distant fount  
The stillness broke, and as I thither turned  
The smitten city rose before my view  
Cold as the grave, and silent; not a soul  
Moved on its yew-fringed terraces and lawns,  
The very wind was hushed, and yet it seemed  
A silence as of sleep, not solitude.

C. S.

The Moslems have a tradition that when a certain monarch boasted that his citadel should outshine Paradise, Allah allowed him to finish it, and then killed the inhabitants, leaving the city standing, but invisible to any except to especially favored eyes.

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*GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.*

Like Emerson's ideal American scholar, our great men have asked for "insight into today." To this class of open-minded men belongs George William Curtis. As a citizen-politician and as an orator he showed his worth, but it is as a writer that he is chiefly endeared to us. There is, however, a general feeling that Curtis was but a second-rate genius. Were I to compare him with Addison, there would be a cry of protest; yet so clear-minded



a critic as Brander Matthews has written of him: "Compare Addison's Essays with those of George William Curtis and you will see no reason to adopt a theory of literary degeneracy in our day." Curtis does indeed possess many qualities of Addison—grace, a delicate humor, kindliness, and in addition he has a peculiar strength of his own. His imagination is unlike any other author's; it does not flame, but glows with a soft light which transforms the hum-drum existence of an old book-keeper into a beautiful story.

Curtis's writings can be classed under the two heads, artistic and critical—I use the word in its widest sense. The line, though arbitrary (for his critical works are artistic in style), in thought and treatment makes this distinction:—the critical have some material purpose in view, the artistic are literary pure and simple. To follow this division of his writings, I shall ignore the sequence of their production.

In the *Potiphar Papers*, part of his work for *Putnam's Magazine*, Curtis first shows the critical spirit. Seeing through the foibles of fashionable society, he attacks them with good will. Trenchant these essays certainly are, but sharp as is their sting, Curtis injects into the wound the healing balm of his kindliness. For this reason the satire of the papers is inferior to Thackeray's, but the kindliness which lessens their biting power, endears them the more to many a reader. The first paper, "Our Best Society," gives a view of that class of people who set up the foolish spending of money as their chief aim in life. The picture, judged by the present status of society, is an exaggeration, though on the side of truth; for the society of the "fifties" it was, according to Mr. Carey, Curtis's close friend, "not only possible or probable but actual." Underneath Curtis's wholesome ridicule there is an earnest purpose and a spirit of absolute fairness. He does not adopt the whining tone of a cynic, but speaks out like a man.

In none of his critical writings does Curtis show keener insight than in his editorials for *Harper's Weekly*. When, in 1863, he was appointed editor, Gettysburg had just been fought, but the force of the victory was not realized in the north. There was much dissatisfaction; war-taxes were high, the conscriptions, manipulated by skillful intriguers, were harsh and unjust;

there was the danger of foreign trouble. The approaching end of Lincoln's term meant an appeal to the people. Would they sustain the policy of the administration? It was Curtis's part to uphold Lincoln by his editorial pen. His style, though possessing an individuality so distinct that a quotation from *Harper's Weekly* could be easily recognized by the average reader, is unlike that of his other works. He writes as though speaking to a few men before him; he appeals to their sense of justice by keen questions, clears the situation first by a statement of the side opposite his own, often better than that of its advocates, then by showing its fallacies. Though he brought to his task a mine of knowledge, theoretical and practical, such as only the most widely-read could appreciate, his reasoning was so simple that even the unlettered were convinced.

Of Curtis's critical writings the most delightful are his *Essays from the Easy Chair*. Originally written for *Harper's Monthly*, they are to a certain extent ephemeral, but they savor no more of a periodical publication than do the "Sir Roger de Coverly Papers." They are sprightly essays for the most part, with a vein of kindly satire, of gentle moralizing and of subdued humor; but underneath their sprightliness is a serious purpose. Curtis stands up for clean living in private and public life. Even if he pokes fun at the well-meaning but foolishly-directed "reforms" of honest citizens, he stimulates the wiser heads to more sensible efforts. Though few of the papers have a direct political intention, many have this underlying preachment. Some of the essays are reminiscences of people—of Edward Everett, of "Emerson Lecturing," of "Dickens Reading," of Thalberg, of Jenny Lind, of Tweed, who at a little farewell dinner "sang his 'Little Billee' with infinite gusto"; these ought to be classed as artistic rather than critical. Others are careful estimates of a man's life-work. Others, such as "Sweet Music" or "The Statues in Central Park" are delightful talks on matters of public interest. There is indeed every variety of subject:—philosophy, literature, ethics, music, history, art, even anecdotes. The style is characterized by nicety of expression and crispness of phrase. Well suited to the great range of subject, it is sometimes serious, sometimes light, but always genial. In its mel-

low tone, in Curtis's honest attitude toward his readers, we feel the same calm, straightforward mind that the other work showed.

On the border line between his artistic and critical writings, lies Curtis' one failure—his novel, *Trumps*. *Trumps* is not successful, simply, I think, because Curtis wrote it, not to tell a story, but to point a moral. It reminds one strongly of a mediæval "morality" in which the personified virtues finally come out on top of the vices. So in *Trumps*, from its suggestive title to the end, where the reader is asked to decide "who held trumps," the moral is tacked to almost every line. If the book were intended as satire it is not pungent enough. As a story it twists and turns and is needlessly drawn out. It is full of what Lowell calls "dialogizing and monologizing thoughts." At times, to be sure, Curtis is unable to restrain the natural bent of his genius; descriptions, as of Channing speaking, are worth many a page of the "dialogizing thoughts"; but on the whole it falls short.

For his critical works, one admires Curtis; for his artistic, one could love him. Unlike the critical, the artistic were written when Curtis was a young man. Though Curtis was young to the day of his death—and he died at a ripe age—his youth as we commonly think of it, saw his imaginative powers at their best. His early volumes are unique contributions to English literature.

Toward the *Howadji Books*, his first essay in the literary field, Curtis felt as a father toward his first-born. They were the result of four years of travel, chiefly in the East. Delightfully free from information of the guide-book sort, they give the reader, from the title "Howadji"—the eastern name for traveller throughout the books—the flavor of the Orient, its rich colors, its lazy life, its typical men and women. As Howadji floats down the Nile, we sink further and further from the world we know; with a sense of infinite strangeness we see the weeks passing with no sign of accustomed life; we see the tombs slowly sliding by, and on still days we hear the crew singing a wild, minor refrain to the gurgling accompaniment of the water under the prow. As the rôle which Curtis assumes is novel, so also is his style; but its very artificiality gives that eastern tone which he wished to produce. It

is remarkable for its rhythm of expression. Such phrases as the Pyramids "staring themselves stonily into memory forever," or the palm-groves, "an endless El Dorado gleaming along the shores," have a musical quality bordering on the poetic.

True to the purpose of giving his impressions of the East, Curtis was not afraid to depict its sensuous side. To many, those chapters in which Egyptian beauties flit through suggestive dances lessen the tone of the books, but the vividness of the picture shows Curtis' sincerity. The *Howadji Books* cannot, however, be enjoyed by all. The same advice which Curtis gives the traveller about to entrust himself to native guides, "Give up your hasty habits," must be given to the man about to read the books. Unless the reader can yield to the constant demand on his imagination, can read as though listening to music, allowing the composer to carry him anywhere at will, the *Howadji Books* will have little charm. If he can comply with the conditions, he will find them full of melody and rich color.

If *Howadji* calls for an effort on the reader's part, *Prue and I*, the most artistic of Curtis' artistic writings, will touch him whether he will or not. The characters are few and simple, but wonderfully realistic. The old book-keeper, and his wife, whom one can think of only as "Dear Prue," Bourne, the millionaire, Prue's old-time lover, and Titbottom, the other book-keeper in the office—each one lives before us. He is an unsympathetic reader who does not look on them as his friends. The theme is not new; it is a re-assertion of the superiority of fancy over the actual, but so delicate is Curtis's imagination, so sweet and pure his spirit, so good-natured his humor, that the book stands alone. Written in the few odd moments he could spare from his regular work, these half-dozen essays are absolutely spontaneous. There is no polishing, no metallic brilliancy of phrase cultivated by slow industry. They are "a species of improvisations," which, like all things done on the spur of the moment, reveal the man. It is Curtis himself who speaks in every word, and the charm of his personality is the charm of the book.

The old book-keeper is such a cheerful fellow that we must love him. He looks at life kindly, gets pleasure from other people's pleasure, is always

ready to believe the best of a man. There is not a spark of envy in him as "Aurelia" rolls by in her gilded chariot, nor is there a suggestion of a sneer as he describes his own adventure with the "wrinkled Eve, whose apple-stand tempted him to his fall." He sends his fancy to the dinner "Aurelia" attends. "There it not only hears what she says, but it perceives what she thinks and feels. It lies like a bee in her flowery thoughts, sucking all their honey." Others may travel to Italy and see nothing, but he sees "soft skies in Prue's eyes" and in the glory of the sunset-castles which far eclipse those of this earth. His imagination, however, fanciful as it is, is usually in keeping with his simplicity and his tender wife. In Prue lies the inspiration of the book. Many stories give charming pictures of young girls, but *Prue and I* alone of those I know, draws up near to a faithful, gray-haired wife. Her love for poetry and the beautiful, her tenderness for all in trouble, her unimagined sympathy, the cause of many a silent laugh to her husband, her simple sorrow for the child she has lost—these are the ties which make the book-keeper feel that after all the real world is better than the imaginative. To him "Age cannot wither Prue," for "truth and love are forever young." "Prue and I" inhabit a Paradise from which the snake has been forever driven.

Curtis, like the book-keeper, looked at life with kindly, pensive eyes. Though his critical works show how keenly alive he was to its evils, they also show his belief in the inherent good of men. This kindness gives the charm to his writing. Like Addison, he treated the foibles of the world with whimsical drollery; but underneath this lightness lies a deep purpose often unperceived at first glance. The grace and ease which characterize both his artistic and critical writings, must not, indeed, be mistaken for shallowness. With a deep respect for other men's convictions, he was not afraid to proclaim his own. His was a message of good cheer.

L. Mayer.

### Editorial.

It is hardly necessary to add our word of appreciation of the Woodlawn Players. Miss Matthison's "Rosalind" was wonderful, and Mr. Greet's "Dromio" and "Jaques" excellent; and the whole performance was delightful. We will offer only one suggestion for future performances—for of course they will be yearly hereafter—if they avoided the examination period there would be less cause to lament the small undergraduate attendance.



Intercollegiate athletics evidently have become, rightly or not, a business. But that should not excuse every sort of tactics. Last year, indeed, we felt impelled to demand that more amateur spirit be displayed; and when one of our track team men was protested and thrown out on technical grounds we were much distressed and complained loudly that such methods were worthy scarcely of professional athletics; some spicy editorials even were launched at the offending institution. To be sure, there were exasperating circumstances; our patience had been tried earlier in the year by unfortunate frictions, and this might reasonably have seemed a last straw. But whatever the conditions, there was at all events a protest about a member of the track team, and, following it, some pronounced grumbling.

This year it is Harvard that has done the protesting—again about the track team. The team made an excellent struggle for victory, and perhaps should have had it. But the protest entered seems both bad policy and poor spirit. Purely as policy it is unfortunate. A sustained appeal means only that the newspapers will announce a victory which we have at least the satisfaction of thinking already won. And an unsustained appeal is far from meaning that we fall back on an honorable defeat; that is a bridge which we

have burned. The whole affair is, moreover, un-amateur in spirit. A victory for us means that Yale can not have the Mott Haven cup this year; but unless we abandon what we consider our amateur spirit, that can be of little weight.

Under any circumstances, then, the protest is unfortunate. But in view of last year's protest it is doubly so. No doubt the arguments are radically different. But each is an appeal from the sportsman's standpoint to any possible means that will yield a claim on a silver cup—a cup which scarcely anyone has seen or expects to see. The action cannot fail to strike the unprejudiced outsider as in very bad taste; and in view of this doubly unsportsman-like and unamateur action we can not but wonder that both graduates and undergraduates have offered so few objections.

Since this number went to press the protest has been withdrawn—but only on the ground that there was not sufficient proof. If this be the real ground its does not affect the principle. But if it is merely an excuse, it closes the affair satisfactorily; and the good judgment is commendable.

In the last *Graduates' Magazine*, Professor Hollis' football article overshadowed some other features that are, academically, of fully as great significance, and it prevented their getting the attention they deserved. One of these is a discussion of seminars and printed notes. Mr. W. M. Davis, '69, discusses it entirely from the faculty point of view; he finds the whole practice an instance of the unnecessary lack of candor that exists between teacher and pupil; his remedy would be by reform among the tutors themselves. Mr. D. W. Kittredge, '02, on the other hand, would have the reform come through the growth of undergraduate sentiment against their use. And now that we have laid aside notes of all kinds for the year it may be the safest time to consider the matter without any personal interest.

Few will doubt that the system of seminars and printed notes has some justification. If we are to have lecture courses the printed notes will be necessary to some men. Sickness, or absence for any reason, leaves the man with the lecture course in an awkward place unless he can get some fairly reliable notes covering the gap. And a seminar may conceivably do similar service. It is not, however, the use of the system but, as always, the abuse, that works the harm. If only the unfortunate man used the notes the business of printing them would be far from lucrative. But there is also the lazy man, the man who has "got in" and expects a pleasant four years' sociable existence. This man, to be sure, would loaf through college under any circumstances; his attitude is due to no system. But the ease with which the notes "put him through" and the indifference that he shows during term time affect the rest, and it is not long before your "average student" has bought a set of notes. When this man, who must in the last analysis be the "salt of the college," gets so far it is time to stop and to consider. Mr. Kittredge quotes some rather startling facts—among others, that the publisher of notes counts on selling to at least two-thirds of the men in the larger courses; that appears fairly serious.

The distinction between the last two classes is chiefly in their point of view towards college life. For the first it is merely one epoch in life—an advanced, freer type of grammar school, something that his father has done before him, a matter of course. For the other, college is more or less a privilege, a handicap that he receives over the ordinary man in the preparation for real life work. The first class will make admirable club men, clever, pleasant, and no doubt, when there is need, capable; but the others will be the workers. And if these latter admit any value in college life, they must admit the value of regular academic work. For the club man of the future the social life is perhaps enough in college; and for the other it is an in-



estimable advantage; but it can not be all, and the best training that can be got out of college life is the training in the gentle art of thinking.

Now printed notes and seminars will put a man through admirably. But they never will train his mind. That is to be achieved only by a slow process of gathering and digesting facts of one sort or another—not by listening for three hours to “tips” on the examiner’s hobbies, and the most likely questions. And whether or not it be “candid” for the “butterfly” to use the seminar, for the man who looks to college life for intellectual training the use of printed notes cannot but be harmful. It is not, then, that seminars and other short-cuts to an A.B. should be suppressed—perhaps they have a positive function—but that men who have work to look forward to should do their own note-taking and their own thinking.

The fault does not, however, lie wholly with the men. No amount of preaching is apt, moreover, to make them drop the easier way of the seminar. It is not necessary, on the other hand, that the faculty should adopt any detective policy and attempt violent measures. But the practice would not have grown up, had not the courses been such as to make the seminar instruction easy. In the large lecture courses there are practically no tests except the two or four examinations; that is clearly a field for cramming. Conferences are given, to be sure, but no one has ever gone to his five-minute chat with the History I instructor without realizing how farcical the thing is. If, however, the term-time work were made important, if “reports” and full hour conferences were demanded once a week, and the three hours of examination made less weighty in the final grade, the field of the printed notes would be largely restricted, and some greater stimulus to work would be offered.

### Book Notices.

"THE GREY WIG." By I. Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

To any one who has watched Mr. Zangwill's development, the stories in this volume offer a very interesting study. One of them, *The Big Bow Mystery*, was written, if I remember rightly, about ten years ago. The others are evidently very recent products. Thus in one volume are instances of both ends of his progress. *The Big Bow Mystery*, while a thoroughly successful detective story, is, in regard to the more serious aspects of literature, hardly more than a promise. It shows first of all his accurate dramatic sense—a thing which I believe always innate rather than developed; secondarily, his humor, broad and kindly in spite of occasional touches of grimness. Besides these, there is an ingenious plot. But here one has to stop, for it was not until the publication of *The Master* and the Ghetto stories that Mr. Zangwill manifested the big tenderness and the searching insight that we have since learned to expect in his work. These two books are not particularly finished, but they have real power, and alone would entitle him to serious consideration. In his next work, *The Mantle of Elijah*, there is a noticeable advance in the direction of a more finished form. In these last stories we see the expression of a further continuance of this same impulse toward technical perfection. Unhappily the method Mr. Zangwill has attempted is that intricate one which characterizes the work of Mr. James, one which, to be used successfully, requires greater delicacy than Mr. Zangwill possesses, and which the expression of his ideas does not really demand. Thus we have a book which on the whole is rather disappointing. *Chasse-Croisé* and *The Wife Beater* seem to me almost entire failures. *The Grey Wig* is better, but one fails to be much impressed. The last two, *Merely Mary Anne* and *The Serio-Comic Governess*, are much more successful. But, even in these, one wishes for a little more rapid movement and a little less psychology. There is, however, a good character in each. His treatment of the servant girl in the former is very sym-

pathetic and convincing. The Irish governess in the latter is quite a new type and exceedingly interesting. She is also delicately and successfully drawn. In both the stories there is a plot which holds one's interest, and a dénouement, which is not obvious until the last page. However, the book has nowhere the impressiveness of Mr. Zangwill's other work, and one can't help hoping that his next book will be a reversion to his earlier style.

V. B.

"CAP AND GOWN"; a third series of undergraduate verse. Edited by R. L. Paget. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

Harvard papers are not well represented in the last series of *Cap and Gown*, and we might be excused for taking a smaller interest than usual. But we must admit that the series is fully equal to either of the earlier volumes. The range is tremendous, running from Miltonic flights to Kipling jungles. The clever verse is, as usual, the best. But one can draw a fair moral from the quality of the rest. The higher the aim, the less successful the writer's results are, it appears. It is but natural, to be sure. But it seems to me that it indicates the more proper channel for the efforts of all except the very exceptional among undergraduate "verses." It is the iplingesque that is best. Take a bit from an *Advocate* verse:

Oh, a tempered sword  
Or a ploughshare's edge,  
Or the steed of a knight for the shoeing—  
A whispered word,  
And a secret pledge,  
With a nut-brown maid for the wooing!

That is really worth while—both to read and to write. And this sort of work is most clearly that best suited to undergraduate effort. Any attempt at real passion must be imitated or affected. But we all have in us the swing of a marching song.

L. B.

"A DAUGHTER OF THESPIA." By John D. Barry, '88. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

Every self-respecting writer has his "field" now-a-days, and Mr. Barry has appropriated the lives of the Thespians. His last book tells of the stage life of a very nice girl who goes through some very possible adventures and gets a very desirable husband. But, as too often, the central figure is not so life-like as the satellites. Evelyn Johnson is really too virtuous, too made to order; she suffers in the first part, triumphs in the last, and lives happily ever after. But "Madge," who shares her dressing-room, is very much alive. One can believe her, one has seen her in the glow of actual footlights. Her grammar is just bad enough, and she is just bad enough, to be convincing. For the plot—Mr. Barry does not select enough; he is driven by his material where he should lead. But his story, for all its lack of dramatic incident, is a convincing picture of stage life. In fact it is as exposition rather than as art that the book is valuable. The dreary one-night stands, the pleasanter New York runs, a few dinners, a little excitement and much drudgery—those one feels throughout. It is no "Zaza" picture of the stage. Nothing risqué is shown, or even hinted. In fact, the whole life is seen without rose-colored spectacles—or blue goggles. There is no romantic tinge; the *matinée* hero is vulgar enough. But equally there is no pessimism; the *matinée* hero is no brute. In fact it is a picture done in very plain colors, but colors, one feels sure, that are fairly true. Mr. Barry's style increases the effect of reality; it is even, almost bold, without suggestion of hysteria, with no literary tricks, or mannerisms. And one feels that it is the simple narrative of actual life. Much of the story is in conversation, and the various characters are fairly individual in their speech—chatty little Mrs. Bowen is excellent, and this too heightens that character of reality for which the story, consciously or not, seems to strive. As art, *A Daughter of Thespis* is probably up to the average; but its chief importance is in opening up the world behind scenes. As a picture of genuine stage life, with no artistic illusions, Mr. Barry's book has much value. It is honest work, and easy reading.

L. B.

"THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS: A COMEDY." By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Company.

In selecting the Canterbury pilgrimage, Mr. Mackaye chose a subject for his play which could not help being interesting. His choice, though clever, was dangerous; for his literary power is likely to be judged in comparison with that of the great master whom he makes his hero. Such a comparison, however, is obviously unfair. Any lover of Chaucer who comes to this play with the intention of attacking modern poetry, must be disarmed by the kindly admiration with which the portrait of Chaucer is drawn. The characterization accords well with all that we know of Chaucer's personality; the human and the spiritual nature of the poet are well brought out in his reply to the question of the Prioress: "What are you?,"—

"Do you ask?

Why, then, for this dull, English bulk, 'tis true  
A London vintner gat it; but for this  
My moving soul, I do believe it is  
Some changeling sprite, the bastard of a god,  
Sprung from Pan's loins and white Diana's side,  
That, like a fawn, I fain must laugh and love  
Where the sap runs; yet, like an anchorite,  
Pore on the viewless beauty of a book:  
Not more enamoured (when the sun is out)  
O' the convent rose, than of the hoyden milkweed  
Bold in my path. Life, in whatever cup,  
To me is a love-potion. In one breath,  
My heart hath pealed the chimes above St. Paul's  
And rung an alewife's laughter."

The other *dramatis personae* are likewise carefully characterized in accordance with the Prologues; among them the best are the Prioress, "a gentle heroine for a tale," and especially the Wife of Bath, who ought to make a splendid dramatic figure in the hands of an actress who knows the difference between low comedy and vulgar farce. To the characters which he found in "The Canterbury Tales," Mr. Mackaye had added Richard II, John of Gaunt, John Wycliffe, and a few others. These added persons are compara-

tively unimportant and not very successful. Wycliffe, next to Chaucer the most striking personality of the late fourteenth century, ought either to have been left out entirely or else made something more than a fleeting shadow.

In the setting as in the characterization, Mr. Mackaye has in general studiously conformed to his original. He introduces us to the pilgrims at the Tabard Inn; two scenes are laid at that undiscovered village of Bob-Up-and-Down; the last scene is in front of Canterbury Cathedral,—a little further than the Chaucerian pilgrims were brought. When this play is staged (it is said that Mr. Sothorn is to produce it next year), the elaborate, accurate, and often beautiful scenery to which we are nowadays accustomed will produce an exceedingly picturesque effect. Act II ought to be especially charming:—

“Garden of the One Nine-pin Inn. Right, the inn, with door opening into garden. Back, a wall about chin-high in which is a wicket-gate. The wall is newly greened over with honey-suckle and rose-vines, which are just beginning to blossom. Left, an arbour of the same. Right front, a rough table and chair. Behind the garden runs the highway, beyond which stretches a quiet rolling landscape, dotted with English elms and hedgerows.

“When the curtain rises, the scene is empty. There is no sound except the singing of birds, and the hum of a loom inside the inn. Then, away to the left, is heard a bagpipe playing. It draws nearer. Behind the wall, then, against the green background of Spring, pass, in pageant, the Canterbury Pilgrims on horseback. Among the last, astride her ambler, rides the Wife of Bath, telling her tale, in the group with Chaucer and the Prioress. . . .

“The bustle of arrival, horses led across a stone court, laughter and abuse,—these sounds are sufficiently remote to add to the reigning sense of pleasant quietness in the garden. Through the door of the inn enters Chaucer, alone; in his hand, some parchments. He enters with an abandon of glad-heartedness, half reading from his parchments: —

“When that April with his sunny showers  
Hath from the drought of March the dreamy powers,”

and so forth.

The plot is entirely the product of Mr. Mackaye's imagination: it is an amusing comedy, not very complicated, but interesting enough and quite

sufficient to serve the author's purpose,—which is primarily to characterize and to give fourteenth century atmosphere. Chaucer's love for the Prioress is told with grace and tenderness; the Wife of Bath's attempt to make the poet her sixth husband is full of boisterous mirth.

Mr. Mackaye, whose tongue has not faltered

"In telling of this goodly company"

is to be heartily thanked for putting Chaucer before us on the stage; and the production of his play is to be awaited with pleasurable anticipations.

E. B.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"GORDON KEITH." By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. To be reviewed next issue.

"DISCOURSES ON WAR." By William Ellery Channing. Boston: Ginn & Company.

"THE LAST ARROW." By Henry Dean Atwood. Taunton: Published by the author.

"LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE FATHER TO HIS SON." By George Horace Lorimer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

"A BROADER ELEMENTARY EDUCATION." By J. P. Gordy. New York: Hinds & Noble.

"IN COLLEGE DAYS": Recent 'Varsity Verse. Chosen by Joseph Le Roy Harrison. Boston: Knight & Millet.

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